

# THE HOUSE OF PAN

By ANNA ROBESON BROWN,

Author of "Alain of Halldene," "A Feline Fate," "A Begging Letter," etc.

COMPLETE.



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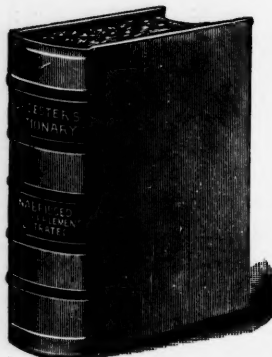
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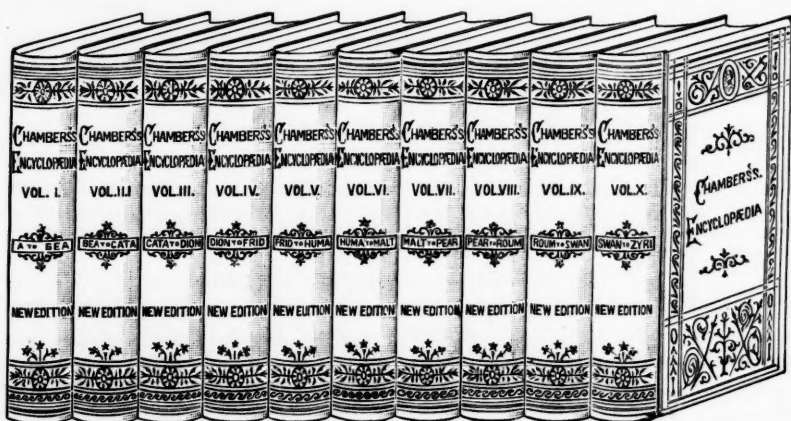


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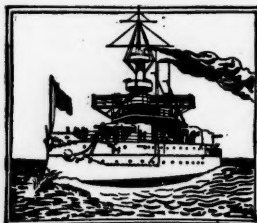
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# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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APRIL, 1899.

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## THE HOUSE OF PAN.

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### CHAPTER I.

THINGS VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE.

"**L**AUTREC!"  
"Yes, cap'n."

"Where's the wind?"

The man addressed looked to the right, and beheld a patch of gray, moving sea covered with fog; he looked to the left, and saw the same. Raising his head, he stared upwards: the same gray mist rolled heavily between him and the sky. His answer came with a sigh,—

"There ain't none."

"No sign?"

"By all the signs, this'll last another twenty-four hours. There ain't no tellin'."

"And where are we?"

The tired, sun-burnt old face brightened into a smile as he replied: "Som'ers on the chart 'twixt St. Lawrence and the Chesapeake. Jes' where, not knowin', can't say."

A melancholy note or two of laughter came from his companion's lips, and then silence reclaimed them. The fog weighed heavily and seemed to crush all motion out of the sea, so that the dory in which the two men drifted barely moved upon the water. Only the presence of an occasional bunch of sea-weed told them that they drifted forward in the grip of current and tide. Presently the younger man, who lay, wrapped in oil-skins, in the bottom of the

dory, began to talk, but more from the wish of some diversion than from any hope of comfort: "How can they have lost us? Didn't we shout and call for half an hour? Why didn't they put out after us? They could have picked us up in ten minutes."

"With the tide runnin' like thet? No, cap'n. You dunno these here fawgs and tides. When you git adrift in a bank at turn o' tide there ain't no use yellin'. You've jes' got to sit and take it, and praise the Lord there ain't no squalls."

"But they must have heard our shouts."

"Fawg," said the elder man emphatically, "shets down on the water like a coffin-lid. A man can't make head nor tail of any yellin' he may hear, and he don't know which pint to make for ef he should. Bless you, I've been in this here before."

His companion made no answer: there was, indeed, none to be made. In this fog-bank, dawn and noon presented only varying degrees of gray dusk; but by guess the time of day might have been some hours after noon. Silence reigned on the face of the sea, broken only by the faint murmur of the ripple at the boat's side and occasional cold and distant water noises. The splash of unseen spray on unseen reef brought vividly to mind the extreme peril of their situation, and the tilt of their boat on the shoulder of some wave smote their hearts with a sudden fear. The younger man, perhaps because he was younger, made a miserable attempt at gayety in the face of starvation; the elder offered no such pretence, but sat staring doggedly ahead.

"It should be supper-time, Lautrec," observed the former, wiping his wet forehead with his wet sleeve. "It strikes me that we've made very few preparations in that line for this picnic. Your opinion may be different, but in mine a suck of wet oil-skins and a mouthful of tobacco do no credit to my Paris-bred palate. It may be sustenance, Lautrec,—Heaven grant it may be,—but it is not dining."

"You'd better not talk so much," rejoined the old sailor; "talkin' makes a man hungry."

"How do you know? The gentle art of intercourse was omitted in your composition, Lautrec. How can one keep cheerful with such a comrade? I think I shall come up on deck and look about me." So saying, he raised himself and prepared to throw aside the oil-skins, when the sailor leaned across and pushed him roughly back into his former position.

"You lay still," Lautrec commanded gruffly. "Was ever sich a fidget? You done your turn watchin', now do it sleepin', like a sensible seaman." His voice dropped into a growling bass. "Man," he said, "this ain't no quiltin' frolic. You better make peace with the A'mighty, as it's more'n likely this here dory's to hold your dead carcass."

"Picturesque cargo!" murmured the other, and lay still, his eyes

searching the gray sky. Then, finding silence oppressive, he recommenced his chatter:

"The adventure is novel, and if I ever get out of it alive I shall wear it gayly with other gewgaws. In Paris, now, they have no such chances at sea, and mesdames love the thrill of danger. Suppose we cheer the feast with song, Lautrec?"

"Comme passent les feuilles au vent,  
Passent nos beaux jours:  
Vivent les étudiants!  
Vivent les amours!"

With this ditty on his lips, the irrepressible young man shook himself free of his covering and sat up. Lautrec, a grim and strong elderly figure, with a wooden face tufted with gray hair and beard, sat listlessly upon the thwart. The boat, a heavy fishing-dory, drifted quietly, trailing one useless oar. There was another interval of silence; then the young captain spoke in a different voice,—

"Lautrec, by your knowledge of this coast and these currents, can you give no guess at our whereabouts?"

The other traced a sort of invisible diagram on the thwart with one finger.

"Nowt to help," he replied at length. "It's like countin' the lines in a cobweb. We mought be five miles off shore, and then ag'in we moughtn't. We haven't stayed anywheres, nor gone anywheres, as I can see."

"Any use to shout again?"

"You kin if you like."

The young man cast a despairing look upon all sides; then, leaning on the thwart, he shouted out into the fog with all the strength of his lungs. He had done this so often before in the course of these slow, hungry hours that he listened with indifference, as though the cry for help was a mere form. But this time it seemed to him that a faint sound came out of the distance in answer to his cry. He turned, with a movement so rapid as to sway their boat. But Lautrec had not stirred.

"Echo," he remarked indifferently, and renewed the doleful tattoo of his jackknife on the thwart. The other called again, and listened with an indescribable anxiety. The pause after his own shout was cleft by a clear, distinct halloo.

"Thet ain't no echo!" exclaimed Lautrec. He shut up his knife and changed his position with alertness. The young man's face had paled, but a flame of hope sprung up in his eyes.

"Come, take thet there thwart for an oar," cried the sailor; "we must make towards 'em. Yell again, and see where they be."

This time the answering shout brought with it on the air the faint dip and creak of many oars.



"Set to!" cried Lautrec with a sudden excitement. He laid the long oar upon the water as if it had been a scourge, and his comrade, awkwardly laboring with the thwart, saw with satisfaction that the dory moved briskly forward. On all sides the fog had momentarily lightened; the patch of sea widened, and, touched with yellow, began to streak and curl with little billows. Lautrec looked skywards and nodded.

"Wind too," he said. "Luck's turnin', cap'n."

The other nodded his reply and set to work more fiercely. The distant noise of oars gave place to unmistakable tokens of human presence. Voices broke out of the fog; the calls became halloos and interjections and even laughter.

"More'n one of 'em," Lautrec commented. He cried a stentorian "Boat ahoy!" and rested on his oar. In a moment there swept out of the fog, not twelve yards away, a long dory manned by half a dozen men. The swiftness and suddenness of this appearance struck the castaways silent with surprise, and that moment brought the rescuers alongside, gripping the dory with wet, brown hands. After the dreadful silence, this sight and sound of human faces and speech, the cheerful grin on the dark faces, and the fact that the eager questions thrown at him were in French—all this gave the captain a strange, dreamy feeling, and he half believed this vision to be the delirium of starvation at length come upon him. To Lautrec, despite his French name, the flood of questioning was unintelligible, and it was the younger man who spoke first.

"Have you anything to eat?" was his first demand. "Can you take us to your village? Is it far? Whereabouts are we?"

A man who seemed to have some measure of authority over the rest, Gascon from twinkling eyes to expressive shoulders, burst into horrified exclamations, and hauled up from the bottom of the boat a bag of hardtack, which he handed over. Lautrec fell on his share in voracious silence, but the younger man's curiosity went so far as almost to overcome his hunger. All the while he ate he surveyed his rescuers and chatted with them.

The boat before him held six Frenchmen, a fact which, though unusual, was not improbable when he considered their nearness to the Canadian border. The boat's prow was taken up with wet tackle and a shining pile of fish, one or two still flapping helplessly. The fishermen were savagely dressed; one man wore moccasins and leggings of tanned skin, fringed Indian fashion; several of them had necklaces of bears' claws about their throats and other incongruous adornments. The fact that puzzled the castaway was the distance of this boat-load from any recognized French settlement; but then the presence of a schooner near by might explain that.

"My name is Farquhar," the young man replied to various inquiries. "I hold the rank of captain in the Federal army, and I have served under General Washington."

This information appearing to convey but little to his questioners, he continued: "Will you take us to your ship? You shall be well paid."

The Frenchmen replied briefly that it was their intention to take the castaways home at once, but for the rest "monsieur" must decide.

"Monsieur?" repeated Farquhar.

"Nothing could be decided," replied one of the Frenchmen quietly, "until monsieur's wishes were known. Meanwhile would monsieur the captain help to transfer the catch to the smaller boat?"

"What's he jabberin'?" asked Lautrec, who had by this time dulled the edge of his hunger.

Farquhar turned to him with a comical look of dismay. "What he says," he replied in English, while the men began coupling the boats together, "makes me fear that we may be, if possible, worse off than before. These men propose to take us to a certain chief or——"

"Black Roger, to put it straight," Lautrec finished. "Well, it ain't unlikely. They're a hard set, and no mistake. I know the sort,—onchristian talk, onchristian doin's."

"Well, we will wait and see," said Farquhar with philosophy. "Having eaten, I, for one, feel better."

"I dunno what good it does you to put hardtack into your stomach and then go overboard," remarked Lautrec gloomily; "besides bein' a waste of hardtack."

He resettled himself sullenly in his place, while Farquhar, who saw no profit in antagonizing their present rescuers, set willingly to work and helped the men transfer the burden of fish from boat to boat. Then, at the coxswain's invitation, he took his place at the oar and pulled with the rest in the indicated direction through the scattering fog and before a flying wind.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE HOUSE OF PAN.

THE plight into which Captain Wayne Farquhar and the old sailor had fallen was one not unusual on that northern coast of swift tides and sudden fogs. Farquhar had been in Quebec, and had set sail for Boston on the first vessel which left Point Levis after the expiration of his business. The ship had put in shore for some cause or other, and it was in the act of rowing back to her that mist bewildered the soldier and his companion. Ten minutes in those racing currents did their business, for in the vigor of his effort the oar broke in Farquhar's grasp. For some moments the sounds on the

invisible ship inspired them with hope, but the tide soon dragged them beyond reach of these into the midst of a heaving sea and a horrible silence. They had passed the long hours of that night in guiding the dory's bow so that it might rise head on to the tumbling billows, and that task by the aid of one oar had meant a strain of fearful anxiety. By dawn the sea had subsided, and the two men were able to relax their efforts without momentary peril.

Had Farquhar been asked, he would have sworn that such an adventure was improbable, though less improbable, he might have conceded, than their rescue. As for Lautrec, he had sailed many years between New Orleans and Cape Breton, and he knew that against fog and tide man had no weapons but patience and philosophy. No danger in which these two had part was incredible; the wonder lay in the fact that they were still alive after the black horror of that night. To meet wave after wave, the dory staggering under each successive blow, to know that on the quick eye, the strong dexterity of arm one's life depended, to fight this desperate battle, drenched and blinded, hour after hour, was a thing which only Lautrec or his like could have attempted.

Lautrec was a Yankee skipper of a type that has since been swept to the extreme borders of New England. Literal, stoical, of an uninspired bravery that lacked all heroic fire, of a rigid creed and a most unconvivial devotion to the bottle, his was a nature tough and grim, uncolored by any tint of the romance of seafaring, obstinately long-suffering, yet capable of rising in a crisis to blood-thirstiness. Upon his principles, wrath, or pleasure no man could depend for an instant; upon his steadfast effort one might depend till doom. To the elder man there was something bewildering in the buoyancy and ardent quickness of the younger. He felt a dim impression of liking for the dashing Federal captain, who puzzled him at every turn. This, then, was the manner of man now at work in the world; of this stuff was the young government to be made, —a creature full of spirit and expedient, and yet, to Lautrec's contempt, unreasonably squeamish. What a lookout for the nation—so thought the old sailor—if the younger generation was to object to dealing with captive Indians in the manner of the Indians themselves! He himself, in his younger days, when passing the islands in his sloop, had heard shrieks which told of a captured fisherman roasting at the stake; and yet the captain had exclaimed with disgust when Lautrec described the vengeance taken on the tribe, and the blowing of its chief to pieces with gunpowder—an execution which, in Lautrec's opinion, displayed merely a reasonable justice. And now, Lautrec went on in reflection, if these strangers who had come out of the fog were really papistical pirates, as seemed most likely, it was ten chances to one this young man might object to braining one or two of them with a boathook. This idea that they had fallen into a trap was so firmly fixed in the sailor's mind that he felt no

relief at the rescue and entertainment, but sat revolving the bloody possibilities of escape.

Farquhar meanwhile, if he shared this uneasiness, showed no touch of it. At every fresh oar-stroke, as the fog-masses broke away glacier-like, or floated majestically on the water like huge white birds, his face grew happier, and the first sunbeam that struck him across the shoulders was like a friend's touch. At first they had seemed to pull in open sea; but now the dispersing fog revealed their haven, a scene so beautiful that Farquhar called to Lautrec to take note of it. The afternoon was very considerably advanced, and the sun, low in the western sky, flooded the receding fog-bank with warm, level gold. To their left lay one or two rocky islets; to their right, cliffs sloped about what seemed the entrance to a small fiord. Beyond these cliffs rose mountains, bristling with pines; on either hand of the fiord the forest extended from the hill-tops to the sea. All things seemed to glow in the recovered glory of the afternoon. They passed a brook whose waters threw themselves from the cliff in a brown whirl of foam; they passed a deep and quiet inlet upon whose surface the trees stood reflected as in a mirror; and they came out finally upon the very entrance to the fiord itself.

Farquhar glanced to right and left,—to the glittering ocean which half an hour before had been to him so hideous, to the warm mist in the hills, and to the cliff-bound gorge which they were approaching. And then his gaze was caught by an object much less beautiful, but which at once put everything else out of his head. On the hither side of the slope, above where it dropped sheer to the sea, set in a plateau-like space and facing seawards, stood a good-sized stone house. It was square and two stories in height; smoke curled from its chimneys; the sun glittered on the panes of glass in its upper windows; the roof was high and sloping; a red curtain or what not flashed from an open casement; a low stone tower was detached from one end of the house; and yet Farquhar had much ado to believe the evidence of his eyesight. For in this desert place, on this desert coast, the size and apparent importance of this place made it an astonishing apparition. He asked the man beside him if that was their destination, and having received an affirmative would have asked further, but prudence checked the question. The men volunteered no information; the sight of their castle, or eyry, or whatever it might be, seemed to strike them with impatience to gain the landing-place.

As the boat drew nearer and nearer the details grew on Farquhar's eye; he made out the rough stone of its construction and the path which twisted from its hidden doorway down through the trees to the water's edge. Then the boat's keel grated on the pebbles as he was still staring at the extraordinary mansion, the men made fast, and he was once more free to set foot on solid earth. He was con-

scious that he would have done so with more thankfulness had there been no stone house set upon the cliff.

The manner of their landing was speedy and business-like. Three men dumped the day's catch upon rough bark cradles and disappeared with it round a corner of the shore. The remaining three made fast the dory and then turned up the path to the house, the leader smilingly waving Farquhar to follow.

As he started to obey he felt slip into his palm the rough hilt of a jack-knife, and Lautrec's voice whispered in his ear:

"There's only three of 'em, not too many of you take 'em unawares. One cut will do it, lad, and then there's the boat down there with the oars and a bit o' hardtack. Take thet there chap. These Frenchies won't stand up. Do now!"

Farquhar looked at him and then at the open blade of the knife in amazement.

"Jes' one slash!" urged Lautrec, and he made an ugly gesture with his thumb. Without a word, the younger man shut the knife, thrust it into the sailor's hand, and walked briskly up the path after his guides. Lautrec stood for an instant as if undecided, and then slowly followed, shaking his head; to his mind the situation was as good as lost.

It would be hard to say if curiosity or uneasiness had the larger share in Farquhar's thoughts as he climbed the steep path, threading his way in and out among the pines. He had a fine zest of the chances of life and their possibilities of adventure, and here was he embarked on one that promised much. Yet the probability that his life was endangered, and that in some way merely brutal, was not absent from his thoughts, and made him note everything with particularity.

The path finally emerged on a little cleared space before the house, which presented no new features and seemed entirely deserted. Quitting his sailor companions, Farquhar's guide opened a heavy door and ushered in the two castaways without ceremony. They stood in a hallway which offered matter for much speculation. It was square and large; the ceiling was beamed, but these beams were not of rich mahogany or polished oak, but of felled trunks bearing long shreds of untrimmed bark. In the right-hand corner was the carved newel post of some handsome stairway, but the stair itself, little better than a ladder, disappeared through a square hole in the upper story. On one hand was a great fireplace, in which a log still smouldered; above this hearth was an object at which Farquhar stared in a conflict of feelings. Supported by a stone slab which stood for mantel was a stone bust of great antiquity. It was the upper fragment of what had been a statue of the god Pan, shaggy and goat-horned, bearing in one hand to his lips the traditional pipe. The left arm had been broken at the shoulder. The carved visage was full of a wise mockery, an expression half-elusive, half-playful,



wholly masterful and striking. The presence of this piece of discolored marble, presiding over the hearth of a mysterious house in this unknown country, raised Farquhar's curiosity to excitement. He gazed at it, wondering, until his scrutiny made out this inscription cut rudely into the stone-work above the bust: "This is Ye House of Pan." On the stone below he beheld, cut in like manner, these words of Bacon, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province."

When he could detach his attention from these singular words he was aware of other incongruities. A carved chest, for instance, of Holland make; a chair or two, carved and gilt, were placed side by side with the roughest furniture of untrimmed pine and birch nailed together; a piece of rich tapestry swung before a doorway; there were the skins of beasts upon the floor, and from a pair of antlers on the wall hung a long necklace of bears' claws. The castle of some marauding robber baron of the Dark Ages might have resembled this. The more the young man beheld, the more puzzled he became.

In a moment or two their guide, who had left them alone in the hall, returned, and led them up the ladder-like stair into a room of good size, furnished chiefly with two pallets of straw and a huge cupboard colored with armorial bearings, which though tarnished were still decipherable. This article Lautrec regarded with suspicion. "What did the feller say?" he demanded of Farquhar, when they were once more left alone.

"He said he would bring us food, and when we had eaten and rested their master would receive us," replied the soldier quietly. Lautrec gave a "humph" of utter disbelief, and striding over to the door shook it angrily. Being unlocked, it needed no such treatment to cause it to open with ease, upon which Lautrec uttered another grunt of suspicion and sat down sullenly.

Meanwhile Farquhar had wandered to the window. Here he looked upon the same attempt which he had all along noted to imitate old-world fashions in rough and savage materials. A space had been cleared in the pine forest between the house and the steep hill-side; here sand had been laid for pathways, and rows of little fir-trees planted, which imitated and in a measure caricatured the high, clipped hedges of an old French garden. In the centre a rill of clear water flowed into an artificial basin lined with round white pebbles and ran out again into the forest. Beside this a stone seat had been placed, quite rough, yet of an odd shape, as though the designer had in mind the reproduction of some well-remembered spot. Wild as this place was, belted with dark forest, an unclimbed mountain cutting the clear sky beyond, the murmur of unploughed seas before, there was something in this poor shadow of a garden to warm the heart. As Farquhar looked, a woman's figure appeared round the corner of the house, crossed the open space with a linger-

ing step, and vanished among the trees. What there was cheering in this was hard to say, yet Farquhar turned back, lightened and set more at ease, as if the sight of that young figure, though he had seen no face, tended to put his doubts and suspicions at an end.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE MARQUIS DE RUFFE.

As Farquhar moved from the window Lautrec's voice broke in upon his meditation.

"Ef they come at us now, cap'n, you'll fight, won't ye?" said the sailor anxiously. "We're inside this place now for victuals or tomahawks, as the sayin' is; and it looks to me pretty much like—but there, you'll fight, won't ye? though you wouldn't help settle them pirates down to the beach."

"I assure you I shall defend myself if necessary," replied the soldier with a shrug of impatience; "but I don't agree with you that these men intend us harm. I have seen no evidences of piracy; not a weapon, and not a shred of Jolly Roger."

"What d'ye call that?" demanded Lautrec, pointing with a stern finger to a faded oil painting of the Madonna and Child which some one had wreathed in vine-leaves. "Bean't they law-breakers, likely, who break laws in Holy Writ—'Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image.'"  
He finished the commandment impressively, still waving the accusing finger. "Did you ever hear about thet there Inquisition? Them was bloody doin's, and it's likely they ain't bettered in Maine. What's the use o' popish images, ef not for popish work?"

He seemed convinced by his own reasoning, but Farquhar only smiled. "If you have no better grounds——" he began, when Lautrec cut him short by striding across the room and slapping his hand on the faded armorial device of the press already described.

"What was he doin' hereabout with this stick o' furniture?" he cried in the tone of one who offers an unanswerable argument. "What's any madman doin' in the wilderness with furrin' folderols like this here? How'd he git it here? What's the use on it—keepin' salt fish in, winter-times?" He hit the press with his big palm once more. "You mark me," he proceeded solemnly; "this here's been stole on the high seas, and the man what stole it ain't likely to do better by you and me, bein' a Frenchman."

The climax sent Farquhar into hearty laughter. Before he had recovered himself the door opened and their smiling friend the coxswain reëntered, bringing a simple provision of meat and bread and a bottle of wine. He set these before them, assured Farquhar that

he would soon return to conduct them to his master's presence, and departed. Lautrec sat staring at the food for an instant; then the bottle catching his eye, he uncorked it, held it to his nose, sniffing suspiciously, and then, pouring a finger-length into the mug with which he had been supplied, threw back his head and tossed down the wine. "What stuff's thet?" he inquired contemptuously; "blueberries and water?"

"Bordeaux, good Bordeaux," answered Farquhar, drinking in his turn, "and of no mean quality."

Lautrec turned the bottle discontentedly in his hand.

"There ain't one good drunk in the quart of him," he grumbled. "Hadn't they no Hollands?"

On his part, Farquhar felt a new provision of strength after this meal, and became impatient to learn more of his host. The mountain-slope had grown black and one or two stars were out before the Frenchman returned, and, remarking that "monsieur" awaited them, led the way down the stair. The two followed without speaking, and Farquhar heard the sailor ostentatiously opening and shutting his knife as they went across the hall, past the stone Pan, into a smaller apartment and a dazzling glare of light.

The room served to all appearance the combined uses of dining-hall and study, for beside the table bearing the remains of a meal Farquhar noted a press holding what, for the time and place, was an unusual number of books. Tapestries, barely hiding the rough walls, were illumined by the light of several tallow-dips and a spluttering pine torch. Directly facing the doorway, in an attitude of attention, were two persons, of whom one, the man, was seated in a large chair, while the other, a woman, stood beside it, holding to the carved griffin on the back. The two faces were thus turned full and gravely upon Farquhar, who saw in them much to heighten his interest.

It was in truth well-nigh the same face under different conditions. In both were the thin, straight nose, the delicate mouth, the round, curved chin, the deep brown, heavy-lashed, heavy-lidded eyes. But life had set two different stamps upon this same metal. The young woman's hair fell in warm brown curls upon her shoulders and the lace of her tucker; the man's, the same in texture and color, strayed in a few thin locks on his prominent temples. The girl's face was of a fuller and tenderer oval than the man's, her color fresh, her smile frank and sweet. The man's face was seamed with fine wrinkles; his eyes drooped and blinked before the glare, and when raised glowed with fiery, fantastic light. His cheek was the hue of parchment, his hand thin and wavering; he had a trick of torturing his bloodless lips by biting and twisting them, as if there was that within which he must not let escape. One certainty, however, struck Farquhar forcibly; and that was, that whoever these persons might be, he had no personal violence to fear from them.

The scrutiny had on both sides proceeded in silence; for if surprise showed itself on Farquhar's face, it was not absent from that of his host. The master of this unaccountable mansion had expected perhaps a couple of rough mariners. When the tall, easy figure of the Federal officer appeared in the doorway, stamped from the handsome features to the shapely hand with the marks of gentility, he was for the instant as nonplussed as his guest. It was the guest, indeed, who broke silence by saying in good French,—

"I believe, monsieur, we owe your men our lives."

"I am glad," said the other in the same tongue; then with a sudden twist to the phrase, "that they have rescued a countryman."

"If monsieur is French," answered Farquhar, bowing, "I fear I cannot lay claim to that honor. I have spent many years in France, it is true, but I am an American officer, and my name is Farquhar."

The host, who had supported his chin on his hand during this speech, suddenly turned to the girl beside him with a gleam of cordiality and humor. "Mon Dieu, Edoualise!" he cried, "I think we have made a mistake. You heard Monsieur Farquhar." He stretched the thin fingers across the table towards the young man. "I beg you ten thousand pardons. This is some mistake of Vidon's. I never thought to inquire further into his castaways. 'Rough fellows,' he told me, 'and, he doubted not, cut-throats.'"

"And I," cried Farquhar, bursting into unembarrassed laughter, "have been thinking myself the prisoner of pirates."

The host joined in his mirth with a high-pitched hysterical laugh, which somehow acted effectually to check Farquhar's. He then presented his companion, who had stood eying each in turn with suspicion, but whose suspicions were entirely allayed when monsieur bade him welcome in so much English, and suggested that his greeting might be made the more complete over a glass of Hollands in the kitchen.

"For I fancy my Bordeaux is thin enough," he concluded, "for the throat of a mariner."

"You're right, young man!" was Lautrec's answer, in a veritable explosion of relief. He followed his cordial guide Hollandswards with alacrity and without a doubtful glance.

As the sailor left the room "monsieur's" face became suddenly clouded.

"This was too bad of Vidon, Edoualise," he declared petulantly, motioning Farquhar to a seat at the table. "Monsieur should have dined with us. I am annoyed, very much annoyed, to have been so misled."

"There is surely no harm done, my brother," replied the girl, in the voice of one accustomed to soothe. "Monsieur quite understands, I think. Perhaps he will tell us how he came to be cast away?"

It was evident to the guest that this direct question was addressed

him for the purpose of changing the subject. The idea of his involuntary inhospitality seemed to work unhappily upon the host's mind, for a spot of red glowed in his cheeks as he bit his lips and drummed his fingers on the board. The odd excitability in the manner of this man was cause enough to Farquhar for the swift glance with which the question was accompanied, a glance that seemed at once to claim sympathy and demand obedience. He began forthwith upon his narrative, and by the time he had finished monsieur was bland again.

"You say you lived in France before serving in the American war?" he asked, fixing his bright eyes on the soldier's face. "Did you make friends there? Whom?"

"I spent all my early life on the Continent, and many months in Paris," said Farquhar. "There I made many acquaintances by the aid of my friend, Charles d'Aubémont——"

He was interrupted by a high-pitched exclamation from his host. "He knows Charles, our Charles, Edoualise!" he cried, half rising in his eagerness. "And did he never speak to you of me, Monsieur Farquhar?—never of his cousin?"

A light broke on the soldier. "It is not possible?" he cried. "Yet it must be so. You are the Marquis de Ruffé?"

"Yes, monsieur," said the other, with a change from eagerness to dignity that was startling. "I am the Marquis de Ruffé. And this"—he waved his hand with an impressive gesture—"is the House of Pan."

"The House of Pan?" repeated Farquhar slowly.

The girl's voice broke in, tremulous with entreaty. "Monsieur has not told us how he left our cousin," she said, appealing to her brother, who, however, did not heed her. His eyes opened and kindled with a strange light.

"Yes, monsieur, the House of the great Pan," he replied, throwing up his pale face and speaking with increased rapidity and excitement. "Ten years ago I set sail from France, ready, in the words of your great Englishman, to take 'all knowledge to be my province.' Glorious destiny, is it not, monsieur?" He leaned across the table on both hands, the words pouring from his lips. "What had I to do in a court ruled by du Barry? I, the chosen of the Master St. Germain to give the world the secrets of Raymond Lully! I, the reincarnation in the flesh of the departed, not deceased, Paracelsus Bombastus von Hohenheim! I, the fellow of the great Cornelius, and the greater Trismegistus, true master of the Hermetic order, armed with the arcana of Peter John Faber, from the solution of gold to the elixir vitæ?—Nay, Edoualise, this is the friend of Charles; I may speak freely before him. So I set sail, monsieur, in secret, to escape my enemies, embarking all my goods upon one ship, and here I built the House ruled by the Spirit of Nature, where I may pursue my marvellous discoveries undisturbed, when, armed with



immortal life, I shall tread forever the glorious paths of science—the eternal——”

His voice dropped with a gasp. The pressure of his sister's hand forced him back into his chair, and then slipped the stem of a wine-glass between his fingers. Abstractedly, he raised it to his lips, and remained silent, as if lost in dreams. In that instant Farquhar met the troubled eyes of the girl, and plainly read their message, “You see how he is—divert him!”

There had been in the whole tirade a flightiness and frenzy and incoherence which, with the man's shaking hand and bloodless, tortured lips, told Farquhar far more than his explanation, and left the soldier in a confusion of grave doubts. Above these, however, pity for the woman before him rose in his heart. “Will the chance be soon of my gaining a passage homeward, monsieur le marquis?” he asked carelessly, as if continuing the subject.

The marquis raised his head absently, and seemed to recall himself by an effort.

“Ah, captain, you must not desire to leave us too soon!” he replied with a return to his bland courtesy. “This coast, you know, is desert, and no man should trust himself in these forests, although the Indians, they say, will harm no one. But in a fortnight or so I expect my little schooner from Boston, and she shall be at your disposal. Meanwhile, if you are a man of intelligence,—as who could doubt?—I think you may not find your stay in the House of Pan without interest.”

The spark kindled in his eye, and he seemed about to start on another flight, when Farquhar arose.

“Will you pardon me,” he said, “if I leave you to gain some slumber? I am much in need of rest.”

The marquis seemed disappointed, but his sister interposed with approval of Farquhar's intention, and after an exchange of courtesies the guest departed. He thought the girl's eyes thanked him as he went.

Farquhar, with all Paris, had heard of the Marquis de Ruffé. This young noble, of ancient house, great wealth, and delicate constitution, had become one of the most ardent disciples of that brilliant enigma, the Count de St. Germain. Wild stories of their adventures and experiments furnished the Court with gossip, which had grown to unpleasantly reflect on the shrewdness of the master and the gullibility of the pupil. Louis XV., incited, it was said, by the du Barry, who had no small admiration for the younger mystic, finally forbade de Ruffé to leave the Court for a year. If the command was intended to quench forever the ardors of research it utterly failed in effect, as six months later de Ruffé disappeared. All manner of tales were told to account for this disappearance; it was said he had become invisible, that he had been poisoned by the envious St. Germain, that he had become immortal and retired to

the Caucasus. But when his orphan sister, heiress to one of the richest estates in France, was missed from her convent, when a good-sized schooner had been seen at anchor on the coast of Brittany, not a mile from the Château de Ruffé, then a more practical explanation of the flight came to be accepted. In any case, the man was gone, and, what was more important, the girl was gone, a fact which gave rise to innumerable complications in the succession of de Ruffé-d'Aubémont. Farquhar had not forgotten the gossip and the speculation of ten years back, when as a boy of twenty he had been more or less intimate with members of the same family; he remembered also the assertion that, should certain circumstances arise in the future, a strenuous effort must be made to recover and bring back Mademoiselle Edoualise de Ruffé. These recollections charged his mind with a certain uneasiness. He had long courted adventure, but this was complicated beyond his dearest hopes. Some time passed, despite his fatigue, before these thoughts permitted him to sleep.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### AN ALCHEMIST.

It wanted but two hours to noon on the next day when Farquhar dragged himself heavily out of the deep slumber into which he had plunged. His sleep had been so profound that it partook of the nature of a swoon; but when he compelled his stiff limbs to bear him to the window, the golden loveliness of the morning acted on him like a revivification, and it was not long before he dressed and went out into the air. In the brilliancy of such a day, the restless sea dashed with white-caps, the crisp, salt tingle of the wind that sang through the pine forest and charged against the house, there was a great vividness of one's sensations, a bright distinctness upon everything, which served to strip the place of mystery. The gray walls of the house had lost their strangeness, and grown natural as the pines about them or as the mountains beyond.

He found bread and milk and a bowl of wild blackberries set out for him, and having breakfasted he set forth to find some sign of his hosts. Far down on the beach one of the Frenchmen worked, and snatches of his song came up the wind to Farquhar's ears. There was no one else in sight; the house was silent; the hall, when Farquhar entered, was in sole possession of the god Pan, whose mocking smile annoyed him so that it drove him forth again to find some out-door occupation. Following a path, he turned a corner of the house and came upon the little imitative garden he had noticed from his window. Here on one of the stone benches sat Mademoiselle Edoualise. Her presence added the last touch to the incongruous likeness of the place. In that spot which it imitated he

could imagine her seated, splendid in bright brocade and powdered coiffure before her tambour-frame; yet in this desert, with firs for hedge and a mountain brook for a fountain, she sat with flowing hair, patching a suit of homespun.

At his approach mademoiselle arose, greeted him simply, and seemed pleased when he seated himself at the other end of the stone bench. The young man might have fancied it difficult to find any common topic with this exiled damsel; but whether it was her beauty or her simplicity, he found himself before long using the freedom of a friend. His arrival had evidently constituted an event in her life, and she wished to hear more about the adventures preceding his rescue.

"You were in a deadly peril," she said, fixing her large eyes upon Farquhar's. "It made me shudder to think of it. *Mon Dieu!* I know the coast, *m'sieu*, and the fogs. They come creeping, creeping up out of the sea, like the poisonous gases from my brother's crucible; before one knows they have one about the throat." She gave a little shiver. "Ah, you are fortunate to have escaped! We lost one man two years ago in just such another fog as yesterday's."

There was a vividness and animation in this speech which interested Farquhar. Mademoiselle, then, was not always grave and restrained as he had seen her the night before.

"I think you overrate our danger," he rejoined lightly; "but I am not the less grateful to Fate and to your excellent retainers. I confess I am more used to the saddle than to a dory."

"You are a soldier?" asked mademoiselle in a tone of some eagerness.

"I have been," replied the young man; "but we are now at peace, as you know."

The girl shook her head, sought his eye with a charming frankness, and catching it, smiled like a child. "I know nothing," said she. "It seems to me that when we first came here, I remember, there was a war. But we have heard nothing of it. *Armuet*, as *m'sieu* has seen, is a student—and how should I know what passes out there?" She made a little gesture towards the curved line of sea, intensely blue and clear, which lapped the foot of the mountain. "But tell me more, *m'sieu*. Where had you been?"

Although Farquhar was much more anxious to hear her story than to recite his own, it was impossible to deny her request.

"You have heard of Quebec, perhaps?" he began.

Her eye lit up. "Quebec?" she repeated: "yes, yes. The ship touched there first, long ago. *Armuet* carried me ashore—I have not forgotten. There was a frowning cliff, and the convent bell sounded all day long as it had done at home. *M'sieu* lives in Quebec?"

"I was there on a visit. My home is in the country near Philadelphia—in William Penn's country."

She shook her head: evidently she could make nothing of the names.

"I was a lieutenant in the war," Farquhar continued, "and went to Quebec on business for my government. I have told you how the rest happened."

"And you are alone, quite alone, as we are?" she asked in the same eager tone.

"My mother is waiting at home for me to return," he answered, and the question and reply caused him to see in his mind very clearly the home, the garden, and his mother's face.

"I do not remember my mother," mademoiselle said after a pause. Her hands were idle, her eyes dreamy. "I have been here alone with Armuet so long that I have forgotten almost everything."

It was probably to chase away the sudden painful reflection which had disturbed him that Farquhar replied to this remark in a strain of banal compliment, to the effect that solitude had certainly not had any other influence than to add to mademoiselle's charms. He repented this nonsense the moment it was uttered, for she simply looked at him, half-puzzled, half-affronted, in a way that made him ashamed of his artificiality.

"You have not yet told me what brought monsieur le marquis and yourself to this place," he said. "Am I asking too much, mademoiselle? I am still wondering if what I have seen is not enchantment."

"It is not hard to explain," she said simply, bending over her work again. She did not seem to feel the slightest hesitation, and from that instant there was no reserve in her dealing with this new acquaintance.

The girl was ready to talk and he to listen. Half an hour had not passed ere he had learned all there was to learn of the House of Pan and its occupants, and of what had seemed so mysterious he found the simplest explanation.

The Marquis de Ruffé had set sail from France with his sister and a crew of fourteen men from his Brittany estate. Two of these men were accompanied by their wives; a more singular party of emigrants, in Farquhar's opinion, had never left Europe. Storm had driven their ship into this harbor, whose beauty had seized so strongly on the fantastic imagination of the marquis that he decided to make it his home. The ship being fitted with proper tools, a log cabin was hastily erected for the use of the women, while the men and the marquis worked night and day on the construction of their house. Among the peasants brought from home by this eccentric lord were builders and stone-masons; gunpowder blasted them stone from the cliff, and wood was to be had for the chopping. Ere winter set in there was a shelter for their heads, and the vessel had brought an ample supply of provision, in addition to the abundant game and fish. A settlement of fisher-folk some miles down

the coast sold this singular colony a mule and a cow. What bolder and wiser men would have deemed a scheme rash to madness, this serenely ignorant French nobleman had attempted and accomplished, upborne by his passion for science, above the actual hardships and possible dangers.

When house and tower had been completed, the furnace started in the one, and the god Pan set up over the hearth of the other, the Marquis de Ruffé abandoned the fortunes of his colony to chance, and threw himself into the depths of alchemic research without a thought for the comfort or safety of those who had followed him so trustingly. Then it was that the young girl, so strangely taken from the cloister to the wilderness, came quietly to the head of affairs and took command. Every word of the naïve narrative told the listener more than the teller realized. He learned thus that mademoiselle and not her brother administered the affairs of the little settlement, and that it was by her advice that several of their followers had cleared the forest, built rough huts, and tilled the ground for sustenance. Poor as this was, it meant Paradise to peasants who remembered French serfdom and meals of acorns and chopped straw. To them venison, codfish, and Indian corn were luxurious fare, and not one of them after a year's residence in the free forest would have consented to a return home. With the simple fervor of their class, they looked upon the marquis as the giver of this wonderful plenty, and on his sister, "*notre petite demoiselle*," almost as a patron saint. The schooner to and from Boston, with her load of fish, kept them supplied with provisions against the long winter and brought the marquis occasional scraps of news from the outside world. These, however, were few, on account of the strict secrecy enjoined on all the men.

"And you," said Farquhar as the story ended, "are you not often lonely?"

The girl paused, as if some sudden touch of loyalty to her brother made her hesitate. She looked aside as she replied: "Not often lonely. There is the sea, the forest, and the house, much to do and see done. And then, Armuet—you have seen that he is far from strong."

It was this same thought, intensified by pity, which made the young soldier lean forward to look into the girl's face and say sympathetically: "He does not seem strong, indeed. Is mademoiselle anxious on his account?"

"You have noticed it?" she answered, stopping her work again. "Yes, monsieur, I am anxious. For a year Armuet has neglected everything else—the men, his very rest and food—for these researches in his laboratory. He works there night and day. And it seems to me that he is weaker than he was."

Farquhar hardly knew how to reply. After a pause she continued sadly, "He has been at work all night."



"All night?" cried the soldier, recalling the excitable figure of the evening before.

"I took him food this morning, but he would not heed me. I wish——"

She left the sentence unfinished, but a sudden intuition as to her thought prompted Farquhar to suggest: "Perhaps he is less busy now. Shall we try?"

Edoualise rose with alacrity, almost as if he had voiced her own thought, and led the way towards the stone tower containing the laboratory. They stood on the outside, for the sister would not dare enter unbidden. The guest was struck by the ugly grimness of the place. It had been more hastily and less solidly constructed than the house; already falling stones lent it an air of decay. From within came the clank and roar of the furnace, forcing eddies of muddy black smoke through the hole in the roof.

Some feet above their heads was a rude window, through which now and again came a red flash and glare, the noise of voices raised above the din, and the roar of bellows.

Farquhar looked at his companion. Her eyes were fixed on the window with a look of fear and trouble.

"Does he work alone?" the soldier asked.

"No," replied mademoiselle, "Vidon remains with him to keep up the furnace for his crucible. Perhaps he might hear me. Vidon! Armuet! Come to the window!"

Her clear voice must have pierced even the din of the laboratory, for presently the head of the marquis appeared above the window-sill. His face struck Farquhar as ghastly pale, and the thin lips had been bitten till they bled.

"Armuet," the sister begged, "there is food outside the door. Will you not eat? You have tasted nothing."

The pale man leaned out of the window and waved and nodded graciously. The fantastic courtesy of his manner struck Farquhar unpleasantly.

"I am making great advance!" cried the marquis in his thin, shrill voice. "Ah, captain, good-morning! We are coming on splendidly!"

"But the food, brother?"

"All in good time; not now." He bowed to them with his odd extravagance of bearing. "I am nearing my great discovery, my famous tincture, captain. Soon it will be my fortune, my glorious destiny, to give immortal life to men!"

He waved both hands wildly above his head and vanished, while a fresh torrent of jet-black smoke poured out and screened the window from sight.

"He always says that," murmured the girl with a sigh.

"How long has he been at work upon this discovery?" asked Farquhar.

She bent her head. "Fifteen years," she made answer in a low voice.

"He should rest," was the soldier's comment.

"What will you have?" she returned, a world of endurance in her young eyes. "He will not rest, and what he does would break a stronger man. He says it is no matter, for his famous elixir will give him life eternal. I often wonder," she broke out vehemently, like one who has been too long restrained, "of what use to a man like Armuët will be this life eternal, which he is so confident, so very confident, of achieving."

They walked back to the bench in silence, for Farquhar had nothing, in the face of things, to say in comfort.

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## CHAPTER V.

### A GREATER ALCHEMIST.

It was not until the evening meal that the alchemist marquis made his appearance, reeling with weakness and fatigue. The gray hue of his face had something in it so shocking that Farquhar well-nigh exclaimed at sight of it; but he restrained himself and watched the sister with admiring pity. She rose as her brother entered, lent his uncertain step her help to his chair, and then drew back his head till it rested against her shoulder. A long sigh escaped him and his eyes closed for some moments. Then she motioned to Farquhar for a glass of wine, and herself held it to her brother's lips. The wine seemed to revive the marquis somewhat. He sat suddenly upright in his chair, and opened upon Farquhar eyes rekindled with the dangerous spark of excitement.

"Do you not agree with me that Lully was wrong?" he began in a loud voice; "not only quintessential Sol is necessary, but the soul of Mercury?"

"I know nothing of science," interposed Farquhar hastily. "Eat, monsieur; you must be weary."

The alchemist waved food aside impatiently. "The whole question"—he rose with solemnity, resting one hand on the table and waving the other—"lies in the key of the great Agrippa."

The sister gently coaxed him back to his chair and induced him to take a little food. How many times during the progress of that broken meal did Farquhar wonder at the girl, at the quiet voice, the vigilant eye, the cleverness which beguiled the monomaniac from the dangerous subject to safer topics. He found himself seconding her with his best efforts, well repaid by the glance he received from under her thick lashes. As the meal progressed a certain feeling of protectorship grew in him, as if he had been despatched to the aid

of this piteous couple out of the big world of which they took no note.

The first consciousness of this feeling had come to him during a conversation with Lautrec, whom the food and grog had cleared of all suspicions.

"This here what d'you call 'im, marky," observed Lautrec meditatively, "is a poor thin body of a man. To my thinkin' he'd be right well set up by a dose of my old Betsy's yarb tea. A durn poor critter for a Frenchman; and Lord, what a gabbler! But the sister now,"—here Lautrec warmed,—“she's a real nice woman. I'd do most things for thet little girl, I would.”

"She is singularly lonely," said Farquhar briefly.

"She is thet," assented Lautrec heartily, "with nobody but thet brother o' hern. And look here, cap'n, what fool would make a landin' on the wind'ard side of the mountain and an everlastin' chop in thet there bay? I guess 'twas near providential you'n I got dropped onto this settlement, so's there'll be some man or other to take holt in case thet there spindlin' critter blows hisself to pieces with thet donkey engine o' hisn."

It was the same sentiment, differently expressed, which caused Farquhar to take advantage of the marquis's momentary absence after supper and offer a word of help.

"Remember, mademoiselle," he said, "I am at your service. Do not hesitate to call upon me."

She turned upon him, showing all at once a wild distress in her face—her trembling lip.

"I am frightened," she cried; "I am frightened. If he insists on going back to that laboratory to-night it will kill him, I know it will!" She wrung her hands.

"You must persuade him to give it up," replied Farquhar. "I too will do my uttermost——" His sentence was left unfinished, for the pale figure reëntered at that instant.

His sister went up to him and laid an arm caressingly about his shoulders. "Armuet," she said tenderly, "rest to-night. You will be able to do much more to-morrow."

He turned, frowning.

"You cannot understand, Edoualise," was his answer. "This is the crucial night, and I waste time by lingering."

"Every night has been the crucial night!" she cried, dropping her arm.

"Science is not to leave and pick up at will," replied the brother querulously, and moved as if to leave them.

"Dear," said Edoualise entreatingly, following him, "you may make some error in your work if you continue. See how your hand shakes with weariness!"

He smiled triumphantly, but remained unmoved.

"Better perhaps to give up one night now, monsieur," observed

Farquhar dispassionately, "than a week later." It was the first time the guest had spoken, and the marquis glanced at him in surprise.

"I fear I must leave you alone to your wine, monsieur the captain," de Ruffé replied with his odd, flighty courtesy. "Study, you know, is all-important. You must pardon me for my inhospitality."

Edoualise saw her brother about to depart, and plunged desperately into stratagem. "Vidon says there is no more wood for the furnace," she murmured. De Ruffé stopped short.

"No more wood! It is impossible: wood was cut yesterday!"

"You use so much——"

"Vidon is mad! At this critical moment to ruin everything!" His voice rose nearly to a scream. "No! no! captain! Edoualise! My experiment—help me!"

Catching sight, unfortunately, of the logs piled near the hearth, the marquis precipitated himself upon them, loaded himself heavily, and staggered out, his muttered complaints dying out in the passageway. Then a door shut and silence followed. Farquhar turned to Edoualise.

"You see it is no use," said she, and, seating herself, rested her cheek upon her hand.

"Mademoiselle," he replied, really distressed, "I am sure he will soon see that he is too shaken to go on longer without rest."

She shook her head sadly, and the movement gave Farquhar an idea. "I will go to the laboratory and try once more," he said, rising, and was not surprised that she followed him down the passage.

The two waited long before the closed door of the tower without speaking. The lips of Edoualise moved, and the soldier fancied that prayers fell from them. He stood close to her in the dusk, just seeing the outline of her head, the delicate profile clear, against a window which opened to a square of blue, star-filled sky. Within sounded the intermittent roar of the furnace, through which rose now and again some minor, confused noise. A curious, dreamy feeling stole over Farquhar, as if the strange place and stranger companion were things not tangible, but imaginary. He watched and waited, musing. Then at their very ears rang a shrill, exultant cry, followed by a heavy fall and silence.

Farquhar set his shoulder to the door, and the rude fastening yielded. He had meant to be the first to enter, to shield the girl from the danger of some dreadful sight, but she was too quick for him. From the open door issued smoke, a red glare as from the pit, a clamor and chaos of noises; in the midst of the unfamiliar shapes and sounds the soldier paused bewildered, so that Edoualise flashed past him to the place where her brother lay on the floor. He had struck his head upon the corner of a chest; his face was distorted; his legs lay doubled under him, as though he had fallen from weak-

ness. The blow or the fall had rendered him unconscious. Vidon, who came blackened from the forge, carried the helpless body into the fresher air of the house and laid him upon his bed. The sister hung over him; Farquhar forced wine down his throat; Vidon chafed the twitching hands. After a time he appeared to regain a partial consciousness and to lie with more relaxed muscles. There was nothing further in their ignorance for them to do.

"I think," the soldier whispered to Edoualise, "that he will rest quietly now. Shall I go?"

She caught his hand convulsively, and he seated himself quietly once more. They had watched thus perhaps for an hour when the marquis suddenly opened his eyes and spoke in a clear, loud voice:

"Whatever happens, Edoualise must not go back to France! My father commanded it; not to the Court!"

His eyes closed again, and he appeared to sleep. When his quiet breathing became audible, the first ray of relief glimmered upon the sister's face. She made no further objection to Farquhar's leaving her now, so he stole away to throw himself, dressed as he was, upon his bed. An instinct told him that he might once more be needed.

How long he slept was hard to tell. There came a wild beating of hands upon the door. The voice of Edoualise, crying for him incoherently, struck on his ears before he was fully awake. Swiftly following, he caught sight of her flying down the passage-way leading to the laboratory.

It might have been an hour before dawn. The dying embers of the furnace guided Farquhar's stumbling footsteps to where a prostrate form lay with a kneeling figure beside it. At the sight he was thoroughly awakened. He knew not what to say, for it was evident the mere embers of his furnace would last longer than life in the alchemist. The man had taken his last reserve of strength to reach this place from his bed, and now lay, with open eyes, gasping, and fumbling weakly with a phial he held in one hand. Farquhar dared not look at the sister, but bent over the dying man instead. The marquis's breathing came very faint and fast.

After awhile his lips moved. They made out the whisper, "The elixir—my experiment—immortal life!"

Farquhar answered: "This is no time to think of your elixir, monsieur, but of your sister and yourself."

There came no reply. Farquhar bent lower as he repeated, "Is there anything you wish me to do, any charge you lay upon me?" The eyes, bent in turn upon Edoualise and Farquhar, brightened a little, and the latter fancied he understood. Speaking low, he said: "I will take care of your sister, monsieur le marquis, as if she were my own. I promise you, on my word of honor."

A faint smile grew on the man's face; he made a great effort to lift his head and speak. Farquhar bent eagerly lower to catch the murmurs:



"Life—my elixir—eternal life!"

He half turned upon his side with a gasp. Farquhar gently laid his hand over the sister's eyes.

The day had fully dawned when he at last persuaded the girl to leave the dead body of her brother. To his entreaties she had replied dumbly with a shake of the head; all the pressing anxieties of the situation had doubtless lent his manner some constraint. Worn out by grief and weariness, she yielded at length, and Farquhar saw her safely in the hands of one of the Frenchwomen, for whom he had sent post-haste. He had intended to leave her to rest untroubled, but counsel with Vidon and Lautrec brought so little light on the various perplexities that he was obliged, some hours later, to send her a message begging her to come and speak with him.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### OLD LETTERS.

MADemoiselle EDOUALISE found the soldier pacing the room from end to end, with an expression in which pity and perplexity struggled for the mastery. When she entered, a drooping figure, the face almost as white as her dead brother's, the eyes dazed and tearless, pity flew uppermost. He handed her to a chair with a gentleness which she hardly noted. She seated herself without speaking, laid her head back as if utterly fatigued, and seemed to drift into a sad revery. With an effort Farquhar strove to recall her to the present and its necessities.

"Mademoiselle," he began, the flush of earnestness on his handsome face, "you must believe that I do not lightly intrude on you at this time, but I have no choice."

He paused, and she bowed her head in assent.

"I cannot tell you," Farquhar continued, drawing nearer, "how I feel the strangeness of our position. Your plans and your affairs are naturally no concern of mine, yet I must ask you to let me make them so in default of a better counsellor. Mere castaway though I am, sheltered for a day by your hospitality, I am too much a man, mademoiselle, to see you, a lonely girl, in such trouble and not wish to help you. Some one must come to the head for the moment, and there is no one but myself."

He had spoken with the frankness that was his by nature, and it could hardly fail of effect. She raised her head with less listlessness as she replied: "I think you are both right and kind, monsieur. Speak plainly; do not fear. I am, as you say, singularly friendless."

"You will trust me?"

She gave him a long, steadfast look.

"Yes," she said quietly.

Farquhar drew a deep breath, and his face brightened at the word. "Thank you," he cried. "You speak generously and like yourself. Even if you would not render me that trust, I must have gone on trying to be of assistance, and the result——" He broke off as though the thought was unpleasant and took a seat nearer hers. "Now we can talk," he continued more briskly, "as friend to friend, for such we are. In the first place, have you access to your brother's private papers,—such papers as would cast some light on what he intended you to do? I remember only that one sentence of his——"

"I know," she interrupted, and then repeated softly: "'Whatever happens, Edoualise must not go back to France! My father commanded it; not to the Court!'"

"We must be certain," said Farquhar, "before you reject what seems to me the right and natural course for you, that this was no delirious fancy."

Edoualise turned to him a trifle impatiently. "It was a conviction," she said with decision. "I have heard him say a thousand times that I must never go back to the Court of Louis. There must have been some reason, but he would never tell me what."

"If so, then he doubtless kept a record of his wishes, or he was more careless of his sister's welfare than I think."

"Oh, he was not careless," the girl said tremulously. "Armuet loved me dearly, dearly. But if he had such papers I never saw them, unless they are contained in the carved box which stands at the head of his bed."

"Will you get this box, mademoiselle?" asked the soldier; and she departed on the errand.

Left alone, Farquhar stood knitting his brow over the problem. If this fancy, this whim of the dead madman's, had taken firm hold on the sister, there lay many difficulties before the adviser. Yet what a life lay before this child in the wilderness, exiled, solitary, without a protector. She must go home; this was his conviction, and he must persuade her to it, though in direct defiance to the will of the beloved dead. Farquhar despaired at the thought. He entertained the idea of sending for Lautrec, but rejected it almost immediately, and had not formulated any plan by the time Edoualise returned. As she laid the carved box in his hands he asked, "Have I your permission, mademoiselle, to examine the contents of this coffer?"

Edoualise seated herself, replying "Certainly." Without further delay Farquhar turned the key and threw back the lid. Within lay an orderly heap of parchments, which he laid to one side; below them were others, older and yellower, docketed in the same handwriting; on the bottom of the box lay a small leathern case and a roll of louis d'or. The case was found to contain a signet ring cut with the family arms, a brooch or two set with gems, and a second ring

holding a fine diamond, but no sign of paper or testament. Farquhar handed case and money to Edoualise and fell to examining the parchments. The first dozen of these were labelled, "*Lettres de M. de St. Germain*," and when opened proved to be long alchemical treatises full of obscure allusions and mystical references to "Sol and Luna," complicated with bad Latin.

From a word here and there in this mass of unintelligible stuff Farquhar gathered that the friendship of these two had not been without substantial benefits to St. Germain, since he thanked de Ruffé for furnishing the ten thousand ounces of pure silver which was to be the basis of their mutual experiments. Following these were letters of older date. One or two, marked "*Lettres de ma chère mère: Dieu reste son âme!*" were full of tenderness and simple affection in tortured phraseology, with allusions to the "*gentille petite sœur*," who longed for her brother's coming in the Breton château; and again to a certain Amélie, who seemed to be in Paris and to cause the writer some unexplained anxiety. Then came a short incoherent note, the paper all blotted with tears, bewailing some stunning shock of disgrace or grief which had overtaken the little family, telling Armuet that "*Vostre père n'ay mangé, depuis cet heure terrible!*" and calling on the young vicomte to return home. Here the mother's letters ended.

The father's letters began a year or two later and were epistles of a very different character. The spelling was as singular, but the phrases were long and sonorous, the commands dictatorial, the pages full of the haughty precepts of the old-school aristocrat. The young heir was entreated to put the thought, "*La patrie, l'honneur, le roi*," before everything, "*for although Louis*" (so Farquhar translated), "whose forefathers mine and yours defended by their swords to the spilling of every drop of their good blood with a good courage, has thus dishonored us, yet do not believe, my son, though thou art tempted to think us accursed in this coward, that France without a king can ever exist."

There was more of this kind, in which the fervent old Breton poured out his pride of race and his scorn, calling upon his son to remember a certain Hugues de Ruffé, who had withstood Richelieu, and a de Ruffé-d'Aubémont, who had followed St. Louis to the Crusades. Finally there was a sentence or two which, with what had preceded, began to enlighten Farquhar as to the dishonor connected with the name of 'Amélie,' and in the last letter a paragraph much underscored and creased with rereading which took him finally into the core of the matter.

"For in reflecting upon the dishonor of our house," wrote the old Marquis de Ruffé, "and remembering that this dishonor was brought upon us by the very lord who had sworn to be a faithful seigneur to us his nobles, I have come, my son, to fear for the safety of our remaining daughter at the hands of France. And I have

determined, with the help of my prayers, that my little Edoualise shall be spared her sister's fate, or, what is nearly as bad, marriage to one of these recently ennobled Court fribbles, who know the value of an ancient name. Thou knowest, my son, I cannot hope myself to live long enough to guard and keep her. Therefore take this charge of me, thou, Armuet, that never, under what persuasion may be, nay, under the command of the king himself, shalt thou let thy sister be brought to the Court. Better far that she live and die in her convent or in distant lands, ignoring her rank, than trust her innocent youth in yonder vileness. We, under the great Louis, were no saints, God knows, yet a virtuous maid could have walked securely among us. This, then, is my command, my son, that even if they demand her from thee as a ward of France, do thou resist them to the death if need be, shielding thyself under the sacred vows of thy father and seigneur."

That such a command, thus solemnly given, had graven itself deeply on the son's mind there could be no doubt, and, as Farquhar acknowledged, it gave a sufficient warrant for the abduction of the sister. Yet how, under these changed circumstances, to move in the face of an injunction so powerful yet so antiquated, so strenuous yet so unreasonable, he felt unable to decide. He was not at all surprised when Edoualise, laying down the last of the letters, and raising her eyes to meet his, said quietly, "In any case, monsieur, you see I cannot go back to France."

Farquhar took a turn through the room, much perplexed. Many reasons, thoughts, arguments, rushed to his tongue together; the prejudice of the writer, smarting under private wrongs; the altered, healthier state of things under the new *régime*; but the difficulties of his position held him speechless. To advise this girl's opposing the strenuous command of her natural guardians was a task ungrateful and impossible, for which his authority and influence were inadequate.

As in puzzled silence he put back the papers into their box his fingers touched an unobserved scrap. He drew it forth. It was the torn leaf of a diary, on which the date and half a sentence remained. The handwriting was the dead man's, and the date some two months previous. Farquhar handed it to Edoualise, and she slowly read the words aloud: "Jean Maille brings word of Maury's death, three months back, from a rapier wound. They will surely now make further search for Edoualise. Should they discover our whereabouts we must——" Here the writing ended. "Maury was our cousin, I think," said mademoiselle, replying to Farquhar's inquiring glance. "Armuet spoke of him as owning the estate since our absence. I did not know he had died. That means, I suppose, that they desire to find me, does it not, monsieur?"

"I think it does," replied Farquhar gravely; "and you must consider, mademoiselle——"

He was interrupted by quick steps crossing the hall. Vidon, with Lautrec at his elbow, stood in the doorway.

"Mademoiselle, little demoiselle," the steward began eagerly, "something strange has occurred. A ship approaches—a schooner—but it is not the Belle Marie. Indeed, it is no ship we have ever seen, and we cannot tell for what reason it is coming here."

This information fell upon Farquhar's ears like a blow. Without the half sentence on the torn scrap they had just read, the fact might have been meaningless; to what endless possibilities did it now open the door? It was clearly his duty to speak, cost what misunderstanding it might. Edoualise had listened with a flush on her cheek. "Do you think it is likely to be—this, monsieur?" She lifted the torn leaf.

"I think it more than likely."

"And what," she asked, "shall I do?"

"Dear mademoiselle," said Farquhar earnestly, "there is but one thing for you to do. You cannot stay in this desert, and the days are over of which your father writes. You are a rich and noble lady, and this is doubtless a ship sent to conduct you home in all honor. Think, mademoiselle; the dead cannot command the living—it is unfair. Your duty, if you like, is there; you must go!"

She looked at him with an undefinable expression in her large eyes, and answered with sudden haughtiness: "You know I cannot go, monsieur. My father and brother forbade it. But this ship can take you and your comrade home if you like."

He cast her a look and walked to the end of the room. There was a moment's silence until he walked back again. "Have you thought," he said steadily, "that these people may have authority?"

"Have I not my father's," rejoined Edoualise in a low voice, "and Vidon to help?"

"Oh, you are unreasonable," Farquhar broke out. "You do not understand what you propose to do. How can you live in this wilderness?"

"How have I lived thus far? Vidon," she addressed the steward entreatingly, "you will not let these men take me away?"

"I think not, mademoiselle," the man answered, and shut his teeth with a snap.

"The feller thet'll take you anywheres you don't want to go," growled Lautrec, "will have a mighty nice settlin' to do with this," and he showed the hilt of an ugly-looking knife.

"Could it be done?" she asked Farquhar, all her haughtiness gone.

"It might," he answered, wavering, "if——"

"If you will help," she finished beseechingly,—"if you will help me, monsieur!"

He looked intensely upon her face, upon the faces of the other men, and then plunged into the situation.



"I can do no less than help you, mademoiselle," he said, "if it is your wish."

She gave him her hand impulsively: their eyes met.

"Thank you," said she, in the tone of one who desires to make amends. "And now will you please tell us what we are to do?"

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## CHAPTER VII.

### VISITORS.

His decision once made, reason and prudence flung aside, a glow of ardor and excitement swept over Farquhar. He felt that he was about to pit himself perhaps against a notable adversary. Here was the chance for his soldierly and diplomatic qualities, and probabilities of untold adventure and intrigue which thrilled him with a sensation very near pleasure. He stood thoughtfully, for, in despite of this thrill, the wish was strong in him that mademoiselle were out of it; then, pushing away apprehension, he looked upon the three waiting faces. "You must realize, mademoiselle," he began gravely, "that if this ship is bound on any errand regarding yourself, she is undoubtedly provided with authority and means to enforce it. You are the owner and heir to large properties—doubtless a ward of the state, and your arguments will be laughed at. Moreover, what we could do would be little. Our garrison is small and undisciplined; it would be helpless against the crew of yonder vessel."

She listened anxiously, with parted lips.

"There is no time to think this over," Farquhar resumed, "and I see but one plan. When these men land, they must not find mademoiselle here, and she must never have been here."

Her face lit with intelligence; she seized at once on his idea. "I see," she cried. "I shall go at once to Suroc's farm. His wife will receive me; she used to be my nurse." She wheeled upon Vidon imperiously. "You, Vidon, are to tell the others. You understand—I have not been here. They must not speak, not think of me."

"Mademoiselle will hide?" said Vidon doubtfully.

"I must, for as long as may be needful. Meanwhile, I leave monsieur the captain in charge. You are all to obey and serve him. This is as the marquis would have wished, my friend."

"As mademoiselle wishes," said the Frenchman submissively, and turned to Farquhar.

"You had better go at once," the soldier told him. "How long will it take this ship to make anchorage?"

"She will be here in a couple of hours without fail," Vidon replied.

"What more, captain?"

"Go at once with Vidon, mademoiselle," Farquhar urged. "You have but little time and much to do. Every trace of your presence in this house must be removed. Get the other men to help you." On the threshold Edoualise paused and hung her head.

"And Armuet?" she asked.

The three men glanced at one another. Excitement had made them all forget the dead master of the House of Pan. Pity caught at Farquhar's throat as he replied: "Trust us, mademoiselle. All shall be done in honor. You must make your farewells brief, and permit us to do the rest without you." As she moved away without answering, Farquhar saw tears on her cheeks; they stirred him strangely. His voice was rough when he next spoke.

"Choose two men to accompany mademoiselle, Vidon, and send the others to me. Report also how far off the ship is. We must watch her. Lautrec,"—he wrung the old sailor's hand,—“you will see this through?”

"Ay," said Lautrec briefly, "and if there's fightin'——"

"There will be none of that, I hope. You and I are now commanders. I think these men will obey us. Will you go and find out if they have weapons and powder? It is well at least to make a martial showing. One thing more; bear me out in what I say; I shall lie like a trooper."

"I'd be more use fightin'," grumbled Lautrec, "but I'll lie ef I hev' to."

He departed upon his mission, and Farquhar went at once to the room where the dead man lay, candles burning at his head and feet. The soldier stood for an instant looking down at him. There might be deadly wrong in what he was about to do, but for this the marquis was responsible. A dull indignation against the dead smouldered in Farquhar all the while he worked and directed. They dressed the marquis in a suit of black velvet found in a chest; the lace ruffles fell over the long hands quietly folded; his head rested upon a heap of sweet-smelling balsam boughs. In the centre of the hall, under the mocking glances of the Pan, they placed him on a bier of dark pine-branches; then, shutting out the sunlight, filled the place with the wavering light of torches. One by one his retainers gathered round him; the tears fell from their eyes at the majesty of him who had been in life so far from majestic. In the silence Farquhar heard, or thought he heard, anxiety had so sharpened his senses, the calling of men upon the nearing ship, and then the rattle of her anchor-chains. He went to the door and looked out: she was there, a good-sized schooner, just anchoring in the mouth of the fiord. He could see the men on her decks, looking up at the house in groups of two or three.

As he returned, amid a general hush, Edoualise came slowly down the stairway. The men with her were heavily laden, and she

assured Farquhar that the work had been effective. It was hard for him to see her grief; he did not look when she stooped over her brother and set her lips to his forehead. Then she turned away and followed her men firmly across the hall to the door which opened upon the forest. In silence they saw the little party disappear among the trees.

At the same moment Vidon gave an exclamation, and the sound was heard, plainly enough, of a boat's keel grating on the pebbly beach. Lautrec had stepped eagerly to Farquhar's side.

"One shot now?" he asked.

"No, no," cried the other, "by no means! Set the door wide open and wait. They are not, so far, our enemies."

A party of some ten men was now seen approaching the house, slowly and with evident hesitation. Now the path led them out of sight in the pines, and now into plain view climbing up the rocks. As far as Farquhar's imperfect survey could tell him, they appeared to be Yankee mariners, most unwarlike in appearance, and bearing alike on all their faces an expression of gaping wonder. A trifle in advance walked the leader, active in step; something in his figure struck Farquhar as vaguely familiar, although the tension of the moment prevented this idea from taking form. In silence, grouped about their master's body, the six men awaited their visitor's arrival, nor had they long to wait. In a few moments the first man crossed the threshold, and paused in amazement at the silent group, the corpse, the flickering lights, the heavy balsam perfumes. There was something indescribably startling in the whole scene. The men, crowding up behind their leader, fell back and looked amazedly on one another.

The stranger stood staring, and then slowly removed his hat, an example followed by his comrades. Then he drew a step nearer and looked about him.

"May I ask," he said in French, addressing Farquhar, "which is the Marquis de Ruffé?"

Farquhar made an impressive gesture towards the dead. "This," he said significantly, meeting the stranger's eyes, "is the Marquis de Ruffé." And in that breath of speech he recognized the man before him for his Paris friend and comrade five years back—Charles d'Aubémont.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### D'AUBÉMONT.

THE shock of this discovery and its overwhelming possibilities struck Farquhar dumb, and an instinct of self-preservation made him turn his face aside into the shadow to gain time. The precaution was unnecessary, for d'Aubémont was intent upon the dead

man's face, and Farquhar had a moment to catch and hold some of the wild thoughts which chased one another through his brain. Short-sighted fool that he had been, not to realize the unavoidable difficulties of such an encounter, not to understand that the inevitable feature of such an expedition as Edoualise de Ruffé dreaded was the presence of some relative against whom Farquhar's protection would have seemed mere impertinence! He caught his breath with a suppressed gasp as he reflected on the probable consequences of his position. Here he stood, pledged on the one hand by promise and chivalry, and a dawning, deeper feeling, to lie, trick, and deceive his close friend, a man bound upon a humane errand, an errand that had his sympathy. He glanced at d'Aubémont, whose eyes were still fixed on his cousin, in the wild hope that he might be mistaken; but no, five years had not altered that dapper, slight figure, the small features, the white, small, effeminate hand. It was certainly Charles d'Aubémont, hair a little thinner, mouth a little harder, eye a little less genial, and the air which five years ago had been but a lively, youthful coxcombry, deepened and defined into a distinct vanity and courtier worldliness. Even in that instant's glance the American felt that the past five years had not benefited the Frenchman in character or circumstances.

It was as well perhaps that he had no time to go deeper into the situation, else his nerve might have been shaken. As it was, he met the newcomer's wondering upturned glance with a smile of amused composure, although with a fierce leap of the pulse.

"How long——" the other began; then, meeting this smile, broke off abruptly, paused with knit brows, and then sprang towards him with a sudden radiance of countenance. "Farquhar! Bonne Sainte Vierge!"

"None other," said the soldier, and marvelled that his own laughter could ring so easily.

D'Aubémont fell upon his neck and kissed him on both cheeks, to Lautrec's scarcely concealed disgust. Then, drawing a long breath of astonishment, "'Tis impossible," he began; "I cannot believe my eyes. Oh, this America! I sail for days on a desert coast till I find an island where no island should be, and here a house, where it is incredible that there should be a house, and in that house yourself, whom I had sooner looked for at Versailles than under the roof of my runaway cousin;—and he, poor lunatic, dead!"

"It is easily explained," replied the other.

"And I cannot wait longer to hear this explanation," cried d'Aubémont. "Good friend, I am wild with curiosity. You must delay these obsequies, which would do honor to Notre Dame. But I must first see my cousin. Where is she?"

Thought was suspended for an instant in Farquhar. He stepped into his rôle and fitted his armor on him.

"She?" he repeated with a puzzled air. "I do not understand."

"Mademoiselle Edoualise de Ruffé, to be plain."

"There is no Mademoiselle de Ruffé here," said Farquhar with perfect simplicity.

The eagerness in d'Aubémont's face was replaced by a glance of some perplexity and then of sternness. "When did my cousin die?" he asked quickly.

"To-day at dawn," was the prompt answer.

"And how?"

"I found him in his laboratory, stricken over his experiment. He lived but an hour or so after."

"Poor fanatic!" murmured the Frenchman. "And his sister was not with him when he was stricken?"

"No."

Was it possible, thought Farquhar, that the truth herself was arrayed on his side? In the pause that followed the eyes of all present were riveted on the two men. Then d'Aubémont laid a hand on Farquhar's shoulder.

"I must talk with you alone," he said gravely. "There is much about this that is unaccountable."

"The men are making a coffin," replied Farquhar, "and would be glad of help. As you see, the garrison is small."

"I have no English," d'Aubémont explained, "and the skipper, who interprets, is still on board. I am only supercargo, as it were. Command the men yourself, my friend, to do whatever you like."

Farquhar spoke a few words to Vidon: "Take these men and give them grog," he said, "and they will help you dig the grave."

Vidon replied with a "Bien, m'sieu," and conducted the sailors forthwith to his own quarters, only Lautrec lingering behind as they trooped out. Farquhar spoke hurriedly to the old sailor.

"I think this man has no suspicions so far. If he causes you to be questioned, you must bear it out that we have seen no lady here since our arrival."

Lautrec nodded. "And you must go to Suroc's at once," Farquhar continued, "to tell mademoiselle that it is her cousin who has come, and that I entreat her to give up this idea and to return. Let her know, I entreat——"

"Who is this old gentleman?" inquired d'Aubémont's voice at his elbow. "Art thou a sailor?" he asked Lautrec in French.

A stolid shake of the head was his reply, and Farquhar explained: "He is my countryman, castaway like myself, and speaks no French. It is a long story."

"And one I must delay hearing no longer," said the Frenchman. "Is there any corner in this magician's mansion where a man may sit to his wine out of the view of yonder corpse? I do not relish drinking with the dead, although poor de Ruffé is as good a bottle companion now as ever he was in his life."

Liking his part in the drama less and less, Farquhar led the



way to an inner room, where wine and food were set before them. D'Aubémont looked about him on all sides with undisguised wonder.

"At last," he began, carrying a glass to his lips, "I begin to believe in the reality of all this. At first, I will not deny, I looked upon you as a spectre."

"I am not surprised at your surprise," said the other, falling on the food with some appetite, "for my own quite equalled it."

"Come, explain!" cried d'Aubémont, leaning forward on the table. "How came you here?"

Thus urged, and marshalling his powers, Farquhar told a plain tale in a plain way, truthful in every point except the one vital circumstance. He related everything that had befallen in the House of Pan, and all that he knew of it, past and present. Beyond the important reservation he made only one other. He said nothing of the expected schooner, holding to that fact as to the seen link in an unseen chain,—a possible chance and hope and key-note to some yet unformed plan of disentanglement. On his part, with the same apparent candor, and, for all the listener knew, the same real want of it, d'Aubémont told rapidly the history of his little expedition; the chance discovery, through some Boston skipper, of the marquis's whereabouts; the death which made it a necessity that the sister should return to France. And at this point, which Farquhar had been long anticipating, d'Aubémont looked keenly at him over the wine-glass.

"You say the marquis made no mention of his sister?"

"None that I remember," said the soldier imperturbably.

"But you must have known yourself: you never thought to ask?"

"I have been under this roof but thirty-six hours, and I saw my host for two of these at most," replied Farquhar, truthfully enough. "Moreover, I found the man a monomaniac. What did I know of his actions during ten years?"

D'Aubémont pushed his chair aside and rose, the other watching him as he paced the floor.

"It is incredible!" he cried, stopping short in front of Farquhar's chair. "What can have become of her? Can she have died?"

"Very probably. In this desert place what young girl could live?"

"No," replied d'Aubémont, "I will not believe that. Can he, anticipating an arrival, have hidden her somewhere? Madmen are cunning. We might search."

Farquhar grew chilly, but his voice was indifferent enough as he replied, "My dear d'Aubémont, there are very few places in this wilderness in which one could keep hidden a young woman without starving her."

"He would do that," said the other with a shrug; "but then

there would be some trace——” He broke off and appeared to be thinking deeply.

Farquhar had a brilliant inspiration. “Perhaps,” he suggested, “the marquis left his sister in some convent at Quebec or Montreal.”

D'Aubémont shook his head impatiently. “That was our first thought,” he replied. “Every inquiry has been made at both places. And we know she was with him here two years ago. There must be some trace of her.”

“I think you will find nothing,” said Farquhar carelessly.

“I disagree with you. Young women do not vanish as a rule. I shall inspect the house and question the men.”

Farquhar kept silence lest he should let fall some indiscretion, and unwillingly started to accompany the Frenchman on his tour of the house. In his own mind they had but delayed an inevitable discovery. He quite agreed with d'Aubémont that some trace, some unavoidable carelessness, would lead to their betrayal. But as they searched room after room without such trace he grew more at ease. Edoualise had had but few belongings, and her one room, which he entered as a man enters his place of execution, was as bare as stone walls could make it. She had done her work cleverly; there was no sign of feminine habitation in the dusty rooms,—open gaps for windows, the few pieces of heavy old furniture, all empty. After a careful inspection of house and laboratory, the two men reëntered the hall again and stood before the fireplace, d'Aubémont visibly disappointed, Farquhar inwardly jubilant.

Glancing up at the stone head above them, d'Aubémont said: “I remember that Pan. It is of great antiquity, as old as the château. My uncle regarded it as a household god: its disappearance with poor de Ruffé was to us the proof of his existence. Strange, to find it here in this wild place! If it could speak——?”

“It would tell you nothing,” replied Farquhar dreamily. “Mystery lives on his lips; he is inscrutable. For myself, I hate his mocking smile. What are you going to do next?”

D'Aubémont's failure had affected his spirits to a measure that his comrade thought disproportionate.

He declared passionately that he would not be so beaten, and had Vidon sent for, whom he subjected to an hour's severe cross-examination. Farquhar sat to one side, humming a tune and inwardly trembling, for although chance had protected them so far, yet he hardly thought the peasant's self-possession would be equal to this strain. He need not have feared: Vidon had the sullen, dogged persistence of his class, joined to keener insight and comprehension. He displayed, in truth, a positive talent in handling the situation that roused Farquhar to admiration. His story was simple: he had not seen mademoiselle since leaving France; there had been no word of her, to his knowledge, since. All the ingenious torturings of this statement by his inquisitor could wring from him nothing

more and nothing different. In one way he was favored, for d'Aubémont was too heady, too impetuous, to lay traps; he lost his temper, and thus forgot the train of his questioning; and when the ice grew thin Vidon took refuge in stupidity.

"He remembered mademoiselle in France?"

"Of a surety: who could forget '*notre petite demoiselle*'?"

But he asserted unflinchingly that she had not been on the ship while he was there, and to all the rest of d'Aubémont's questions returned the answer, "I do not know."

So far all had gone well enough. D'Aubémont was baffled and annoyed; he dismissed the man, and buried his nose in a mug of wine. Vidon bowed humbly, retreating to the doorway, where he could not forbear sending a glance of triumph at Farquhar, which the latter, secure in the friendship of Fate, most imprudently returned. D'Aubémont caught both glances. He set his mug down furiously and rose.

"You are lying!" he cried passionately; "you are concealing something from me. I saw it."

"My dear d'Aubémont," said Farquhar with great tranquillity, while Vidon sensibly left the room, "you must not call this honest fellow a liar. Your excitement leads you to a mistake. What could be his motive in deceiving you?"

"I saw you exchange glances," d'Aubémont returned, while Farquhar mentally cursed himself first and Vidon after.

"Indeed, you are mistaken," he returned quietly. "My glance told the man that he could go. Your imagination is responsible for the rest."

"Perhaps," said d'Aubémont, and he fell suddenly moody. His eyelids dropped, and the corners of his mouth tightened, signs the other noticed with anxiety. Then, seeming to recall himself, he looked up obliquely and resumed his light-hearted manner.

"Let it go," he said, pushing the bottle towards Farquhar. "You are not drinking, my friend. Try this."

And the soldier, with no very light heart, did as he was bid.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### A DUEL WITHOUT WEAPONS.

THE next morning brought Farquhar no counsel and little comfort. He had gone to bed late after sitting long with the man downstairs; he had drunk with him, chatted and laughed with him, parted from him with a friendly handgrip, and was never once freed of an underlying uneasiness. That his intercepted glance at Vidon had raised some formless suspicion in the other's mind he was convinced,

but how far it extended he had no means of judging. D'Aubémont, for some private reason, was in the "clasp of a strong discretion" wine could not unlock, and no effort of his dexterous companion could induce him to loquacity. This was so unlike the d'Aubémont of old time that it roused a corresponding suspicion in Farquhar—suspicion that there was more in this errand than he had been led to suppose. Reviewing the events of the day in their sequence and by the light of their result, he felt forced to acknowledge that his elaborate fabric of falsehood had been shattered to uselessness by a look. The conclusion was miserable; by the reaction of the morning his own conduct appeared unwillingly dishonorable.

Depressed and heartily puzzled, he dressed and went forth, trying to find in the sweetness of the day some relief to his irritation. Its beauty fell softly upon his heart, and he lingered long by the sea-shore, musing and planning. When the light voice of d'Aubémont recalled him, he turned about with a stouter courage.

The grave of the marquis had been dug in the near-by pine forest. At the foot of a splendid tree they had scraped aside the dry, red needles, and set spades into the mould beneath. A covering of balsam boughs robbed the earth of bareness, and as the sailors lowered the coffin into place, Farquhar looked about, wondering if any lord of de Ruffé had ever lain in a spot more beautiful. He and d'Aubémont stood side by side with bared heads, each silently pursuing his own thoughts. They set no mark to the place—marks being valueless in such a wilderness; and Farquhar thought pitifully how the only creature who had loved the dead man had been debarred from the little ceremony. He had a vision of her, kneeling at the pine's foot with her rosary, arrows of early sunlight striking her hair. Here he was aroused by d'Aubémont's voice, saying meditatively:

"The vault of the de Ruffés at the château is a great place of sculptured marble, cut with hatchments and armorial devices. And he lies here!"

"A more beautiful place, to my thinking," said Farquhar, "and far quieter."

"And so deserted," said d'Aubémont, giving him a sidelong look. "Is it not sad, captain, that there is no one to stand at his grave's head but me, a cousin, and you, a chance acquaintance?"

Farquhar assented.

"After all, the funeral was a diversion," said the Frenchman, yawning, "and this place is of a dulness. Come back with me to the house, my friend, and have another mug of wine. And you have been in the wars since we parted in Paris?"

But the soldier excused himself, and went to take a long, solitary ramble by the shore. He felt the need of solid thought upon the situation, and yet when he returned it was only with the conviction that the following few days would determine how much of candor he owed his old acquaintance. He had seen and felt that

in d'Aubémont which made him instinctively conscious that it would be impossible to resume their old intimacy.

And now there began a fortnight of companionship for these two young men which had the effect of finally altering their relations towards each other; not that these had ever been very close or binding. Wayne Farquhar had known Charles d'Aubémont at a time when youth is ready and indiscriminating. Paris had been the background of their friendship, splendid, seductive Paris, and one young man had renewed his pleasures in teaching them to the other. The colonial had been shy and haughty; d'Aubémont met him with plentiful good comradeship, with no trace of patronage; as a result, the two fell easily into intimacy. But since their separation five years had passed and brought differing experiences. The American had taken a minor part in the Revolutionary drama. On his return from Europe he had thrown himself heartily into the War of Independence. He had learned to go hungry, to sleep hard, to see his horse stagger under a bullet, to hold speech with such men as Washington, Hamilton, Hancock. These grim pages well-nigh obliterated the blue-and-tinsel memories of Versailles. Of d'Aubémont he had preserved the kindest recollections, but the day had come when he required more of a man than that he should be a good laugh. This d'Aubémont was, and it was his whole equipment for the art of intimacy. They had not lived a week together before Farquhar discovered that the Frenchman owned a frigid imagination, a mere modicum of intelligence, and little heart. The generous recklessness which he remembered admiring had been a mushroom growth of luxury; under sterner circumstances it disappeared and gave place to niggardliness of opinion and dealing.

These developments brought the soldier an amelioration of the intolerable position he was forced to maintain. Each small, ungenerous trait which the days drew out of d'Aubémont, every token of indifference towards himself, in a measure freed him from the treachery of which at the outset he could not but accuse himself. To lie thus to his friend, to play the deceitful and traitorous part, was a torture which even the thought of Edoualise little alleviated, and every sign which lessened the obligation of friendship helped to restore his self-respect. Yet, even as they stood, the situation was bad enough.

The Frenchman complained loudly of the loneliness, the desolation, the poor fare; yet he remained in the house, and his ship in the harbor. Towards Farquhar he was capricious, treating him now with indifference, and again with a scowling affectation of superiority that was a harder burden to the pride. All day he lounged in-doors, throwing dice with the captain of his schooner, a creature Farquhar heartily detested; all night he sat over his bottle, now boisterous, now moody, and impatient of either mood in his companion. Why he remained, why he did not sail homeward, Farqu-



har tried in vain to discover; but at the mere mention of his plans the other turned surly, and flung out covert sneers and taunts under which it was hard to keep silent. Often and often Farquhar was on the point of accusing him of want of candor; then, remembering his own position, his cheeks would burn with an almost unendurable humiliation. The temptation to give the Frenchman occasion for open quarrel was hard to resist; but then interposed the vision of Edoualise turned towards him for protection, and he would rein in his momentary anger, annoyance, or disgust. He held to his distasteful task, therefore, hoping that some straw would turn the other's mind to departure or that chance would lay open his real intentions.

Thus two weeks of cloudless weather passed, and d'Aubémont grew no franker, but became daily closer-mouthed, and, under the influence of an intolerable *ennui*, usually went to bed drunk. This habit of his enabled Farquhar to rise blithely, just as the sun showed his face between a cleft of the mountains, slip unobserved out of doors, and take a path through the forest. The pines lay sunk in shadow which the sunbeams had not yet routed, but to the young man the world was golden. Leaving the wood, his way led to the cliffs of the fiord, where a landslide had tumbled rock and trees headlong into the water. These formed a reef or breakwater, where on such a morning a seal or two splashed and barked, dragging their smooth black bodies up the rocks into the sun. Here he turned inland, to where the ledges that rose tier on tier above his head were plumed with tall grasses, and soft mounds of ground-pine grew in the cleft. The path ended in a stretch of broken rock and bare earth, cliffs rising high on either hand; and here, on a smooth boulder, Edoualise sat awaiting him. The mere sight of her figure as he first caught it from down the cleft cleared Farquhar of every touch of self-distrust and sent a thrill of personal hatred to d'Aubémont through his blood. This feeling had defined itself on the day when, at considerable risk, he had conducted her to her brother's burial-place, and kept watch at a distance while she wept her grief out. Since then it had grown, under these romantic circumstances, to goodly dimensions, so that it blotted out past and future, perils and possibilities. On mornings when their guest, as Edoualise scornfully termed him,—for she had no recollection of her cousin to make her charitable,—was sleeping off his drink, these two sat and talked gravely. The girl was never tired of hearing the soldier tell of his own home, his Quaker mother and sisters, and her eyes grew thoughtful at the glimpse of a life so unlike her own. On his part, Farquhar knew that these interviews were more than imprudent, yet he could not forego them. He took the precaution of establishing Lautrec at a turn in the path to keep watch, and shut his eyes to the rest. His love was still too new to be careful; it still tasted deliciously in his mouth; he was still all hopes and tendernesses, an-

ticipations and retrospects. He was young; his memory held no experience comparable; he was not strong enough to put it away from him. Perhaps the apparent success of their scheme had made him careless, or his love had not grown strong enough to be unselfish; it was still mere instinct, occupied with its own delights.

Yet he could give himself little real hope that it prospered. This desert-bred French demoiselle had something of the elusiveness of her household deity, the Pan. She was a combination of trust, confidence, and the most heart-breaking serenity and reserve. Of what she should do, of what her brother had done, she spoke freely, even moralizing with her pretty inexperience; but of herself, her attitude towards Farquhar, stratagem could draw nothing. Her eyes gladdened at the sight of him, but never fell before his; the touch of his hand never made her draw one breath the quicker; in the pauses of their talk, or perhaps when he would speak in lower tones of himself and her, she seemed to withdraw almost to formality. There seemed no touch of passion in her; she was sweet and cool and untroubled; the tenderest things he dared to say never caused a reflection of their glow upon her cheek. He might in truth, he reflected, have been addressing her on the terrace of her château, after the customary arrangements with the marquis. The position which had operated so strongly in himself, the propinquity, the peril, the secrecy, the romance of their meeting, seemed not to touch her nor draw them nearer; and he left her often unsatisfied, despondent, almost annoyed with her that she should respond so little to the warmth of his own feeling.

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## CHAPTER X.

### D'AUBÉMONT SHUTS THE DOOR.

DRINK did not improve Charles d'Aubémont. From indifference he arrived easily at discourtesy, and began to hint that Farquhar was outstaying his welcome.

"I cannot see what you have to do in this wretched place," he would remark, yawning. "My men will put you ashore when and where you will."

"I could not think of leaving you alone here," the guest replied, and then raged inwardly at his enforced hypocrisy.

From hints like these d'Aubémont grew to rougher dealings. He took upon himself airs of proprietorship, began to order the men about, and once in a fit of anger laid a whip across Vidon's shoulders. Now just about this time France herself was beginning to find out that these ants could sting, and de Ruffé's peasants were made of the same clay. Moreover, for nine years they had eaten soup and

fish and venison; they had breasted the seas, and the winter gales had blown strength into them; the old cowed spirit was being shaken out by the hard work, the good food, the freedom of the wilderness. Vidon in France would have dropped under the whip, howling. Vidon in Maine sprang at the nobleman like a cat and laid him at full length.

An hour later Farquhar met him on the beach, shaking his fist and talking to himself. "A blow, a blow, m'sieu, from yonder little creature! M'sieu, the old marquis was somewhat hasty with his fist, and once, I remember, he struck my father for firing a pile of brush too near the château. But what did he then? He gave my father a silver piece, and said, 'See, Vidon, a man never knows where his temper will lead his hands.' That was our own lord, m'sieu, whereas this—this is but a d'Aubémont, and no seigneur of mine, who dares sharpen his whip on me! The late marquis—God rest him!—never touched a man of us save in kindness," Vidon continued, as Farquhar remained silent. "Poor gentleman, what would he have said? He would have had satisfaction, dear soul, if he had not been at his science. Oh, in France, perhaps, we might stand it; what were we then? Till I came here I never smelt the savor of roast meat. But here—look you, m'sieu, in this place it is every man for himself, and no de Ruffé, much less a d'Aubémont, can rule it with a whip!"

"You are right," said Farquhar, and laid a hand on the steward's shoulder.

"M'sieu," Vidon resumed in a quieter tone, "hitherto I thought with you that it was a thousand pities our little demoiselle should not return in safety to her own people. It is true that this is no place for one like her. But now, I tell you, I would protect her from this d'Aubémont as I would from hell. For I do not trust him, m'sieu, I do not trust him, and this desert, with her brother's men to serve her, is safer than that man."

"Oh, the ship, Vidon, the schooner," cried Farquhar, all his pent-up anxiety finding words, "where is she? Why do we hear nothing? I am convinced that this man suspects us, and every hour is dangerous. Why does the Belle Marie not come?"

"M'sieu must wait," replied Vidon, turned once more into the servant by this spectacle of impatience in another. "She cannot delay longer, and, meanwhile, does m'sieu see no other way?"

"None," replied Farquhar despondently. "I cannot venture to urge mademoiselle to leave her comparative safety for this wilderness. No, we must wait."

A fierce sparkle lit Vidon's eyes. "M'sieu, suppose——" He began eagerly, and then stopped. "Lautrec will listen," he muttered to himself.

Farquhar was inattentive. "Au revoir, Vidon," he said listlessly. "You are not going back to the house?"

"Not while that dog is in it," was the answer; and without

further words the man moved away. When Farquhar returned to the house he found d'Aubémont cursing, for not only Vidon but the other three Frenchmen had disappeared, and the sailor who undertook the cooking was a much less accomplished person.

"Why don't you follow these peasants?" said d'Aubémont rudely. "You are not much more amusing."

"I am not a peasant," replied Farquhar significantly, "as monsieur's tone would seem to imply."

His voice had a certain threatening quality which seemed to strike his host, who made more effort at cordiality that night than for some time past.

Nevertheless, as Farquhar set out to his tryst at dawn his heart was far from light. Something must be done at once: they had waited for this phantom schooner too long. He must consult with Edoualise and formulate some scheme for getting her away,—the need for action was peremptory. Edoualise was a moment or two late in reaching the place of meeting. She came towards him smiling; they looked at each other with every mark of satisfaction at the encounter before settling themselves for their talk.

"How long have you to stay?" was her first question.

"Not very long," said the soldier regretfully. "I fear he went to bed sober last night, and will be asking for me."

"You do not give him enough wine, perhaps?"

"There is not," said Farquhar gravely, "so very much left in the cellar."

Edoualise smiled; meeting her companion's eyes, the smile deepened to a laugh. She was too young and too healthy to be long depressed, and the early morning was so fresh and beautiful!

"We treat our guest hospitably enough," she declared, nodding, "but what are we to do, m'sieu, when the last bottle is empty?"

"Give up these meetings: they are dangerous enough already," said Farquhar shortly.

Edoualise looked away. "I should not like that," said she.

"Mademoiselle," he continued, "the truth is, I am entirely at a loss. I know not what to do if this schooner of yours does not turn up soon: that is the truth. What if it should never come?"

"Jean Maille will never fail us," she cried with spirit.

"But he may be lost, shipwrecked," suggested Farquhar.

"He is too good a sailor." Her tone was one of unshaken confidence, which Farquhar could not share. He remained silent for a time, throwing some pebbles down the cliff and watching them skip from rock to rock.

"I cannot help thinking of the future," he said at length. "Even if your cousin does go away and leave you in peace, I must follow him. What is to become of you alone here? How can I ever leave you? And yet——"

"You have some one awaiting you at home?"

"Yes."

"You must go back, of course, and at the earliest chance," Edoualise said in a constrained way. "I must not—cannot—keep you longer from those at home who—who love you. You have stayed too long already, M'sieu Farquhar."

"Do you think I am going to leave you," he cried warmly, "after my promise to your brother? Certainly not. My mother would be the last to ask it of me."

"It is your mother, then, who is waiting?" Edoualise asked in a low voice.

"It is my mother, certainly," he replied, surprised. "Who else?"

"I do not know. I thought——" She murmured confusedly; then, recovering herself with a return to that childish frankness of hers, "I do not know why I asked, but something pained me strangely at the thought of that waiting."

She smiled again, as if the explanation sufficed, and the young man forced himself to smile frankly in return. With her bewildering transition from child to woman, she continued in another tone: "It is hard, m'sieu, for me to say what I am to do. I have been thinking, and I can think of only two things. The first is that I remain here, among my people."

"That is impossible."

"The second is, that I give my people—Vidon, Suroc, Jean Maille, my good friends, all the land and the house, which I suppose are mine. You have told me that Quebec is French, m'sieu—there are convents there without doubt, and the good sisters would receive me."

She spoke quietly, but her speech irritated Farquhar.

"That's equally impossible," he cried in his quick fashion; "not to be thought of."

"But why, m'sieu?"

"The question at present," he went on, passing her inquiry, for the excellent reason that he had no answer ready, "is not so much that as how to get you out of this dangerous position. I am not in favor of waiting any longer for the schooner. Each day is time wasted and adds to our difficulties. You had much better arrange to let Martin and his wife take you through the woods to the further shore. There the fishermen would help you to the mainland."

"But why make such haste? We seem safe enough," said Edoualise, not at all understanding this sudden hurry.

"There is no time to lose, believe me," Farquhar said earnestly. "We have left your departure too long already. Vidon——"

The sentence was not finished. At that instant a yell from Lautrec echoed up the cliff; Farquhar sprang to his feet and ran to the turn of the path. He saw at once what had happened. He shouted to Edoualise to run, but the noise drowned his words, and the girl remained on the spot like one enchanted. A man, who must have

followed Farquhar unobserved, had crept beside the path among the thick bushes, and, with the evident intention of slipping away as he had come, had crawled from his hiding-place to gain the path. Lautrec's sharp eye caught sight of his blue jacket among the stones, and in a second he made at him with open knife. Now the eaves-dropper had not bargained for bodily danger, and the glittering blade sent him into a panic. On open ground he might have distanced Lautrec, for he was younger, but a sailor does not run by instinct, and this one started madly to crawl up the face of the cliff. Had Lautrec been a landsman this manœuvre would have dodged him, but as it was he climbed as rapidly as the spy, holding the knife between his teeth. As Farquhar arrived on the spot, the pursued had gained a ledge of rock, paused, and, looking down, beheld the knife in Lautrec's mouth. He shrieked in uncontrollable terror. The sharp blade had scratched the old fellow's cheek, and a drop of blood trickled to his chin. He put a big hand on the rock to draw himself up, for he saw that he had his man in a trap. The spy groped frantically on the wet surface of the sloping cliff, drew himself partly up, and was jerked down again as one breaks a hanging branch. Farquhar saw and grew cold, dreading murder. He made a trumpet of his hands and yelled to Lautrec: "Stop! Don't kill him!"

Lautrec paused with his knife at the fellow's throat, then seemed to think better of it. Edoualise and Farquhar stood side by side, looking up, when the noise of feet turned their attention, and they beheld a little party of men draw near upon the path. At the head was M. d'Aubémont, wearing a disagreeable smile; grouped behind him were some five or six sailors who followed the two on the cliff above with open mouths of wonder. Farquhar's first impulse was to cast about for escape; his next was to step to the girl's side and throw up his head. In the pause he saw Lautrec look down, note the condition of affairs, and, pocketing his knife, promptly disappear among the rocks, leaving his victim much scared and relieved.

As for Edoualise, she had turned a little pale, but gave no sign of fear, and measured her cousin with her eye as if quietly surveying an enemy. D'Aubémont made a sign, and the sailors stepped forward, encircling the pair. Then he said lightly, "I am sorry my cousin thought it necessary to fly from me."

"It was," said Edoualise clearly and steadily, "only in obedience to my father's and brother's wishes."

"Is it possible? I had no idea that I stood so ill with my kinsmen. I had thought that perhaps it was in obedience to the wishes of this gentleman," said d'Aubémont, sneering.

"If my cousin will return to the house and read the letters I shall give him he will understand," said Edoualise composedly, "that I can do nothing else."

D'Aubémont bit his lip, but judged it best for the time being



to keep his temper. "I think if mademoiselle will listen to what I have to tell her——"

"It would be quite useless, monsieur."

"I bring letters from my mother; and there is the king's order."

"I am sorry that I am required to disregard it."

"But that is not so easy to do as you think," d'Aubémont said, dropping the tolerant tone he had used for one of more sharpness. "You are a de Ruffé, and so subject——"

"Yes, monsieur,"—her young voice had an authoritative ring as she cut him short,—"I am a de Ruffé, and I am obeying to the letter the commands of the head of my house. I recognize no other."

"You dare defy the king?"

"I have heard," she said naïvely, "that this country is a republic." As she spoke, she looked at Farquhar with a little, scornful smile which maddened d'Aubémont.

"As it happens," he cried furiously, "I am the present head of the house, and you shall obey me."

Farquhar started to speak, but her gesture checked him. "I think you forget yourself, my cousin," she said with stately reproof, "to use this tone to your hostess. My good men," she continued, addressing the sailors in English, "you have not been badly entertained in my house, I think? You will not make return by rudely forcing me to do what I do not wish?"

Up to this time Mademoiselle de Ruffé had been decided mistress of the situation. Her calmness and beauty impressed the sailors, who began to look at each other, and the sight annoyed d'Aubémont.

"You do not understand my authority or my determination!" he cried angrily, meeting her eye. "You *must* return with me. If you resist I shall use force. Permit me to tell you that I have the royal sanction to present myself before you as your betrothed husband, and my promised wife needs no protector but myself."

"You need my consent before you use those words," cried out Edoualise, flaming and shaking.

"Perhaps," said d'Aubémont, speaking with insulting significance, "mademoiselle does not realize what I overlook in suggesting the alliance."

With an inarticulate cry Farquhar sprang at him, but two sailors gripped him fast. D'Aubémont laughed, and Edoualise turned to Farquhar.

"Please say nothing," she said quietly; "it is useless."

D'Aubémont followed up his advantage by advancing a step. "If you will not follow me quietly," he said roughly, "I must carry you."

The girl shivered, looked wildly around, and bent her head. "If you do not touch me," she replied in a low voice, "I will go."

"I am delighted," d'Aubémont said, bowing, and they set out, Farquhar raging and impotent in the grasp of his captors.

The procession advanced in silence, d'Aubémont first, singing a little song about the *Reines des Amours*; then Edoualise, spurning the ground with her indignant tread, and lastly the puzzled sailors and Farquhar. When they arrived at the house door, d'Aubémont offered Edoualise his hand with a mock welcome. She passed him as if no one stood there and entered the house alone. Then d'Aubémont wheeled on Farquhar and eyed him.

"You and I," he cried in a choked voice, "will settle our affair later." His tone changed to a sneer. "I regret, captain, that I can no longer offer you hospitality."

So saying, he entered the hall; the sailors let go their hold on the young man's shoulders and went somewhat shamefacedly down to the beach; and Farquhar was left standing on the wrong side of the door of the House of Pan.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### LAUTREC.

THE young man stood a long time without moving. If he had imagined surrender, it was other than this, something heroic, perhaps, or condescending, not the yielding to mere brute force and insult. At that moment Farquhar would gladly have exchanged the wild beauty which met his eye, sea, mountain, and pine-forest, for the means of facing this difficulty in the crowded thoroughfare of some capital of the world. He turned slowly away at last, and his feet bore him mechanically to the shore. How happy he had been! Even past perils had had their zest and excitement; there was, at least, no one to suffer but himself; the present peril was an agony. The schooner anchored in the waterway, where he could see the busy sailors at work, the very stones under his feet, seemed to accuse him, and he fell into bitter self-upbraiding.

It had been entirely his fault, the result of his selfish thoughtlessness. In order not to deny himself the pleasure of their meetings, he had led Edoualise into this danger,—he who had promised to protect her! Farquhar's was essentially a nature tuned to action, which, when pricked by the spur of danger, displayed daring and resource. But when it came to facing a difficulty complicated by defeat, mortification would not let him weigh and measure calmly, and wherever he started he came back to bitter review of the past instead of plans for the future. Thrice he put these considerations resolutely from him, and strove with what firmness he might to think out the remedy; thrice his mind turned from the hopeless task with

weariness, to pass in review his conscience, his fault, his foolishness, and the bitter consequence.

The soldier strayed out upon the rocky beach, dropped upon a convenient boulder, and buried his face in his hands. When one has been secretly flattering himself that he has borne himself in a difficult position with strength, ingenuity, and more than the usual diplomacy, to be brought up at the round turn is a shock, and for the moment unnerving. Farquhar had been sitting for some time, dully absorbed, when a hand was laid on his shoulder. Raising his head he encountered the eyes of Vidon and those of Lautrec.

"How are ye feelin', lad?" asked the latter anxiously. "Kinder down?"

The concern in both faces roused Farquhar somewhat. "Not more," he answered quietly, "than a man may who has made a mess of everything."

"Tain't as bad's thet," Lautrec protested, gruffly earnest,— "not by no means, and you ain't to think it. I says to Vidon, 'Like as not the cap'n's takin' this to heart dretful, and we oughtn't to let him.' And sure enough, you're glumpin' here on them rocks; settin' on barnacles, most likely."

Farquhar smiled faintly, but did not move.

"We wished to talk with m'sieu," said Vidon in his turn, "if he will come with us."

"Willingly," replied Farquhar, scrambling to his feet.

"M'sieu has eaten this morning?"

Farquhar had forgotten breakfast, and said so. "M'sieu must eat at once," said the steward decidedly, as the three men took the path.

"No good thinkin' ever done itself on an empty stomach," remarked Lautrec sententiously, "and there ain't nothin' like Hollands for pullin' a man out o' the dumps."

Farquhar could have told them that his trouble was out of the reach of food and drink, but he felt the good sense of their advice. In one of the log huts attached to Suroc's farm they gave him smoked venison and grog, and he ate heartily. Then Lautrec, who seemed more or less impatient during the meal, led the way back to the shore, the other two following.

As the day advanced its aspect had changed. For a fortnight the skies had been stainless, but they were now overcast with a scud of cloud, close and white, spreading like a flood of little foamy billows. Through this veil the sunshine fell but palely, the mountains were dark and near, the sea had lost its blue serenity and grown uneasy. The incoming tide slapped the rocks as if with petulance. A chilly wind had arisen, strong in puffs. In silence they came to a point of rock whence they could command a view both of the house and the schooner. Here Lautrec broke the pause.

"Cap'n," said he, "you ain't a seafarin' man?"

"No," replied Farquhar, surprised at the question.

"You don't see no foolishness 'bout thet there schooner?"

Farquhar looked. "I see," he said, "what I have always seen and might have mentioned, only that I took it for granted that her captain knew his business.

"And thet mought be?"

"She is anchored outside the harbor, in the grip of the current that runs between the cliffs."

Lautrec uttered a satisfied grunt. "And why do you think he done thet?" he inquired.

"I suppose," the young man replied, "that he feared so narrow a channel."

"Right," said Lautrec, "and with the stiddy westers we've been havin' it hasn't made no odds so far. But to-day—look!"

"She is pulling on her anchor-chains a good deal," replied Farquhar, looking.

"Now tell me what you make o' the sky, lad."

Farquhar studied it, much puzzled.

"I should say it was likely to rain," he remarked, "and I suppose that purple horizon means wind."

"It does mean wind, my boy. Now cast your eye there, where the current runs quickest. What d'ye see?"

Farquhar scanned the place a long time. "Nothing but the reef," he said doubtfully.

"Let me ask you this here one question," pursued Lautrec, weighing his words, while Vidon looked up eagerly. "Ef thet schooner dragged her anchors by any chanst, the wind bein' what it's goin' to be, and she bein' where she is, what's to prevent her goin' to Kingdom Come on them rocks?"

"Nothing on earth could save her, of course."

Silence followed this remark, and then Vidon took up the conversation. "When I was aboard the schooner two days since," said the steward, "I noted—one sees these little things, m'sieu—that her anchor-chains are in poor condition. One of them is well-nigh eaten through with rust, and they have mended the other with rope."

"And we've got it in our minds," Lautrec cut in swiftly, "thet it ain't hard to cut rope unbeknownst, ef you know how, and do it after dark."

Farquhar stared aghast. "Now don't look so," Lautrec said in brisk, business-like tone. "Fer a soldier, you're the derndest soft-hearted critter as ever I done with."

"You are mad," cried the other hotly. "Wreck the schooner? I would never permit it!"

"I dunno thet we'd ask ye," said Lautrec coolly. "Look here, my lad; Vidon 'n I've been a-talkin' this business over, and we're both kinder sick of it. That there d'Aubymont feller hain't no rights in this place, yit he licks Vidon and locks up the young

woman. We want to fight fair, but it's two to one, and they've the gunpowder. Ef we don't, he takes the girl back to the hell they came from, and Lord knows what becomes o' her. There ain't but one way to prevent it, and thet is this one. Now d'ye see? Ain't it reasonable?"

"I know all this," said Farquhar impatiently, "but it is impossible. Think of the loss of life!"

"M'sieu is very good," said Vidon with an angry shrug.

"It's self-defence," argued Lautrec. "What's to prevent these men tyin' us up or cuttin' our throats? Nothin' but our legs, and I don't trust mine. And what good could we do the girl? It's her you ought to think of."

Farquhar was miserably silent.

"Weather's with us," Lautrec proceeded, "jes' providential. Ef 'tweren't for the looks o' the sky I'd never have thought of it. And don't ye think it means killin'; more'n likely it don't. Look at them rocks stickin' up everywhere; a baby'd git saved on 'em. But they can't git away without the'r schooner, and when *our* ship turns up in a day or so we've got 'em. D'ye see?"

"M'sieu must remember our rights," Vidon broke in as Lautrec finished. "Our little demoiselle must be protected. And what matter if these pigs are drowned? What have they paid us for good food and drink? Blows, m'sieu. And who asked them to quarter on us? Shall we not revenge ourselves and our demoiselle? M'sieu must see we cannot pick and choose."

"Ye see it's best, my lad," said Lautrec quickly.

"And must be attempted," Vidon put in, "with m'sieu's help if possible; if not, then without."

"You do not understand." Farquhar tried to reason calmly. "It is better we all lose our lives than keep them by such a piece of devilish cruelty. These sailors are not to blame; they do what they are told—they are merely hired. Your plan will not injure d'Aubémont, but may bring hideous death on innocent men who have families dependent on them. Isn't this cruel? Is it not unjust? No, let us make a brave effort to help mademoiselle—with our bare hands if necessary, but not by means like this."

"It is a pity, but we must work without m'sieu," said Vidon coldly.

Farquhar looked imploringly from one to the other. "You cannot, must not, do this, Lautrec!" he cried.

Lautrec coughed. "My lad," he said with some hesitation, "I like ye, but you're too soft. Ef you stay here you'll be scragged, certain. Then what'll your family say? You see how it is."

Farquhar set his teeth.

"Lét us go," urged Vidon, ignoring him. "Only two men spend the night at the house, the rest go aboard about sunset. We must get our boat."

"The wind's gettin' up lively," commented Lautrec cheerfully. "It'll be wet rowin' and tough handlin'."

He brought his hand down heartily on Farquhar's shoulder. "Go to Suroc's, cap'n, and think about it," said he. "You'll come round, I know."

Then he joined Vidon, and the two men walked briskly away.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### STORM AND FLIGHT.

It was not long before the aspect of all things gave a plain warning of the change of weather. The light clouds darkened and stratified; long feathers of mist blew up against the face of the declining sun. The landscape changed in an hour from the glow of midsummer to the dull chilliness of late autumn. The wind rose to a violent gale, driving the tide inshore, covered with white-caps. Rain began, fine and drizzling at first, then gushing like water from a spout, and again blown into fog.

The hut where Farquhar spent this dreary day stood in a dense grove of pine-trees. It belonged to one of the peasants, and was a little place roughly built of logs, the roof thatched with a thick layer of red needles. Inside there was a fire built, before which crouched the soldier, moving only to throw another log upon the pile and watch a fresh burst of smoke go eddying out of the roof. In this manner he warmed his body; but he was cold at heart, for each hour his sense of helpless trouble grew on him. He knew the storms of this coast and felt the power of such a one as beat now upon the hut. Here was no tropic squall "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," but a long, strong, swingeing northeaster, lashing the sea to torment and frenzy. It was a matter of hours, swollen waves, and an unrelenting wind. If Lautrec accomplished his purpose,—a thing incredibly cruel,—there was little hope of the schooner in the teeth of such a gale. In his mind's eye he beheld it driven with its human freight into the jaws of the reef, lying there impotent, worried by seas, buffeted by squalls, and breaking piece by piece into the boiling caldron of the flood. To his excited fancy the scream of drowning men already rang upon the wind. He sprang up and rushed to the doorway. A gust of icy rain fell upon his face and calmed him; he saw nothing but driving mist, and heard only the song of the pine branches.

He crept back to the shelter of the fire, and again drank the draught of his misery. As his pity grew for the unconscious sailors, so did his rage at their master; he clinched his fists, tingling to take out his wretchedness upon this enemy. Then self-accusation fell



upon his wrath and quenched it; the image of Edoualise rose again to torture him; the thought of what the darkness was to bring eclipsed her in turn; and so the dull wheel of his misery revolved.

Thus twilight closed in. Outside, the night grew wilder, after a lull at sunset; inside, the fire sullenly protested against the damp wood. As the night drew on (how long the day had been, and yet how swiftly came the darkness!) the fire died to ashes, and Farquhar saw nothing but the intolerable wretchedness of the whole situation. By and by Lautrec came in dripping and cast him a keen glance. "Quite a blaze o' wind," he remarked; "and yer fire's out, lad."

The sound of a voice roused Farquhar, and he looked up dully. "You are not going to do this?" he asked.

"And quite a sea gettin' up," was Lautrec's reply, as he piled logs upon the coals, and, kneeling down, puffed heartily, till they sprang into flame.

Farquhar had the sense not to plead, but hope rose within him as a mighty blast of wind struck and shook the hut.

"Too rough for rowing, I expect?"

"Oh, no," said Lautrec between his puffs, "not to them as knows. Guess we won't get swamped this trip."

Farquhar spoke in a slow, distinct tone. "I hope you do," he said, measuring his words. "I hope to God the sea takes both of you!" Then he buried his head again in his shaking hands.

Lautrec made no direct answer; but when the fire was once more crackling he went to the table, poured some spirits into a mug, and held it out to the other.

"You hain't touched a drop yit," he coaxed. "Do now."

But Farquhar, with a steady movement, pushed the mug aside. "Thank you," he said, and he had much ado to speak for the tight band across his throat, "I don't drink with a murderer."

Lautrec said no more. There was no shade of expression on his face. He took a mouthful of spirits, stood a moment before the blaze warming his hands, and then went quietly out.

Left alone, Farquhar underwent a violent revulsion of feeling. This, after all, was Lautrec, with whom he had shared danger and fear of death, who had from the first manifested a rough affection for him. If the man was ignorant, callous, and savage, was it not to be expected? Another straw was added to Farquhar's self-accusing load, and under it he could no longer sit passive. He rushed out, crying Lautrec's name, but there came no answer, and the wind snatched the words from his lips. Once out-of-doors, a dreadful fascination drew him to the shore. Repugnance and horror whetted the desire to behold all, and he ran forth, stumbling and shuddering.

The night was pitch-dark; the sea's roar filled it up and robbed the darkness of all comfort. Silence and darkness mean heaven to many, but noise and darkness are hell. It seemed to Farquhar as

he ran that the wind blew through his brain and the waves beat on his ear-drums, stunning him, so that he could neither see nor hear nor think. Wet bushes clung about his feet; once he fell, and contact with the soaked earth was almost pleasant, as was the rain on his face. He came to a place he knew, a bunch of alder-bushes overhanging the beach. Into the shelter of the dripping branches he crawled out of the wind's fury and rested a moment. Then he parted the dripping leaves to look out upon blackness, but he knew his whereabouts. To the left above on the bank the house rose; a chink of light showed at the window; and at the sight the young man could easily have wept.

Below him a long spit of rock protected the beach like a break-water; just beyond this spit he saw the schooner's lights tossing violently up and down, rising and falling on the surges. Fool of a captain, he thought, to anchor in a place like that! For some time the candle from the house and the whirling lights on the ship were the only ones which pierced the night. The man sheltered in the alder-bushes peered at them; then he saw another, and became rigid with attention. This came from a lantern carried slowly along the beach. A moment he saw it, then saw it no more; then a blast of wind shook the alder-bushes, and he was blinded by rain. Presently the light appeared again, clear and steady, like a star, not red and baleful as he felt it should have been. It was carried low to the ground, and shielded by the rocks from the view of both house and ship.

Farquhar caught a movement of men about it; faint, indefinite sounds were borne up to his ears in the pauses of the wind. Then he heard a sound like the dragging of a heavy body, then a splash; and his mind beheld, as plain as if it had been daylight, the boat and the two men, set upon that raging sea.

A long, long time seemed to pass. No sign of human life came to the soldier's ears. Had they perished, he wondered dully, two for twenty? He almost hoped it, and then cursed himself for the hope. He was stiff, aching, and shivering, yet he could not leave his post. By and by he began, in a numb sort of way, to think of Lautrec and Vidon as dead bodies tossing in the current. Then there rang out a yell that grew and deepened, fierce and frantic. This was taken up, echoed and reëchoed, by a score of voices; there came a trampling of many feet, the cracking of cordage and spars. The clamor grew and intensified, and as he looked with freezing blood he saw the schooner's lights snatched up, cast down, and whirled away. Suddenly one within flung the door of the house wide, and a broad golden path cut the darkness. He heard d'Aubémont's voice in a horrified exclamation, a shout, and three men rushed down to the beach, leaving the door open. In this light appeared a woman's outline, and the sight drew Farquhar towards it irresistibly. He had no very definite idea as he sprang towards

it; he was past thinking. Half-way a man rushed against him, a pillar of salt water gushing at every step. Vidon's voice spoke in his ear, from between chattering teeth. "M'sieu—the Belle Marie! *Dieu soit loué! et notre demoiselle! Vite! Nous sommes sauvés!*"

"Lautrec!" Farquhar gasped.

The steward leaned against the door-post, drawing great breaths and evidently trying for coherence.

"Beyond at the boat. I ran on. M'sieu, la demoiselle! vite! The Belle Marie has been driven by the storm into anchorage a mile distant. I know the way."

The words were like fire and life poured into Farquhar's veins. The two men charged wildly into the peaceful hall of the house, where Edoualise stood white and trembling, and Vidon poured out his story vehemently, cutting his explanation with interjections of haste. He had not ended when another dripping figure crossed the threshold crying:

"Not off yit! Hurry, man! And, you fools, leavin' the door open!" He drew the door to and flung the iron bar into its stanchion. "Now go, go!" he gasped.

Farquhar took the girl's hand. "Come, mademoiselle," he implored.

"The others wait. Martin's wife is with him. Mademoiselle must make haste," urged Vidon, stamping with impatience.

The sound of footsteps coming rapidly up the path turned the girl's hesitation to alarm.

"The Pan!" she cried, pointing to the fireplace; "we cannot leave the Pan!"

Farquhar had lifted the heavy image in his arms, just as d'Aubémont's voice without the door cried imperiously, "Open! It is I." Lautrec threw open the other door and the four rushed at once out into the forest.

Though the fugitives had little advantage in time, they had much in knowing their ground. Vidon led, and Edoualise followed, treading the dark path with a swift and sure step, which much lessened Farquhar's anxiety as he stumbled behind. Five minutes gave them a fair chance, ten slackened their pace to a walk, and so far they heard no sign that they were followed. Farquhar's mind, whetted by action, which ever gave it an edge, and freed from the rust of its indecision, took a sudden activity; once more he gripped the possibilities, the rights and wrongs, with a strong grasp. He thought hard, his feet following behind the others, while his mind leaped ahead.

Meanwhile the little band had increased as it proceeded; several of the men joined them cautiously from the forest. With these companions confidence grew, the storm seemed to be forgotten, and the cavalcade settled into a steady unexcited march. Half a mile passed, they turned once again to the sea, and to Farquhar's inex-

perience lost all appearance of a path and proceeded blindly. But in a short time a light shone out ahead; there was a shout which Vidon answered, and the crew of the *Belle Marie* ran towards them with outstretched hands and hearty greetings. Under cover of the talk and explanation Farquhar sought Edoualise.

"Mademoiselle," he said quietly, "will you take the image? I go no farther."

"No farther, m'sieu?"

He could not see her face in the dark, but there was astonishment in her tone.

"No farther," he repeated firmly. "You are safe now in the hands of your own people; and see, there is Martin's wife herself come to look after you. My work is over here, and there is a duty which I have neglected—God help me!—so far neglected."

"You are not coming with us?" said Edoualise.

"No, dear mademoiselle," replied Farquhar, "I am not coming with you. A great wrong has been done, and I must help to right it if I can."

His voice thrilled, but she was silent.

"All this has been my fault," he continued, after waiting for her to speak. "I have poorly repaid you for your hospitality. But I have done worse even than that, and so I must go back."

"I do not understand," she murmured.

"No, I do not wish that you should. But will you give me your hand in forgiveness?"

Silently she slipped it into his, and he bent to touch it with his lips. Then he placed the stone god in her arms.

"Adieu, mademoiselle," he said in a low voice, and the darkness swallowed him.

Edoualise set down the heavy thing, of which Vidon presently took reverent charge, and walked slowly after the others.

"Cap'n there?" called Lautrec.

"Captain Farquhar does not come with us," she replied in a clear, somewhat cold voice. "He has gone back!"

A silence of amazement fell upon the group, but only for a second.

"The durn fool!" cried Lautrec, and, turning on his heel, vanished, like the other, into the night.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### A CHAT BETWEEN FRIENDS.

FORTUNE, which some assert is ever on the side of the unjust, decreed that d'Aubémont should not immediately discover what concerned him so nearly. As he stood before the door, fuming that his cousin's pique should take a form so childish, a call summoned

him to the shore, where he remained occupied for half an hour. The fugitives therefore had safely reached their haven before d'Aubémont, entering the house by a convenient window, found it deserted. This was a shock, although he felt his carelessness deserved it; but there was worse to come. His eye lit on the mantle-shelf. It was bare; the household god was gone; it was no more the House of Pan. To d'Aubémont this loss had a deep significance, as it indicated that the flight was final; it threw a cold fear upon his wrath and quenched it. He had been cursing and storming; now he grew anxious. He ordered a man to Suroc's farm, and another along shore. For himself, he was wet to the skin, thirsty, and fatigued, and although it was important that Mademoiselle Edoualise de Ruffé should be captured, it was more important that M. Charles d'Aubémont should be made comfortable. Having arrived at this conclusion, he threw a log on the hall fireplace, pulled a chair up to the blaze, and indulged himself with one of the few remaining bottles of wine.

"Hein, a dog of a night!" he ejaculated, pouring himself the first glass and listening to the storm. "No one can stray far in this dark; and when she returns, little rascal, we will teach her who is master."

The fire crackled agreeably; the chair fitted his back; as the wine sank in the bottle, so rose M. d'Aubémont's spirits and his annoyance lessened. One thing only was lacking to the situation, and that was company; for he was a social creature, with a mind too barren to furnish a solitary hour.

A step without roused him. To his eager welcome the door opened, and the figure of Farquhar grew out of the night upon the threshold. D'Aubémont's first impulse was an angry one. With an oath he sprang at the door to fling it to, but something in the other's eye made him pause; the outburst dwindled to mere sullenness, and the men eyed each other uncertainly. Farquhar, however, had come hot-foot, armed with a purpose, and he had no time to waste.

"Are any saved?" he began eagerly.

The question confused d'Aubémont, whose wits the wine had touched, and he stood staring.

"I see you have helped," the other continued impatiently, with a glance at the Frenchman's wet clothes. "How many are drowned? For God's sake, d'Aubémont, put aside our quarrel for the moment and answer! Can I be of any use? Is there rope in the house?"

"I don't know what on earth you are talking about," replied the Frenchman with a shrug, "except that all this confirms my opinion that you have lost your senses."

"The ship, man!" he broke out with a cry, half-scornful, half-triumphant. "Ah, then you have not helped?"

"What ship?" asked d'Aubémont, knitting his brows in a puzzled fashion.

"Good God, he asks what ship! Man, are you ignorant that your schooner is in deadly peril, and is fast drifting on to yonder reef. Waste no time; tell me where we may go to save one life, if only one!"

"By St. Louis, I think you are mad, Farquhar!" cried the other, struck in spite of himself by the earnest entreaty in the soldier's voice, the strange fire in his eyes. "The ship is in no danger now that I know of. It is true she broke a cable an hour back, and would have been driftwood but for an extra anchor. She is lying sheltered and safe at this moment, where this devil of a gale can only toss her about."

Farquhar gasped and was speechless; the Frenchman eyed him with curiosity.

"On my soul," he exclaimed at last, "you are the oddest fellow of my acquaintance, Farquhar. Do you mean to tell me that you came back here, within my reach, because you thought those pigs of mariners were in danger?"

He seated himself in his chair with a shrug and continued, as if talking to himself: "That is more like the Farquhar of five years past. Is it possible that there is anything left of him after all?"

The sentimental mood was on him, induced half by wine, half by loneliness; but the words touched the other.

"If you will hear me with patience," said he, drawing nearer, "you will find more of him than you think."

Relieved from the weight of an awful anxiety, Farquhar began to recall his self-reproach in the dealings with d'Aubémont. They could never be friends again, but they had been, and the soldier had a passionate desire to clear the ground, that they might stand man to man in their conflict. His own treachery had been hateful to him from the first; he longed to sweep it away and start fair.

As to d'Aubémont, he was not in love, and he desired companionship above all things. So he shrugged his shoulders carelessly, motioned to a seat, and his anger vanished for the moment, as his good-humor would when the wine was drunk and he had a change of mood.

"Let me tell you first," said the American quietly, "that *mademoiselle* is safe in the hands of her friends."

The Frenchman sat upright with a violent start. "*Mon Dieu!*" he cried, "I had forgotten her. Where is she?"

"Safe," repeated Farquhar succinctly.

D'Aubémont sank back in his chair.

"We may attach different meanings to the word," said he slowly. "Where *you* can see her, I suppose?"

The insult stung, but Farquhar had something to do before he resented it. He controlled himself, measuring the other's malice.



"Before we part," he said coldly, "there is an explanation due you. In one matter I reproach myself."

"You are fortunate in the number," interjected the other, drinking.

"I deceived you," Farquhar went on steadily, disregarding the interruption; "but circumstances made it necessary for me to play a part, which no one regrets more than myself."

"This is touching. And these circumstances?"

"I had promised the marquis to help and protect his sister. Mademoiselle reminded me of the promise, and claimed my help against you. She had her father's and brother's authority to resist any attempt to make her return to France."

"Two madmen—bah!"

"I used every argument to make her change her mind, but in vain. I had therefore no choice but to go against my better sense and help her all I could. When I saw that it was an old comrade I must deceive, I hated it the more, but could do nothing else. For this deception, M. d'Aubémont, I now offer my apologies."

He paused. He had been speaking throughout in a cold and stately way, ignoring the other's sarcasm. At the end, d'Aubémont glanced at him and fell into a fit of laughter.

"This is pure comedy," he cried, laughing violently. "Oh, your solemn air—inimitable! My good Don Quixote, I congratulate you on this delightful rigmarole, the best I have heard this many a day."

"And now," cried Farquhar with raised voice and flashing eye, that cut the laughter short,—“now that we stand face to face, and I have no longer a reproach to my honor, I demand instant satisfaction of the insults you have cast at me and at your cousin, a helpless girl and your hostess. You are a coward, m'sieu!”

At the word, he leaned over and slapped d'Aubémont sharply across the cheek. With a scream of fury, the man plucked something from his vest and made at Farquhar, head down, springing like a cat. The onslaught was sudden, but Farquhar was quick. He twisted to one side, and the assailant, carried by his own impetus, fell against the door, which, giving way, precipitated him into the arms of Lautrec, who was on the point of entering.

"Hello!" said the sailor. He hugged d'Aubémont affectionately and seized his wrist with a grip like a manacle. "Be you as glad to see me as all thet? Well, now! All the same, these here pen-knives is real dangerous, carried round open like thet. You orter be more careful."

He gave the man's wrist a sudden jerk, and the knife fell out of his hand. Then he took d'Aubémont by the collar and shook him till his teeth rattled.

"Let him go," cried Farquhar between his teeth; "I'm going to kill him."

But Lautrec held fast to his victim, scrutinizing him sharply. "Lord!" he broke out indignantly, "if it ain't our luck. You can't fight this feller, cap'n; he's drunk. You better let me take him down to the beach a piece and wash his head for him; it'll do him good."

Farquhar nodded and threw himself wearily into a chair. He heard with perfect indifference the dragging forth of d'Aubémont and his cries for mercy, growing fainter. In a few moments Lautrec returned, exceedingly cheerful.

"I ain't hurt him to speak of," said the sailor, grinning. "He's jes' a little wetter than he was outside and he may have swallered some. He's layin' on the beach there, talkin' French. They'll find him all right in the mornin'. Now what are we goin' to do?"

"God knows," cried Farquhar, and buried his head in his hands.

"I say," pursued Lautrec, "thet we better git back to the Bell Mary, just as fast as we can lick. There ain't no use stayin' here."

"I suppose you are right," said Farquhar sadly. "They will probably burn the house to-morrow, but then mademoiselle could never return here. Yes, Lautrec, let us go back. I will try and persuade mademoiselle to come to my mother, who will, I am sure, look after her."

He turned upon the threshold to take a farewell look at the strange scene of so many strange incidents, and then, sadly enough, set his face once more towards Edoualise. He did not notice until he had gone some distance that Lautrec remained behind.

"What have you been doing?" he asked when the sailor came up.

"Oh, I thought it a dretful pity to leave the bonfire to them fools," remarked Lautrec, falling into step beside him, "so I jes' started it myself. There was plenty o' straw and kindlin's. It'll blaze up real nice in this wind."

Farquhar made no comment. After all, better the House of Pan should burn than that there should be any temptation to draw Edoualise back to this wilderness. She would be angry, of course, and hurt, and her tears would be hard to bear, but just at this moment even that thought left the young man untouched. He was beginning to be conscious that for the present he could feel nothing more.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE BELLE MARIE.

A TINY harbor sheltered the Belle Marie. Its waters were so well protected by a thick barricade of pine-trees that when the sea beyond was lashed into a white fury here was comparative quiet. The little schooner rocked securely at her anchorage under bare

poles, defying the storm. It was not until her lights pierced the foggy darkness and the voices of her crew became audible that Lautrec broke the silence in which they had walked.

"My lad," he began, touching Farquhar's shoulder to assure himself of the young man's proximity, "what you was after when you went back to thet there monkey I'll not ask, but I'll tell you somethin'. You're too soft for this business,—you're too soft. Your head's plum crammed with book-notions, and they ain't no use on this here coast. I had 'em myself onst,—mostly Scriptor,—and I give 'em a fair trial. Well, I nigh got roasted by Micmacs not twenty mile from hereabouts. No, they don't do, you mark my words. All a man wants in this sort o' mess is a good knife,"—he guided Farquhar's hand to the horn hilt of his own,—“and the spunk to use it and keep usin' it. Thet's all.”

Weariness, mental and physical, could not keep Farquhar from a twinge of amusement at this speech.

"If you will tell me, Lautrec," he replied, as they sat on the rocks to await the schooner's gig, "how that knife of yours is going to help us here I should be obliged. Where are we to take mademoiselle? How are we to protect her? What is she to do?"

"Poor little thing," the sailor ejaculated, and his tone brought a lump into Farquhar's throat. The excitements of the past twenty-four hours were beginning to tell on the soldier, and he found a strong effort needful to keep his tone and manner at their ordinary level. He strove with this nervousness, while Lautrec, fixing his eyes on the light that marked the approaching boat, proceeded meditatively:

"You're a likely chap, bean't you, with a tongue in your head? What you should do is to take thet little thing to the first parson we strike—missionary will do ef you can't run across a better—and marry her right off. Then she'll be rightly looked after, 'stid o' runnin' round hereabouts huggin' thet there idol."

"You forget," answered Farquhar with an affectation of indifference, "that mademoiselle may have an objection to that."

"Pooh!" ejaculated Lautrec indignantly; "she hain't got no chice."

"And I," resumed the young man, "may not wish a wife on such terms."

"I wouldn't wish one on any, myself," agreed the candid Lautrec, "but I've noticed thet ef there's a girl about, all this sort o' business with ships and fightin' and Frenchies kinder makes a man want her more'n ef she jest lived on the next farm to hisn."

By this time the schooner's gig had drawn up on the pebbles immediately below them, and ten minutes later Farquhar set foot on the deck of the *Belle Marie*. He was beginning to feel his fatigue in so extreme a measure that beyond a sort of sleepy wonder at the smallness of the ship—a mere cockle for size—every sensation was

benumbed in him. Vidon came up the companion-way with a lantern and bade the soldier follow him. In the cramped, stuffy, crowded forecastle Farquhar was shown an empty bunk; flinging off his soaked garments, he wrapped himself in a heavy blanket and was presently asleep.

His slumber was so deep as to resemble a stupor, from which he returned to consciousness, as it were, sense by sense. At first he lay with closed eyes and a curious feeling of being divided from his body, which seemed a log for heaviness; then sharp hunger stirred him to action, and he sat up. His glance went to the port-hole, whence he marked the glitter of clear sunlight on the water; in the same instant the rush of waves past that window and the irregular dip and plunge of the ship's hull told him that they were under way. Anxiety returned with a rush and almost superseded hunger. After dressing, he opened a door and found himself in the galley and in the presence of Vidon, who was busy compounding a mess of salt cod and potatoes.

The steward looked up cheerfully as Farquhar made his appearance. "Come in and eat, m'sieu," he said; "you must be hungry."

"But is all safe? Am I needed?"

"All is safe, and m'sieu has had a long sleep," said Vidon laughingly. "Had we waited for m'sieu to awaken that pig of a d'Aubémont would have caught us assuredly. But Jean Maille is a good seaman; he weighed anchor so soon as the wind permitted. Will m'sieu take coffee?"

"For what port are we making?" asked Farquhar in surprise.

Vidon shrugged his shoulders. "The Virgin knows, and our captain," he replied piously. "Eat, m'sieu. You have fasted enough for Good Friday, and it is not yet Advent."

The soldier fell ravenously upon the food and the strong decoction of herbs and chiccory which Vidon called coffee.

"It is truly a fair wind," said the Frenchman, as Farquhar concluded his meal. "Go upon deck, m'sieu, and see how the Belle Marie walks the waves."

The little vessel, closely reefed, was flying fast before a strong northwest wind. As Farquhar came up the companion-way and out upon the sunshiny deck his eyes met the towering outlines of the mountainous shores they had quitted. He looked for a thread of black smoke among the wooded shores, but there was none in sight. Then he turned away, for he spied mademoiselle leaning on the taffrail, her gaze bent downward upon the bubbles and breaking lines of foam.

He came to her side and wished her a good-morning. She replied without raising her eyes from the water. They remained side by side for some moments in silence.

"I do not wonder that you are sad, mademoiselle," said Farquhar softly at length. She bowed without speaking.

"But you must not forget," he continued, "that you have with you your devoted friends and servants."

Her eyes met his very sweetly. "I do not forget," she replied.

"May I ask what it is your intention to do?" he asked with much gentleness of voice.

"Do?" she cried, making a sudden little vehement gesture of the hands that reminded him of her brother. "What can I do? God knows! I have left all that means home to me at the foot of those mountains. France is no home, nor America. And these peasants are my only advisers."

"You have forgotten me," said Farquhar steadily. Now, alone with her, it seemed as though his secret must be wrung out of him, as if the dedication of his life were little to offer in comfort. This he felt the more as her smile was so frank and untroubled.

"No, m'sieu," she answered, "but I must also remember that you have your home and friends and ties, and these claim you. I am singularly placed, and, frankly, very much puzzled. You have been a friend, but when we reach civilization again you will have your own place."

"You do not or will not understand," said Farquhar in a voice that vibrated with earnestness and passion. "Have you not seen and felt, Edoualise, that whatever my life may be it will be wholly yours?" He bent eagerly forward to look into her averted face. "Do you not know that there is nobody on earth so dear to me as you are?"

He waited breathlessly, but she did not move. He was conscious of a distinct disappointment. Was this girl's coldness and reserve an integral part of her nature? He had fancied it to be a mere covering.

"You speak of yourself as friendless," he went on, "and if it were not so I should wait longer before speaking. I should atone for my own careless selfishness before daring to say these words. But I see you lonely, and I offer my life to you. Let me protect you, for I love you."

She turned to him with a glance that was wholly bewildered, and with one hand motioned him to say no more.

"I do not understand—— I do not know," she stammered, and then again, "I do not understand."

Their eyes met, and in a flash the bewilderment passed from hers. With a dawning of gladness, of confusion, of comprehension in her face she looked at him with parted lips; and then, as he was on the point of entreating her for speech, she bent her head and moved quietly away. He saw her go down the companion-way, and stood a long time gazing after her. There had been no hurry, no embarrassment in this withdrawal, only a certain gentle dignity; but the lover felt rebuffed.

He was not sorry when Lautrec came to call him. He reflected

rather gloomily that, after all, she had never given him the faintest token that she shared his feeling, and he bitterly regretted his impatience. He told himself that this probably set the climax on his list of mistakes, and it was in no cheerful frame of mind that he went down to the cabin.

The practical discussion which awaited him there, however, served as an excellent tonic. Jean Maille, the captain, was a worthy full of Bréton shrewdness. There was in his opinion but one thing to do. The Belle Marie was not victualled for a return voyage to Boston, and there was nothing for it but to make the mainland as speedily as possible. The nearest available port was a fishing village situated at the end of a tide-river, which might permit the party to gain the nearest large settlement by means of canoes. As d'Aubémont would probably follow them in his vessel, the inland journey seemed safest, in all opinions, for mademoiselle.

It became more and more evident to Farquhar that, whatever happened, he could count upon the devotion of the peasants to Edoua-lise. One and all, in their rough, personal fashion, they put the thought of mademoiselle before any other.

"What are your own plans?" he asked Vidon. "The house is burned."

"Where mademoiselle goes, I shall follow," said the Frenchman; and when Farquhar added impatiently, "And where will that be?" he replied tranquilly and confidently, "*Qui sait?* Where mademoiselle wishes."

The soldier's mood was to storm at these peasants and at their faith. "A boat-load out of a novel," he grumbled to Lautrec; "out of a legend, rather. Where is she to go? How can they follow her, the fools, with not a head among them to plan for the future?"

"Wa'al," drawled Lautrec, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "you done a lot o' plannin' a week back—there we be. If Vidon wants to give the A'mighty a chanet, I don't see's we've a call to complain. I dunno why it makes a feller feel kinder good," Lautrec went on reflectively, "to git hold o' the tiller ropes. He'll go with the tide, anyways."

There was little comfort in this philosophy. Farquhar fretted, and the Belle Marie sped cheerfully onward over the water. The sun sank by and by, and the waters at their feet were floods of gold. With the sunset the strong wind sank; the sail relaxed; the humming of cordage and creaking of spars ceased. There was still a little wind, light and pleasant, to move the schooner gently onward as the stars came out. Farquhar's hot energy and turmoil vanished as the evening drew on; he began to long for speech with Edoua-lise again. All the afternoon he had avoided her; but now he came up to her again, where she sat in a sheltered corner. It happened that they two were alone. Farquhar had meant to speak of indif-



ferent matters, but when he stood by her side and looked again into her face he forgot his resolution.

"Edoualise," he whispered, "have you nothing to say to me?"

Her lips parted as if to speak, but instead she turned away her head abruptly. He tried to meet her eyes, but she would not let him.

"Nothing to say? Nothing to answer, mademoiselle? Not a word?" he begged. But still she kept silence. The silence was too much for Farquhar to bear. Her hand lay on her lap; he suddenly stooped, and drawing it to his lips covered it with kisses. Then, just as suddenly, he was ashamed, muttered something incoherent, and rushed away in a passion of self-accusation.

He saw no more of her till the next day. It seemed to him that his mistakes would never end. Sleep was impossible: he spent the night walking the deck, watching the progress of the little schooner past unfamiliar cliffs and desert islands.

With the earliest dawn she had gained the harbor of the tiny fishing village; an hour later Jean Maille himself went ashore to make their arrangements. Farquhar entered into all the preparations with energy and authority; and the active work and exercise began to put him on better terms with himself. There was much to do or see done, and his experience in the Canadian woods proved of value to the rest. It was chiefly due to his exertions that they made ready to start down the tide-river on the following morning.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### DOWN THE SWIFT CURRENT.

THE canoes were beached upon a little half-moon of sand at a turn in the tide-river. Jean Maille had purchased them with a few of the louis d'ors in mademoiselle's possession. It had been arranged that her escort should consist of four, including Lautrec, Farquhar, Martin, and his wife. Vidon had begged to be of the party, but as he knew nothing of canoeing, he would have been more or less of an incumbrance. He was persuaded to join the schooner's crew by being solemnly charged with the care of the stone Pan, which Edoualise entrusted to him. The steward promised faithfully to guard the relic till their meeting, and crossed himself fearfully when he received it.

The seamen of the *Belle Marie* and the fishermen of the tiny village helped this singular expedition to set off. Provisions had been secured for a week's trip, although they expected to reach their journey's end by evening on the third day. Farquhar and Lautrec had seen to arms and ammunition, though the word Indian was not

pronounced in the hearing of Edoualise. The men had all been forced to take such journeys before and were competent voyageurs, and only the presence of women made them regard it as a thing at all important or unusual.

Thus armed and equipped, the little fleet started on its way, Farquhar and Edoualise in one canoe, Martin and his wife in the second, and Lautrec, who handled a paddle with more vigor than skill, in a third. Between the three was distributed the rough camping necessities and sail-cloth tent and frieze cloaks which were to protect the women during night in the forest.

A clear sky and cheerful sunlight and the kindly farewell of those who had come to see them start made the journey's first stage far from melancholy, and so long as the group of people on the bank remained in sight, voices exchanged farewell calls and shouts. Then a twist in the river hid them finally from sight, and the travellers settled down into quiet, bending to their paddles with the long, steady strokes of men who have a journey before them. Lautrec, the least expert, fell somewhat behind, but the other two canoes kept abreast, moving swiftly forward over the shining water.

Farquhar had much to think of and remained silent, fixing his eyes on the band of sunlight which danced at the nose of the canoe and touched a brown curl that strayed from below mademoiselle's folded head-kerchief. The girl leaned back against the shingle which Farquhar had set up as a rest for her and lay with closed eyes. After the strain and turmoil of the last few days, the sorrows and excitements of the last fortnight, this peace and steady, smooth motion and idle silence were like heaven. She was numb and tired. Farquhar's presence seemed to constrain her, and for the whole morning's journey she rested in the same position of listless weariness. Once or twice Farquhar fancied that he caught her glance upon him, but he looked always steadfastly away. He had made up his mind that until she herself reverted to their old attitude of intimate friendship he would say nothing which could recall it.

They camped for dinner under the shade of some large maples, and after an hour's rest set out again in the warm golden afternoon. The tide had turned and now ran in with great rapidity, so that, once in the pull of the current, the canoes made better time. As the sun declined and the river banks narrowed in upon them with shady overhanging branches, Edoualise roused herself from her lethargy. Farquhar's vigorous strokes had left the other two canoes some distance behind, out of earshot, and before long the young man and the girl found themselves talking earnestly and freely together, as many times before. It was hard for the soldier to keep out of his eyes and voice the feeling within him, but he had begun to doubt if there lay in this girl anything which would respond to such a note. Yet she seemed glad to talk to him, to use the old tone of intimate confidence, and to turn to him, simply and frankly, for advice and help.

"I must ask your forgiveness, mademoiselle," said Farquhar, after a pause in their conversation, "for the pain, the trouble, the loss my unthinking selfishness caused you. Oh, I ought to have known better; I can find no excuse for myself. I can only say from the depth of my heart that I am sorry and ashamed, and ask your forgiveness."

"You have it freely; but I myself am not so sure that there is anything to forgive," she answered, trailing her hand in the water.

"And believe me," he continued steadily, "that I understand; I realize what your silence yesterday implied. Again I was hasty and spoke without warrant. After my conduct I had no right to say what I said."

"You regret it?" she asked in a low voice.

"I shall never repeat it," he replied, "until I feel myself better justified."

A constrained pause fell between them: Farquhar kept his eyes steadfastly turned away.

The paddle dipped: the canoe fled westward. By and by the sun dropped out of sight, leaving a gorgeous sky flaming with royal colors. The smooth banks and alder-hedges on either hand gave place to steep, stony, cañon-like walls overhung with hemlocks. Twilight had crept upon the river before Farquhar realized with a start that it was long since they had heard the voices of those following. He must have greatly distanced them.

He rested a moment and sent his voice ringing back, but no answer came. Then he turned formally to his companion.

"You must be tired of that cramped position," said he; "let us disembark and wait under the shelter of those trees. The others will not be long. I have been paddling fast, and they are less expert."

There was a sickle-shaped moon over the river as they drew their canoe into the sedge-grass of the bank. He helped the girl out, and then withdrew a little distance and sat down under the pines in silence. The night descended swiftly, yet he caught no sound of dipping paddles. He made no attempt at conversation, and Edoualise seemed to find the silence hard to break. She wandered along the river edge, looking at the soft reflections in the water. On the opposite bank the firs stood silvered against the dark sky; the river ran smoothly past, murmuring. Vague, sweet odors wandered in the night air; the faint moonlight lay on the open spaces. Some wild creature stirred in the undergrowth and a bat circled overhead.

As Edoualise looked, the horizon became darkened with heavy clouds and lightning flickered upon it. A tension and disturbance fell upon the girl and made her tremble. Her heart beat hot and hard against her ribs, and a confusion of impulses ran irresistibly within her. The forest, the wilderness, the thousand-tongued ripples of the stream, vibrated all together to one tense chord, unheard by her until that moment. What was it? What did it mean? She

knew, without looking, that Farquhar stood beside her, and, turning swiftly, she looked up into his eyes.

Then it seemed as if the night had thrown great arms about them both, and there was no thought in her heart but great joy. After a moment, she moved.

"I did not know—I did not understand——"

"But I understood."

"I think it was the—the silence. How long have you cared?"

"Always. And you?"

"It must have been always."

These few words seemed sufficient. In the pause of happiness that succeeded there came to Farquhar's ears a clear, distant cry. Their faces drew apart, and he shook the echoes with his glad answering shout.

"Ef you be goin' to paddle like a stage-coach," grumbled Lautrec, as he got stiffly out of his canoe, half an hour later, "we mought as well give up campin'. I'm 'bout done. It ain't no way to travel, cap'n."

"The sooner we arrive the better," laughed Farquhar, "to find that parson, you know."

Lautrec looked up sharply. "You're a real sensible feller," was all he vouchsafed, "and I hope now, ef we do git into trouble, you won't be so dead shy of thet knife o' yourn!"

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### TO THE QUIET HAVEN.

MADAM FARQUHAR, as she was called, sat under the maples in the west garden. September had begun to touch the leaves with gold, and the rose-bushes that had bloomed so profusely between the box-hedges were dried and barren. The maple-grove stood only a few paces from the house, which commanded a fine sweep of lawn and the view of rounded Pennsylvania hills, soft and rich as the hills of the old country. As Madam Farquhar sat there bent above her sewing, with the house rising behind her, there was the oddest likeness between them. Like its mistress, the mansion was clothed demurely in gray and white; like her, it was erect and firm, dignified and well-to-do. The two big windows above the white-painted stoop were like Madam Farquhar's large, calm eyes above her snowy kerchief. The white railing around the roof of the house and the urns upon its corners reminded one of its mistress's white cap, starched and fluted. If the same parallel exists nowadays between house and man, one might well wonder if we are not a nation of lunatics, to compare our modern atrocities with those large, hospitable mansions of our forefathers.

The radiant September sunshine enveloped the quiet figure with its peace; and yet Madam Farquhar's heart was far from peaceful. She was a Philadelphia woman and had been a wife and mother during the Revolution, ready for and firm in making all the sacrifices that the words imply; yet even she was beginning to feel the anxiety of this long term of absence and silence on the part of her son. It is true, the war was over, yet a journey to the North was full of unknown chances, and Quebec—to Madam Farquhar's mind—was in the heart of the wilderness. The summer had passed without a word from her boy, and, while realizing that there were plenty of adequate reasons to account for this, yet in her solitary moments the mother was conscious of creeping fear. Not that she displayed it—the women of her day held these anxieties close to their hearts and made no show of them: she came and went in kitchen and dairy and still-room, was as sharp with a careless maid and as stately to a guest as ever. Only when she sat under the maples, “desiring,” as she put it, “an hour of silent meditation,” this fear would rise black and chilly and turn all the pleasant prospect cheerless to her eye.

It chanced this afternoon that Madam Farquhar's quiet hour was not to be undisturbed. Happening to glance up, she caught sight above the hedge of the woolly head of Solomon, her butler. He came towards her respectfully, and grinning from ear to ear.

“A gentleman come, missy,” he explained; “drove all the way from the London Tavern.”

Madam Farquhar considered: it was a warm afternoon. “Pray ask the gentleman to have the goodness to step this way,” she directed, “and, Solomon, get a decanter of the old Madeira. Polly will give you some of her sugar-cakes. If the gentleman has put up at the Tavern, he will doubtless be glad of a glass.”

She was the hostess at once, and hastened, stately and gracious, to meet the visitor. “I bid you welcome, sir,” said Madam Farquhar, and down she swept upon the gravel-path in a magnificent courtesy.

The stranger made her a graceful bow, took the seat she indicated on a bench near at hand, and they surveyed each other. Madam Farquhar beheld a young man of elegant appearance. No other, in fact, than M. Charles d'Aubémont, of Paris; while M. d'Aubémont in his turn faced an elderly lady with a wonderfully calm and penetrating eye and regular features like her son's. M. d'Aubémont, whose errand was not wholly agreeable, coughed nervously once or twice, and replied at random in the French language. He had been careful to find out before his arrival that his native tongue was familiar to Madam Farquhar, so that he made no hesitation in using it, and indeed none was needed. The lady's French was a trifle antiquated, perhaps, but perfectly comprehensible. He felt safe in opening the interview by a compliment on her fluency.

"I have been three months in America, madame," said he, "and you are the first American lady with whom I have had the pleasure to talk in my own language."

"I passed many years with a French friend," replied she very graciously, and a pause fell.

There was a something in Madam Farquhar's eye which made the part d'Aubémont had to play harder than he had anticipated. Still, he began, as he had planned, to open the scene with impulsiveness. He leaned forward with a gesture and spoke earnestly.

"Ah, madame," he cried, "I wish I came on any other errand; but mine is a sad one."

"You bring news of my son," said she positively. She paled, fixing her eye upon him, a dreadful picture of anticipation. "He is dead?" she demanded steadily.

"Oh, no, no, no, madame!" cried d'Aubémont, honestly shocked. "When I last saw him he was well—quite well," he added viciously, remembering his wrongs.

The mother drew a deep breath and the color crept back into her face. Her eyes turned from d'Aubémont; for the moment she seemed to have forgotten his presence. But she recalled herself in a little time and bent towards him again, asking:

"Then what has chanced, sir? Is Wayne in need, in danger?"

D'Aubémont shrugged his shoulders and allowed a bitter smile to show itself for a moment. He leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, his hands clasped, and his whole manner expressing reluctance and delicacy. He could not, therefore, see what impression he made upon Madam Farquhar's sharp eye.

"I fear it will be worse for a mother to hear than that," he said regretfully. "Believe me, madame, you have all my sympathy. When a mother hears of her son's dishonor——"

"Pardon, m'sieu!" she checked him at the word. "You made use of a word——"

"Which, alas! I am obliged to use, madame. It is the bitter truth!" D'Aubémont shook his head sadly.

She was watching him all the time. "I should be obliged for an explanation," said Madam Farquhar.

"I give it to you, madame. I am a wronged man. Your son is at this moment in the company of my betrothed wife, whom he has stolen from me. Yes, madame, although he knew we were betrothed! He will doubtless arrive here in a few days and bring her to your protection. He may present her as his wife; but let me assure madame that, should he do so, I have the right of justice and shall exercise it."

M. d'Aubémont was righteously vehement. After his speech the lady appeared to consider: then she rose slowly to her feet.

"Will you do me the favor, sir," said she, "to follow me to the house? We can discuss this better there."



D'Aubémont obeyed, wondering. Madam Farquhar led the way briskly through the box alleys to the stoop and from there to her morning-room on the first floor. On the way she paused to give some orders to Solomon, who had just appeared with the Madeira. He set the tray on the table, and Madam Farquhar and her guest sat down to it.

"Now," madam said, with her own hand filling her guest's glass, "I would like a history of what has happened, if it is not too troublesome."

M. d'Aubémont, assisted by the excellent Madeira, plunged into his story. He had the talent of his countrymen for dramatic recital. His tale lacked but one feature,—namely, the truth. Each incident, each interview, each character, was distorted by his desire to display himself as the honorable and injured party and Farquhar as the deceiver.

"And your cousin—Mademoiselle de Ruffé?" said the quiet listener. D'Aubémont waved his hand airily.

"Who can tell? A life in the wilds—among peasants and savages—madame will see that it would not do to receive her into this house. After such a story—va! When she has been taken in hand at home for a year or two—ah, then, perhaps."

"M. d'Aubémont would still keep her to the contract?"

"Ah, for family tradition—duty to the poor child."

M. d'Aubémont let it appear that he was ready for any sacrifice. Once let this determined old lady refuse to receive Edoualise, and he had no doubt of inducing her to return home with him.

"Mademoiselle has property, it seems?" Madam Farquhar asked him carelessly.

D'Aubémont waved away the property in another glass of the Madeira. It was a trifle, he said. Unfortunately, he was too careless: the lady was silent for a long while. When d'Aubémont, grown impatient, pressed her pathetically to lend him her assistance and right the wrong, she smiled courteously,—a condescending smile.

"I have heard you with much interest, sir," she said, upright, her hands resting on the table, "and your accusations against my son are grave: there is no doubt about that. But you understand that I cannot pledge myself to any course until I have heard how Wayne answers them. Therefore, as you tell me I may expect him shortly, I suggest that you remain my guest until he comes, that he may satisfy you himself."

"But, madame!—" D'Aubémont paused in consternation. This was an arrangement he had not bargained for. "I couldn't think of troubling you to that extent."

"It is a pleasure, sir."

"I really could not put you out so much, madame."

"But I really must insist, sir."

"They expect me in town, madame," and d'Aubémont edged towards the door.

"I have despatched them word, sir," Madam Farquhar smiled.

Passing before her guest, she opened the door into the hall. It was filled with negro servants—twenty of them at least, stalwart farm-hands and stable-men—awaiting their mistress's pleasure.

The blood rushed to d'Aubémont's face. "It's an insult!" he said in madam's ear.

She met his eye with perfect firmness. "Pardon me, sir. I have a right to hear both sides. You come to me to accuse my son behind his back. Very well, you shall do so before his face."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth before there was a stir and whispering among the negroes nearest the garden-door, an interchange of nods and exclamations, and then voices calling her attention.

"Missy! missy, look!"

"See, missy, Massa Wayne!" cried Solomon eagerly.

Madam Farquhar turned, and d'Aubémont's existence vanished from her mind as though he had never been. Over her servants' heads she saw the gravel-path, and slowly approaching the house in the sunshine, three figures: her son's tall one, a slight girl drooping against him, and an elderly man rolling in sailor-like gait behind. The negroes parted to let her pass: she stepped quietly out upon the stoop, and there stood, meeting Farquhar's eyes and holding them, with joy throbbing in her own. The young man would have rushed forward, but his wife clung to him, and there was, moreover, a certain restraint in his mother's whole figure which from boyhood had checked impetuosity on his part. So he came up the step quietly, put his arms around her without a word, and felt her hands clutch him close and a deep gasp of thankfulness shaking her. But when he disengaged himself and looked into her eyes, they met his calmly enough.

"Mother, this is my wife," said Farquhar. He was standing with one hand upon his mother's shoulder; he stretched out the other and drew Edoualise nearer to them both. The girl murmured some indistinct French, and for a moment found it hard to raise her eyes to those of the elder woman. But she did so, and met that searching glance with a pride and courage in which there was no trace of defiance. For Farquhar there was a second of tense anxiety. He knew his mother's large, self-controlled nature, and her habit of authority: this sudden marriage might well displease her and antagonize her towards Edoualise. Indeed, he had more reason to fear than he knew; but Madam Farquhar's eyes said much. When she spoke to him it was with a certain formal courtesy, almost as of one man to another.

"This is unexpected, Wayne," said she in English. "I know you will tell me the truth. You have nothing to blame yourself for

in this affair? There is nothing in it of which I should have cause to be ashamed?"

"I think I have acted as you would have me," her son answered in the same manner.

"That is all I require," said Madam Farquhar. "You are welcome, my dear," she said to Edoualise in French, and touched the girl's forehead with her lips. Her greeting was not effusive, but there was nothing in it to chill or repel the girl. Madam Farquhar kept her hand reassuringly on Edoualise's shoulder, while she greeted Lautrec in her stately way, and after this all four turned into the house to meet the negroes' good-humored welcome. This, to Edoualise, was more terrifying than the other, and she shrank a little against her husband at the sight of the black faces and woolly heads.

Madam Farquhar had walked to the door of the morning-room. There stood the tables and chairs, the tray, the decanter, and the wine-glasses, but no M. d'Aubémont.

"Where is the French gentleman?" she demanded of Solomon. That functionary did not know; but after some inquiries it was found that in the confusion M. d'Aubémont, prompted, no doubt, by motives of delicacy, had withdrawn. His horses had not been yet taken out, so that he was doubtless by this time well on his way to Philadelphia.

At this information Madam Farquhar smiled gently. She made no further effort to bring M. d'Aubémont to book, and she did not tell her son of the Frenchman's visit till some weeks had passed. The weakness and petty malice that had prompted the visit gave her a contempt for d'Aubémont that even the dignified French letters which arrived in due time from Paris could not in the least dispel.

The correspondence between the Farquhars and the relatives of Edoualise was long and animated, and it was a year or two before her affairs were satisfactorily adjusted. Long before that time she was safe, happy, and at peace in the quiet haven of her home, enjoying a life full of activities. In truth, it is no exaggeration to say that the day which found her a woman of independent fortune was not half so happy to her as that other day when there arrived at their home a Frenchman, tattered, hungry, and forlorn, hugging the heavy stone statue from which, in all his journeyings, he had refused to be parted. Thus Vidon too found a quiet haven near his "little demoiselle," and the god Pan once more presided over the family hearth.

## A MASQUERADER.

LOVE that came in Pity's guise,  
Could I say him nay?  
Down he dropt his radiant eyes,  
Veiled his pinions gay  
'Neath a mantle gray,  
Hid his bow and arrows, too.  
What was a poor maid to do—  
Love that came in Pity's guise,  
Could I say him nay?

Softly knocked he at the door,  
So I looked to see;  
Love I knew had knocked before,  
But this was not he—  
Pray, who might it be?  
"Pity is my name!" he cried;  
So the door I opened wide—  
Love that came in Pity's guise,  
Could I say him nay?

In my empty heart he came,  
Filled each corner, too,  
Till one day, with look of flame,  
Off his cloak he threw,  
And Love's self I knew.  
With a laugh of cruel glee,  
"I am master here," quoth he—  
Love that came in Pity's guise,  
Could I say him nay?

Love that comes in Pity's guise,  
Who can say him nay?  
Maidens, an' ye would be wise,  
Turn the rogue away,  
Lest ye find, some day,  
Cruel Love your tyrant grown,  
And, like me, ye make your moan—  
Love that comes in Pity's guise,  
Must as master stay.

F. B.

CONFESSIONS OF A BUTCHER.

ABOUT a hundred years ago, we will say, I accepted a position as butcher in a publishing house. I didn't call it that, to be sure, nor was I known by the name, for it was not invented until some thirty years ago by young Dr. Holmes in his "Guardian Angel"—a book which I think I should have accepted if it had passed through my hands, and which I should recommend to the readers of this generation who are anxious for a pleasing novel with the breath of the nineteenth century in its nostrils. If I remember aright, I was called the preliminary sieve. It was my duty to examine all the MSS. that came in, to winnow the chaff from the wheat, and pass the choicest grains up to another gentleman of wider experience and better judgment, who decided which of them should be planted in the literary parterre cultivated by our common employer.

I was not much more than twenty years old at the time and I had done a good deal of miscellaneous reading, but I had never been brought face to face with any literary men, and I cherished for them an admiration which to an old fellow of a hundred and twenty is not without its touch of pathetic humor in the retrospect.

I have grown wiser now, of course. It no longer thrills my heart to catch a glimpse of the great Robinson or Jones, the author of the last popular poem or novel, nor does my centenarian pulse quicken by the infinitesimal fraction of a second if the famous man sits down and talks to me or even intimates that he is willing to take a drink at my expense. Those days are past. But at the time whereof I speak the feeling was a genuine one. Consequently I was delighted at the prospect of being thrown even into a purely official contact with creatures so exalted.

But I soon found that I really had small chance of anything more than a sight acquaintance with the men I admired. The producers of literary wheat had little or no concern with the "preliminary sieve." It was rather the producers of chaff who happened in my way, and the eccentricities and harmless inanities of these people gradually matured in me a gleeful appreciation of the humors of human nature which has never lost its power to charm and comfort.

No crank can be a perfect crank, nor develop all the possibilities of which his delightful type is capable, unless he has at some time cherished the idea that he was born to elevate his kind through the medium of a printed book. I use the noun "he" in the inclusive sense, for what is true of male human nature is quite as true of the female. I do not believe implicitly in the modesty of genius. I have met men of acknowledged talents who were acutely conscious

of their merits, but there is no conceit so overpowering as that of the lesser mind which has had its first taste of print. A young man or a maiden whose poems have appeared in the village paper, or even whose school-time essays have won the admiration of his (or her) class and the praise of "literary friends" (the commonest shibboleth of this type), is raised to a seventh heaven in which he (or she) alone seems worthy to be a tenant.

Such guileless conceit as was displayed in the notes that accompanied the manuscripts forwarded by these innocents!

Here is one that I have rescued from the archives of the past:

"This winter I have written my first and only story: *short, strong, virile, and suggestive*. It is pronounced by an unprejudiced critic infinitely superior to 'Vanity Fair.' In fact, if I were to repeat what is said of it by a learned man of — (naming the author's native village), you would suspect it to be perfect. Having a local reputation for solid writing among the thinking people of this vicinity will insure attention to this first and only light production." (The grammar, alas! is that of the gifted author.)

And then the astonishment, the indignation, with which the authors learned the unintelligible news that their MS., their sacred MS., their masterpiece, had been rejected! Sometimes these feelings took shape in personal abuse of the mysterious "our reader" on whom the blame was always laid in those skilfully worded communications in which it was my partner's duty to break the news of the rejection. "Your reader is evidently some crabbed old bachelor, too bitter and prejudiced to have any appreciation of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful." So wrote a pretty, black-eyed damsel, and, I thank Heaven, she did not seem to suspect me. Or sometimes a more subtle and therefore more caustic attack was made by putting the word reader in quotation marks or decorating it with a vicious underlying dash to indicate that he was a reader on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. One indignant lady proposed to sink her whole fortune in the attempt to prove the imbecility of "our reader."

After pointing out that some of the most learned and critical of her friends had said that certain episodes were equal to anything in Dickens and Thackeray, she imperiously directed us to send her "estimates of cost of publishing the first edition of five thousand copies and of all succeeding thousands." She was much surprised when informed that the firm would not publish even at her expense.

In one of his essays Thackeray discourses at some length on the various impossible people who deluged his editorial desk with letters and proposals. To give some idea of the class, he invents what is evidently meant as a burlesque type of the whole. A lady writes to him at length, deploring the low standard of magazine literature, and suggesting that, as she has recently discovered a beautiful French work entitled "*Les Aventures de Télémaque*," she would be willing to translate it for the *Cornhill*, not merely in her own pecuniary



interest, but in the interest of sound morals and sound literature. Yet, although the unmistakable Thackeray touch shows this letter to be a burlesque, it is really not one whit more absurd than many of the genuine epistles of which we were in constant receipt. Here is one copied *verbatim et literatim*:

"Gentlemen,—I have 'The Household of Sir Thomas More,' by his Daughter, written in the old English style, as published in an old Magazine. I write to ask what it will be worth to me to copy it in modern English, and if you will publish the same. The story runs through about eight numbers of the *Monthly Magazine*. Please let me hear from you at your earliest convenience, and greatly oblige

"Yours,  
"—— —."

Surely that excellent *tour de force*, "The Household of Sir Thomas More," a novel written purposely in archaic style, is not so entirely forgotten by the novel-readers of to-day that they will fail to appreciate the humor of this innocent proposition. It is as if some one were to attempt translating "Esmond" or "Lorna Doone" into nineteenth century English.

Another lady had written a novel,—which, of course, was brilliant, original, etc. But "our reader" failed to pass it. She begged us to retain the MS. in our safe till she could dispose of it elsewhere. At the end of a year she wrote an intensely indignant letter in which she accused the reader of having loaned the MS. to his literary friends. She noticed plagiarisms from that masterpiece in some of the most eminent writers of that day. How could they have seen it save through the reader's treachery? She mentioned especially among the eminent authors Mr. Howells, Mr. Aldrich, and Mrs. Wister,—writers of considerable note when I was in my prime, and probably still remembered by the literary student. One of them was a famous translator, by the way, so that the MS. must have made the rounds of the great foreign authors as well as the native ones. Luckily, it had returned from its world-encompassing journey and was quietly reposing in our safe at the time the letter was received. It was expressed back to the author without note or comment. What was the use of arguing with vanity so fatuous?

There was a gentleman in an out-of-the-way corner of New Jersey who used to write us periodically about a great work in the scientific-romance way. He was an extraordinary crank, and I am sorry I have preserved none of his letters. I remember, however, for my faculties are still unimpaired (owing probably to the fact that I have never used chewing-gum), that he valued the MS. at a million dollars, and advised us to send messengers to treat with him at the earliest possible moment, for there were other publishers on the hot

scent, and we might lose a bargain. These letters came in about once a month. Finally one day a variety was introduced into them. The crank wrote to say that he had seen by our publishers' announcement that we had a work on "Astronomy" in press. He warned us that he had copyrighted Mars and would prosecute us if we attempted to say anything about that planet. His warning was unheeded, however. We never heard from him again. I still have a curiosity to know whether he ever consulted legal authority.

The cranks who dropped in to interview us personally were frequently quite as amusing as those who trusted to correspondence. I remember a benignant old gentleman with snowy hair and a pleasant smile who toddled in to explain the beauty of a new system of phrenology that he had invented. He had discovered that the condition of the whole physical, mental, and moral system was revealed by the bumps on a man's head—even to the slightest particulars.

"Now," said he, drawing up his shirt-sleeves and making a preliminary flourish of his hands, "I can tell by feeling your head whether you are a Catholic, a Protestant, or an infidel, and how many corns you have on your left foot."

I dodged, and when I had recovered my ruffled composure assured the gentleman that I wanted no practical application of his system, especially as I was afraid he might discover by my bumps that I had not the slightest intention of "passing" his MS.

I must acknowledge that once, at least, a crank got the best of me. He was a quiet, Quakerlike party, who lugged into my private office a huge dictionary borrowed from the front part of the store, where books were kept on sale. He was writing a poem, he explained, and was "stumped" for a rhyme to wave. Now he had found the word "lave" in the dictionary, meaning to wash. But unfortunately it was a verb, and unsuited to his purpose. Was there not some figure of speech, some poetical license, whereby he could use the verb as a noun,—*"the lave,"* meaning *"the thing that washed,"*—in other words, *"the ocean"*?

I saw that he had been sent back to me by one of the clerks as a joke. Wishing to pass the jest along, I assured my Quaker friend that I did not consider myself competent to pass on so important a question; but if he would climb up-stairs to the printing office he would find there a proof-reader—a gentleman of absolutely encyclopædic attainments, on whose dictum he could surely rely. With a smile I watched the old man as he went off to follow my directions.

A quarter of an hour later, perhaps, Jarndyce came into my office and wanted to know why I had sent that confounded crank up to him. I assured him that I really considered him the most competent person to appeal to. Even while I was speaking a clerk hurried in from the front store.

"Mr. Butcher," he said, "did you see a Quaker with a big dictionary whom I sent back to you?"

"Yes," I replied; "I sent him up to Jarndyce."

"He left me a few minutes ago," said the latter.

"And what did he do with the dictionary?"

"The dictionary? Why, I saw him walking out of the rear door with the dictionary under his arm."

The tribulations of the Butcher did not always end when a MS. had been accepted or rejected. It was his duty also to look after the books sent out for review, and often an irate author held him more or less responsible for the verdict of the press. Here is a sample letter received from a dear old gentleman long ago laid away to rest. It was his one outbreak into irascibility, so far as I am aware, but the reader will see that it was an effective explosion:

"Dear Sir,—There appeared yesterday in the ——— a most malicious and most slanderous article, purporting to be a review or criticism of my recent book. Can nothing be done to correct or stay the evil which it is intended and is likely to do me—and you too?"

"How came this unprincipled wretch to have a chance to pollute my book? Such a poor, miserable, false pretence of humanity must be too base, too contemptible, even for the household of the devil, otherwise he would not be suffered to be here to shed his hellish venom over a literary production which is far too erudite and good to be appreciated by his shallow, demoniac brain.

"P. BLANK."

*William S. Walsh.*

MARSYAS.

TO hear Apollo play upon his lyre;  
 To struggle bravely, and, not least, to know  
 It was a god that caused our overthrow;  
 To feel within us the immortal fire;  
 What more, forsooth, might earth-born bard desire,  
 What more has life, the niggard, to bestow,  
 What fate diviner waits us here below  
 Than this,—to live, to strive, and to expire?

Thrice happy Marsyas! In the cruel death  
 The god, ungenerous in his triumph, gave,  
 Didst thou not smile within thy heart to know  
 That since he hushed thy music-laden breath  
 And hid thy gold-voiced lute within the grave,  
 Apollo knew thee for no paltry foe?

*Elizabeth C. Cardozo.*

*THE MEN WHO IMPEACHED ANDREW JOHNSON.*

**T**IME and circumstance have made sad havoc with the men who stood for and against the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. That was the greatest state trial in all history, for it menaced the power and character of the executive of a nation. Warren Hastings, whose arraignment was next in importance, was only the governor of India, and the charges were peculation and malfeasance in office. Only political crimes were alleged against the one President of the United States ever called before the bar of the highest court known to any law.

James M. Ashley was a great character in and about Toledo thirty-odd years ago. In the West, in those days, they called every one by his first name. So if you had asked for "Mr." Ashley instead of for "Jim" in the thriving town on the Maumee few would have known whom you meant. He was a typical Westerner, and withal one of the breeziest men and best story-tellers in Northern Ohio; a man of powerful physique, more than six feet high, and weighing two hundred and forty pounds; his face as large and round as a full moon, and his voice like a thunder-clap. In the days when I first saw him his large head was covered with a mass of curly black hair, which he wore long. His face was clean shaven, his shirt front always immaculate, and his dress like that of a well-paid presiding elder on a thriving circuit.

Ohio has always been noted as the State of politics and politicians, and a man who had plenty of sinew, assurance, and voice was very apt under the prevailing atmosphere to become a politician. Mr. Ashley was no exception to the rule. He had every requisite for success. He could in those days be heard farther when making a speech than any man Ohio ever produced, except the late Governor William Allen. In the upheavals of war and the uncertainties which followed it a man possessing Mr. Ashley's qualifications could readily find his way into Congress. In those days there were many temptations for a statesman to express his opinion, and Mr. Ashley had not been in Congress long before he was a notable figure in the lower house. He was the tallest and largest man there, and his raven locks and striking face made him a commanding figure. He talked well and frequently, and upon all questions of reconstruction, which were then the dramatic issues before Congress, he took a radical view and became something of a leader, so far as advocacy went; but when the thinking was to be done, Thad Stevens, Ben Butler, and a few more laid the foundation for all action.

The controversy between Secretary Stanton and Andrew Johnson was one of the most serious a government was ever called upon

to face, considering the time and the conditions which surrounded it. Its settlement threw to the surface many men who have long since faded from public view. James M. Ashley was one of the number. From first to last he was one of the most persistent advocates of the President's impeachment, and made himself so conspicuous that he was given the name of "Impeachment Ashley." He presented the articles of impeachment to the House, and was a foremost figure in all the turbulent scenes which resulted in their adoption.

As the scenes come back to me, I can see what a safety-valve for the overheated animosities of those days was that impeachment trial. It was the battle-field for politicians, which the statesmen of two continents have said must always follow the bloody settlement of any great question with arms.

In the impeachment of Warren Hastings, politics had much to do with his trial, although the charges were for far different offences. Nothing but an over-exercise of power was alleged against President Johnson, and charges of this kind are soon forgotten, especially when they fail. Therefore there is little in common between the two political-legal battles. The conviction of Warren Hastings would have had but little effect in the every-day life of a nation, while had Andrew Johnson been pronounced guilty there is no measuring the effect it would have had upon our people, so recently from the battle-field, and just settling back from a soldier's life into the walks of citizenship. It might have bred the most serious of political wars, where neighbor would have been arrayed against neighbor in the bitterest of strife. It is easy to see all this now, when the country has almost forgotten the phases and dangers of that era, and when nearly all who took part in it have stepped off the boards of active life, and "new names are now sounded and sung of men."

The scene in the House of Representatives when Mr. Ashley presented his impeachment resolutions was very turbulent. Half the members were on their feet at once, and there was confusion everywhere. The South had no men of importance on the floor, and Democratic members from the North were not numerous. The Republican temper ran riot and was master of the hour. Good judgment was not there, nor was it wanted. The political battle, which had lasted almost three years, since Mr. Lincoln's death, had grown fiercer as the controversies of peace grew more important. In the lower house of Congress every man was carrying one hundred and twenty pounds of steam to the square inch, and the gauge almost always indicated danger. These impeachment articles and the wild scenes which followed let off a great deal of surplus caloric; by the time the indictment against the President was ready to go to the Senate there was no danger of an explosion, and the steam gauge only registered about a fair amount of power. Yet the real facts are that the strain upon the public mind which followed the action

of the House to the Senate, and stayed there until the end was reached, was far more dangerous to the public peace than the sputtering, noisy demonstrations in the lower house.

Reflection upon the incidents of this trial brings some queer reminiscences of the men who were connected with that event. I ask myself what has become of them, and the answer is interesting. For instance, not long after Mr. Ashley had played his part in that great game of life, his constituents declined to reëlect him, and he soon dropped out of sight. He engaged in various enterprises, until nearly ten years after his articles of impeachment had failed, when he was made governor of Dakota by President Hayes. His lease of power there was not long; he drifted back into the States and engaged in railroad building. His place in public life has long since been filled by others, and he will go down to history as "Impeachment Ashley."

There were seven managers on the part of the House to prosecute. They were selected as lawyers of distinction. Fortune has played some strange caprices with them, as with others. John A. Bingham heads the list. He was in Congress many years, but was retired in 1873, and was minister to Japan till 1885. He was one of the best debaters in the House when there were many strong men there.

George S. Boutwell fared badly in the hands of President Johnson's lawyers, who roasted him unmercifully. He was secretary of the treasury 1869-73, then senator from Massachusetts, and later a lawyer in Washington.

James F. Wilson, of Iowa, became a railroad lawyer, and was a senator from 1883 to 1889.

Benjamin F. Butler is abundantly remembered. He remained in Congress till 1875, was there again 1877-79, was Democratic governor of Massachusetts 1882-83, and Greenback-Labor candidate for the Presidency in 1884.

These, like General John A. Logan, of Illinois, and Thaddeus Stevens and Thomas Williams, of Pennsylvania, have gone to their final account.

Of the attorneys who defended Andrew Johnson, William M. Evarts was up to that time known only as a lawyer. His speech was regarded as a masterpiece and gave him a national reputation, which thrust him into public life. William S. Grosbeck was once elected to Congress after defending the stubborn President, in whose behalf he made a great effort.

Henry Stanberry, of Kentucky, was the attorney-general in Johnson's cabinet when the impeachment was brought, but resigned to defend his chief. Benjamin R. Curtis, who had been a justice of the Supreme Court, also represented the President, as did Thomas A. R. Nelson, of Tennessee, who was Johnson's personal friend and a lawyer of distinction. These three took very little part in public



affairs after the impeachment trial was over. Judge Black, of Pennsylvania, was to have represented the President, but some differences between them developed, and he withdrew.

The combats between the attorneys were exceedingly spirited during the entire two months and a half that the trial lasted. The nation was thrown into a turmoil. Communities and States were not willing to let the jurymen decide for themselves, and the most earnest appeals were made to wavering senators to vote for conviction. Political insanity ruled the hour. Ben Wade would have been President had Johnson been impeached, and all the aggression of that coterie of strong men who had handled the political end of strife in Congress through the war was bent towards getting rid of the forceful and impolitic man in the White House and installing in his place the rude but able man from Ohio, who was in full sympathy with them. The country will hardly again be called on to endure so great a strain on its forms and laws as the year 1868 witnessed.

I followed the articles of impeachment from the House to the Senate, and from a seat in the gallery looked upon their presentation, the beginning of the trial, and nearly every phase of its conduct. The scene when the Senate assembled as a court of impeachment was most impressive. The galleries were packed to suffocation. Nearly every senator was in his seat. The House was present with its indictment and its lawyers to press it. The attorneys for the defence sat at a big table in the circle facing the Vice-President's desk; the managers for the House sat opposite. Every detail was conducted with great solemnity. When Chief-Justice Chase took the oath from the venerable Justice Nelson he never looked more dignified in his life, and no man ever looked more like a great jurist. The vast audience seemed to hold its breath while the initial act in this great political drama was being enacted. When it was done and Judge Chase took his seat, there was an audible sigh of relief which broke a very painful silence.

The 5th of March, 1868, set up on the road of our national history a remarkable mile-stone. Up to that time only one impeachment trial held a place on the records of the Senate. That was of a United States district judge, and was one of those insignificant events which never disturbed anybody much. But on this day the President of the United States was called to the bar. The legislative and executive branches of the government were in hostile array against each other. Mr. Stanton was secretary of war, and was in a serious dispute with the President. In fact, the controversies had grown so strong and unreasonable that there was great discord, and all the joints of the national machine were loose. Looking back at that time, it now seems wonderful that enough respect was paid to the established forms of procedure to delay action until anger had spent its force and reason regained a foothold. The closest of friends

were divided upon the purpose of the hour: men were either sullen or violent, as their temperaments directed.

The high court of impeachment, though organized on the 5th of March, did not begin its real work until the 13th. For ten weeks those gathered in Washington hung upon every incident of the trial. The House transacted little or no business, and the country at large was demoralized over this great procedure. Tickets of admission to the gallery, which were obtained only by special favor, were sold at high prices by unscrupulous people; but there was no help for it. The newspapers printed graphic accounts of the daily occurrences, and the public fire was constantly fed with most combustible fuel. The South was broken and silent while these scenes were being enacted. It had no representatives in the Senate and no real representatives in the House. The day had not yet come when it could send up its men to deliberate upon the questions of government. Naturally it sympathized with the President, while deprecating his aggressiveness and lack of tact. The North was divided upon the question, and in that fact lay the strength of the defence.

The United States Senate has been regarded as the balance-wheel of the nation; and never was the wisdom of the founders of this republic more demonstrated than in this great state trial. There was never any great danger from the start that it would convict the President, and it is a fact as well known as anything not of record that there were other senators not down on the list who were willing to vote not guilty had they been needed to secure the acquittal. But in those days it was difficult for a Republican senator to resist the public clamor for conviction which went up all over the land. They sat as a jury, taking an oath to try the case according to the law and evidence; but the popular cry was "Guilty on general principles," and the people would have no other result without a controversy with the senator who disobeyed their demand.

It seems strange at this day to recall the fact that there was even a strong movement towards the abolition of the Senate, and the cry everywhere was "Down with this aristocratic body that stands against the will of the people." Perhaps the telegram signed by the leading men of Kansas, which was sent to Senator Ross before the final vote was taken, best illustrates the temper of the moment. It read,—"Kansas has heard the evidence, and demands conviction." Hundreds of such messages were sent to senators, and delegations even were poured into the national capital to enforce on them the frenzy of the people and their demand for the unseating of the President. This attempt to influence the action of the high court met with a cool response in most cases.

Long weeks of wrangling and excitement brought the case to the final moment of decision. What a day that was in our history! Washington was crowded with strangers, and the corridors of the Capitol were jammed with people hoping in vain for a chance to

reach the gallery of the Senate. Not one in hundreds could be admitted. Long before the hour of assembling, not only the floor of the Senate Chamber, but the place allotted to spectators, was jammed with a serious mob, anxious to witness the closing scenes of the great trial. Hundreds of dollars were offered for tickets; but few were for sale, even by the most greedy, as every one was anxious to hear the jury polled. The House was present to get its answer to the charges it had preferred, and both those who were there to act and those who were there to see watched every movement and listened to every sound in the preliminaries which led up to the final act. It was not long before all the words had been said and all the deeds done in a momentous event, when the secretary began calling the roll for the verdict. The silence of death pervaded the whole chamber; hundreds of people were keeping tally to see how the record was standing. The roll was called in alphabetical order, and the single A. in the list voted "Guilty." The two B.'s then in the Senate voted "Not guilty." Then eight C.'s voted "Guilty." Then of the three D.'s two stood by the President. There was an audible stir in the vast audience, and a little easing up in the strain as they voted. From this point to the end there was silence as of the grave when "Guilty" was said, but an apparent movement when a Republican voted the other way. So the work went on to the end. When the tally was made up and the requisite two-thirds were lacking the audience breathed more easily and soon dispersed.

Looking over the names of the thirty-five men who voted the President "guilty" on the 26th of May, 1868, and of the nineteen who saved him from the passions of that hour, I am struck with the caprices which fortune and politics have played with them all. Of the former, Henry B. Anthony, of Rhode Island, remained in the Senate until he died in 1884. Simon Cameron, after nine years more of service, resigned to make a place for his son Don, and died in 1889 at the age of ninety. A. G. Cattell, of New Jersey, retired in 1871 and died in 1894. Zach Chandler, of Michigan, remained in the Senate until he went into Grant's Cabinet in 1874. He was then beaten for the Senate by one of those spasms which sometimes shakes the life out of the cleverest of politicians, but came back in 1879, and died in harness. The political life of Cornelius Cole, of California, ended in 1873. John Conness, the other senator from California, retired in 1869, and settled in Medford, Massachusetts. Henry W. Corbett, of Oregon, left the Senate in 1873.

The story of the power which Roscoe Conkling held for so many years, its loss, and his political controversies are recent history. Aaron H. Cragin, of New Hampshire, was reelected to the Senate in 1871, and later drifted into the practice of law in the departments. Charles D. Drake, of Missouri, resigned shortly after President Johnson's acquittal, and was appointed chief justice of the Court

of Claims in Washington. George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, long continued to make able and sarcastic speeches in the Senate, where his colleague, Justin S. Morrill, long kept his seat. Orris S. Ferry, of Connecticut, was reelected in 1872, but died in 1875. F. T. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, kept in the glare of the public candle in the Senate till 1869, and from 1871 to 1877, and as secretary of state in President Arthur's Cabinet almost to the day of his death. James Harlan, of Iowa, who was Lincoln's secretary of the interior in 1865, left the Senate in 1873. Jacob M. Howard, of Michigan, served till March, 1871, and died a month later. Timothy O. Howe, of Wisconsin, remained in the Senate till 1879, became postmaster-general in 1881, and died in harness in 1883. Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana, kept his seat and remained active in politics till his death in 1877. Lot M. Morrill, of Maine, stayed in the Senate till 1876, then became secretary of the treasury, and in 1877 collector at Portland; he died in 1883. Ex-Governor Edwin D. Morgan, of New York, left the Senate in 1869 and died in 1883. James W. Nye, of Nevada, one of the quaint story-tellers of the Senate, retired in 1873 and died in 1876. James W. Patterson, of New Hampshire, retired in 1873. Samuel C. Pomeroy, of Kansas, remained in the Senate till 1873. Alexander Ramsey, of Minnesota, was in the Senate till 1875, was secretary of war from 1879 to 1881, and then was one of the commissioners to govern Utah under the Edmunds act from 1882 to 1886.

John Sherman has been Cabinet minister, senator, and candidate for the Presidential nomination several times since he voted "Guilty." William Sprague, of Rhode Island, retired in 1875; the vicissitudes of his life, both social and commercial, have been many and serious, but public place knows him no more. William M. Stewart, of Nevada, dropped out of the Senate in 1875, and drifted back to the Pacific coast, but returned in 1887. Not long after Charles Sumner voted "Guilty," Grant succeeded Andrew Johnson as President. The great Massachusetts statesman quarrelled with the great soldier, lost his place as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations to Simon Cameron, entered the Liberal Republican movement, which hoisted Horace Greeley as a candidate, and died in 1874. John M. Thayer, of Nebraska, left the Senate in 1871 and became governor of his State in 1886. His colleague, Thomas W. Tipton, followed Schurz and Sumner into the Greeley movement and left the Senate in 1875. Ben Wade, of Ohio, left the Senate in 1869 and died in 1878. Waitman T. Willey, of West Virginia, ended his public career in 1871. George H. Williams, of Oregon, became General Grant's attorney-general, and later a railroad lawyer. Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, remained in the Senate until he was elected Vice-President with General Grant's second term, and died with the harness on. Richard Yates, of Illinois, is the last of the list of the thirty-five who declared Andrew

Johnson to be guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors. He left the Senate in 1871 and died in 1873.

The dread messenger with the scythe has been equally severe with the nineteen men whose votes enabled Andrew Johnson to fill out his term as President and keep in the broad glare of political combat until his death. James A. Bayard, of Delaware, was succeeded by his more eminent son in 1869 and died in 1880. Charles R. Buckalew, of Pennsylvania, left the Senate in 1869 and was returned to the House in 1887. Garrett Davis, of Kentucky, who used to make long constitutional speeches, died in 1872, while still a senator. James Dixon, of Connecticut, the first Republican to vote "Not guilty," left the Senate in 1869 and died in 1873. James R. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, long practised and taught law in Chicago. His vote in this case practically concluded his public career. He drifted into the Democratic party soon afterwards, and lived till 1897. William Pitt Fessenden, of Maine, the intellectual giant of the Senate at that time, was strong enough to do what he thought right and maintain his position, but died the next year. James W. Grimes, of Iowa, then the Republican of Republicans in the Senate, gave up his seat in 1869 and died in 1872. John B. Henderson, of Missouri, left the Senate in 1869.

The fact of these Republicans voting to sustain the President one after another caused quite a sensation, and was a damper on those who were anxious for conviction. Thomas A. Hendricks followed them with "Not guilty." He lived in the white heat of politics for nearly twenty years, became Vice-President with Mr. Cleveland, and died at his home in Indianapolis as the second official of the government. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, went as minister to England in 1868, returned to Baltimore to practise law the next year, and died in 1876. Thomas C. McCreery, of Kentucky, remained in his seat till 1871 and returned to it in 1873. Daniel S. Norton, of Minnesota, died in Washington in 1870. David T. Patterson, of Tennessee, was the President's son-in-law, and his wife was the mistress of the White House during all of her father's term. He retired in 1869. Edmund G. Ross, of Kansas, had a very turbulent time in politics after he refused to obey the demand of his State and vote for conviction. He retired from the Senate in 1871, returned to Kansas, became a Democrat, and was made governor of New Mexico in 1885. Willard Saulsbury, of Delaware, became chancellor there. Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois, drifted into the Democratic party, and died in 1896. Peter G. Van Winkle, of West Virginia, and George Vickers, of Maryland, were the last to vote "Not guilty;" both are dead.

This concludes the list. There were only nine Democrats then in the Senate: Bayard, Buckalew, Garrett Davis, Hendricks, Reverdy Johnson, Patterson, of Tennessee, McCreery, Vickers, and Saulsbury. They all came from Northern or Border States, and

illustrate how near we still were to the prejudices and passions of the war. It took eleven Republican votes to save Andrew Johnson, and many of them came from the ablest men in the party. Read the list: Fessenden, Grimes, Doolittle, Dixon, Fowler, Henderson, Norton, Patterson, of New Hampshire, Ross, Trumbull, and Van Winkle.

Their action was very severely criticised by party organs, and it was not until a few years later, when passion had cooled, that a sober discussion of their action could be tolerated in party circles. Andrew Johnson continued to be a thorn in the Republican side, and his State finally returned him to the Senate to face some of his accusers on the floor of the body that once tried him. His remarkable career ended at his home in Tennessee while he was still in the Senate.

*Frank A. Burr.*

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### A QUESTION OF PRECEDENCE.

IT was jest as I'm tellin' you, cunnel," the station-agent said, and swung one lank leg over the edge of the table, whereon a telegraph instrument clicked intermittently. "Cunnel Crawford was standin' jest where you be, and the men was squandered through the station jest like you all, when in comes that other off'cer——"

"What other?" demanded the tallest of the group of officers who stood listening to the agent's leisurely drawl.

"The one from up the line. He went up to the cunnel and he says, 'Cunnel, there's hell to pay up the road.' 'And who air you?' says the cunnel, lookin' him over from head to foot, 'case he were splashed to the eyes, like he'd been comin' through the mud hell-fer-leather. 'Who air you?' says the cunnel, and the other says, 'I'm Major Randolph, of Cunnel Whitby's command.' 'The devil you air,' the cunnel says. 'And what air you doin' here? I thought you was with Whitby, in Merriton?"

"So I was," the major says, and told how he come to be here. He says a thousand free miners come down on Merriton and skeered the warden so that he took the convicts out'n the mines and agreed to take 'em back where they come from. Then the miners jumped the soldiers, unexpected like, took their guns, and told 'em to light out. The major and some more come here to the junction on the chance of fallin' in with some of you all."

"What on earth did they mean, letting themselves be surprised that way?" asked another of the officers.

"I don't know how it come. The cunnel and the major had some words on that very point, but all I heard was the cunnel sayin', 'Your language air unsubstord'nate, sir.' Then they went into the waitin'-room, and I didn't hear no more till the cunnel asked me the shortest way to Sanderson. The miners that was at Merriton



was comin' down on Sanderson, the major said, and Cunnel Crawford figured on gettin' there before the miners, so's to help out the soldiers that air at Sanderson already. I got a man to go with 'em, and they started about an hour ago by the long way, 'case that road air best. Before he went Cunnel Crawford says, 'If Cunnel Parkinson and his men come here, tell 'em to follow me, and I'll wait at the aidge of Sanderson till they come up.'"

The colonel turned and led the way, the others following him, into the long, bare waiting-room, where two struggling oil-lamps cast a smoky light over blue uniforms and shone in shifting glints on points of metal. A steam arose from dripping blouses and slouched campaign hats, where the silent infantrymen crowded around a tall stove which stood in the centre of the floor. The waiting men cast inquiring glances at the officers as they appeared through the door, and those nearest the group edged closer in an effort to catch what their superiors were saying.

"Orders for me to follow him," the colonel said. "His orders were to join me here, and 'join' means to wait till I got here if he waited all night. Follow him! I've got two years seniority. What business of his was it to make plans and tell me to follow them? I didn't come up here and march three miles through the mud to get to this hole just to be ordered about by my junior."

"But, colonel," said another of the group respectfully, "since Colonel Crawford has gone on, there's only one thing for us to do, isn't there?"

"Yes, I suppose there is. We'll have to go ahead. But I'll not follow Crawford, at any rate. I'll take a feather out of his cap this time. We'll take the shortest road, if it is bad travelling, and we'll get into Sanderson before Crawford is within hailing distance, miners or no miners."

The other officers looked at each other. One nodded significantly at the small force of waiting men and shrugged his shoulders. Then he turned to the colonel and spoke doubtfully. "But, colonel——"

"There's no 'but' about it, captain. I'm going to Sanderson; and I'm going to get there first. Colonel Crawford will report to me. Follow him! I'll make him follow me. Where's the agent? Oh, agent! Terry! Come here a minute, please."

Terry, the agent, was standing in the doorway leading to his office. There was a curious expression in his eyes as he heard the colonel's words, and a suppressed smile about his mouth as he stepped forward in response to the call.

"Is there any chance of a train getting through here to-night?" the colonel asked.

"Nary train, cunnel. The bridges air reported loaded with dynamite, and lots of the frogs has been spiked, so's no train can get through. Leastways, the comp'ny don't think it's worth while to

run the risk of wreckin' a train jest to see if one can go over the line."

"Isn't the railway the shortest road into Sanderson? What's the matter with our going that way?"

"Can't be did, cunnel. There's a big crowd of miners layin' up along the road to get anything or anybody that tries to go over the line, and they'd get you all sure's shootin'. Better try the other way."

"What other way?—the way Colonel Crawford went?"

"No, sir. The short way, the old wood-road along the ridge. That air the shortest if it air bad; and you won't need no one to show you the way."

"You said Crawford had a guide, didn't you?"

"Chick Chambers went with him, but they all stand a mighty good chance of gettin' lost, anyway. Chick don't know the roads any too well, and it's sech an all-fired dark night that most anybody'd get lost."

"Then we'll have to have a guide, too. What's to prevent our getting lost?"

"Oh, there haint no chance of that. There haint no side roads to the short way, and all you got to do air to go straight ahead till you strike Sanderson. The long road comes into town jest about the same place, so's you can meet up with Cunnel Crawford."

Another question or two as to the exact road, and the colonel spoke to one of the officers. A sharp command aroused the lounging men: knapsacks were reslung, leggins laced tighter, collars turned up, and hats pulled down. Along the dripping platform they fell in quickly. The rain drove in slanting lines through the night, and the water dripped with a monotonous splash-splash from the wide eaves of the little station. The red gleam of a target-lamp shone in the mist and was reflected faintly from the steel of the tracks: all else was lost in the gray of the driving rain, save where a muddy wagon-road crossed the railway, a dim, yellow line in the dulled light which filtered through a streaming window.

With rifles sheltered as best they could beneath their arms, the ranks wheeled into column, and at the swinging route step, the first tramp-tramp resonant on the hollow platform, plodded doggedly away into the night and the rain.

The agent stood in the doorway, watching them as they marched on through the mud, until the last files had disappeared beyond the red halo of the target. Then, turning, he went into the waiting-room and closed the outer door behind him. Going to the telegraph table in the inner office he began calling. Presently an answering click-click came over the wire, and he began a message, slowly spelling each word aloud as he worked the key.

"Tell-right-parties-parkinson-and-seventy-five-men-just-left-here-for-sanderson-old-wood-road-along-ridge."

"That'll do it," he chuckled, as the message was repeated from the receiving station; "that'll do it; and Chick air tol'able sure to get lost, too; he cert'nly air."

Out in the rain and the night, on the rugged ridge that stretched away in the gloom, reaching far northward, along a winding wood-road which straggled, twisted, stopped, and then went on again upon the mountain side, the little column of infantry blundered blindly, splashing through unseen pools of mud and water, stumbling heavily over writhing tree-roots and ragged stones, the files disordered, each man for himself, with muttered oaths and imprecations.

Up, up, and up the road went, and they grew weary of climbing. Then it stretched away through the inky darkness of the forest, sloping sharply down the hill-side or again clambering steeply towards the top. On either hand the woods grew, dense and black, with straggling, wind-wracked pines and ragged oaks, patches of broad-leaved sumach and spiny laurel in little clearings, and matted vines which swung from overhead or trailed in tangling net-work across the track. Among the trees the rain dripped from leaf to leaf with a furtive iteration as of stealthy footfalls. Wet, dead leaves slipped beneath their feet, or whirled against their faces, deathly chill. Cold blasts swept out from pitch-black mouths of rocky hill-guts, bearing the long hiss of driven rain.

On and on and on they went. In front the colonel marched, aloof from the other officers, who plodded on together; on the flanks the lieutenants and the file-closers fought with unyielding boughs which stretched across the way; in the ranks the men trudged heavily, in sullen discomfort. Their boots were sodden on their feet, the water dripped from their hat-brims and trickled down beneath their ineffective collars, their feet were heavy in the miry ruts. At first they had muttered comments on the chance of fight, or asked each other in wondering doubt why they did not follow and join the stronger force, but as they drew deeper and deeper into the wood they ceased to talk; the chill and the rain and the unknown way through the night held their tongues. A vague uneasiness crept from file to file; the sudden flurry of a night-bird's wing startled them; the strange night-noises of the forest made them glance from side to side with hurried, shifting eyes. The men, most of them, did not know what their destination was, and most of them did not care.

The wind grew sharper; the rain thinned to driving, stinging mist; shadows fled brokenly across the gray sky; through a long wind-rift in the trees the eastern sky slowly lightened into the first faint gray of a rainy dawn. The road turned down the mountain and grew wider; the dense forest gave place to scattered trees and scraggy undergrowths, sumach and sassafras, brambles and matted vines and rain-beaten weeds. Far down in the valley lights shone through the mist, seen fitfully through chance openings in the trees.

The first set of fours, its corporal leading, moved out across the front in a thready line of skirmishers.

"That's our place: that's Sanderson," said the corporal, pointing with dripping hand to the far-seen lights.

"That's so?" answered his next-file man, with blue and shivering lips. "Wish we were there."

"Be there soon," the corporal replied hopefully. "That is, if we ain't stopped," he added with a grin.

"I wish we had more men," the other said; and they stumbled on through the dripping weeds.

A shoulder of the mountain jutted out into the valley, overtopping the ragged lower slope; a tongue of barren pasture-land climbed up over its edge and ran back to meet the forest, with shaggy growths of scrubby trees on either side. Into this strip the wood-road led, losing itself among straggling clumps of grass and knotted brambles. At sight of the open the men straightened themselves and held their heads erect; the officers began to pull their drenched blouses into shape; there was a suggestion of swing in the movements of the weary troops, and something of confidence in themselves came into their haggard faces. The skirmishers advanced with a certain jaunty caution and an air of conscious daring.

The valley grew and widened to their gaze; far below a winding line of denser mist marked where a river flowed; uncertain shapes loomed through the paling scud and took on sharper outlines. The ruddy lights still twinkled in the gray. The little corporal of the skirmishers turned and waved his hand cheerily towards the welcoming beams, his white chevrons gleaming in the uncertain light.

A single shot flashed from a thicket on the right, and the corporal pitched headlong to the ground.

The echoes fled along the ridge, and through them came the desolate drip-drip of the water on the leaves. The skirmishers stopped, irresolute, with apprehensive glances at the thickets, and a shuddering consciousness of what lay there in the grass before them. A sudden murmur came from where the column halted in the rear. One of the skirmishers jerked his rifle to his shoulder and fired blindly into the thicket.

A ragged rattle of firing answered his rifle from right and left, an irregular flashing here and there, and crashings dulled against the mist. Above the low thickets the smoke-wrack lifted slowly and ravelled out upon the wind.

The skirmishers fell back, firing as they went; one of them stood still, looking curiously at his left hand, over which the slow blood dripped. He opened his lips, as though to speak, and then saw that there was no one by him; he turned and ran after the retreating squad, and a mocking laugh came from out the undergrowth behind him.

The skirmishers dodged behind the scattered trees. A sharp

command came from the colonel, and the men wheeled to right and left with hurried promptness; the column changed to a square, of which one side, the side facing the forest, was missing; in the centre stood the officers and the wounded skirmisher. Around the square ran the snap of closing breech-blocks and the click of rising hammers.

The gray mist rolled and swayed in the valley, the tall weeds bent in the chill wind, and the stirred leaves rustled with heavy drops like the muffled beat of distant drums; the thickets and the forest ranged an impenetrable wall of silence around the waiting square. The long moment of inaction was filled with crowding apprehensions; fingers twitched and straining faces turned towards the colonel in dumb expectancy.

"Fire!"

The dripping air shivered to the blind volley, and the encompassing smoke-cloud writhed upon the wind. Wild and high the bullets flew: aim there was none, and the enemy was unseen.

A voice called mockingly, and the thickets flashed into a tattered fringe of firing. In the front of the square a man sank slowly to the ground, clutching at his comrades with vainly seeking hands. The irregular crash of a second volley from the troops rolled back in shattering echoes from the mist-wreathed ridge.

Hoarse shoutings and the rush of feet answered the fire, and from right and left and front came armed men, running heavily, rifles and revolvers, hammers and pickaxes, swung and brandished above their heads.

The shaken troops were crowded like startled sheep. One wild, bewildering instant of the swirling savagery of hand-to-hand fight, and then a panting, jostling, panic-stricken huddle of men rushed for the shelter of the wood. Here and there the fight flared on; an officer and a dozen men fell back doggedly, firing as they retired; a little squad, covering four who bore two wounded men, emptied their pieces with bitter vengeance.

Within the border of the wood along the muddy road the troops rallied, save for a handful who fled in blind terror beneath the dripping trees. No more firing came from the front: the barren slope lay empty. The officers gathered for a hasty consultation: to go on, or try to go on, was folly, they were outnumbered ten to one; to make a detour was hopelessly impossible. Back over the road they had come was their only way, and back over the road they made their disheartened march, followed by derisive shouts from their triumphant foes.

The mist changed to rain, falling sullenly from a leaden sky, and sullenly, with dragging steps and furtive glances from side to side, marched the column. In the rear two wounded men were borne on rough rifle-litters, and in the ranks were men who wore rude bandages, with dull red, creeping stains.

A new road, unseen when they had passed it in the night, led

down into the valley; through the opening in the trees a little town showed. Almost without orders the troops turned into the new way, rain forgotten, mire unheeded in the bitterer thoughts which filled their minds.

Suddenly from the right there came a hail, and with sullen eyes they saw company after company wheel into the splashing road, with grim-mouthed guns straining in the rear. The officer who marched at the head of the new column swung his sword up in salute to the mud-stained, haggard-faced man who descended the hill to meet him.

"This is Colonel Parkinson?" he asked. "I am Colonel Crawford. We missed the way and had to wait for daylight, but I have now the honor to report to you." Silently the other answered his salute. The question of precedence was settled, but out on the mountain-side, a red stain across his white chevron, the little corporal lay face downward in the sodden grass.

*Henry Holcomb Bennett.*

### VALUES.

THE sea, that is neither thine nor mine,  
 Plotted, nor chartered, nor blocked by line,  
 The sea, that we cannot smooth, nor hold,  
 Nor furrow, nor plant, nor buy with gold,  
 With values growing for bits of earth,  
 What are the great waste-waters worth?

From icebound shores to fringe of palms,  
 From wild north winds to tropic calms,  
 From the great Rest Land to the Land again,  
 Patient under the yoke of men,  
 From the still, calm earth, or east or west,  
 Who bids for its sister, the Great Unrest?

Ye may bend the earth, ye may mould it down  
 To trodden street or to man-built town:  
 The earth will patiently bear its pain,  
 But I—I wear nor fetters, nor chain.  
 I turn in my tides when the world swings round,  
 And I rock the bones of the men I have drowned.  
 Ho, ho! ho, ho! Would ye bid for me?  
 Go bid for the sun if ye would for the sea.

*Marion Manville Pope.*



*HOW AN EARTHQUAKE LOOKS AND FEELS.*

**S**HORTLY before midnight on the 30th of March, 1898, a citizen of the town of Sonoma, about forty miles north of San Francisco, stepped out of a public house on the village plaza and paused a moment on the threshold to enjoy a perfect moonlight night before wending his way home. Not a breath of air stirred the foliage of the tall Lombardy poplars that flanked the lofty spire of the Methodist church directly across the street, and nature seemed buried in profound slumber.

As he stood there, looking about, the spire of the church began to dance and rock in a most extraordinary way right before his amazed and terrified eyes, and the Lombardy poplars lashed the air as if swept by a cyclone. At the same time the citizen found himself dancing an involuntary jig on the sidewalk, while everything else in the village was apparently dancing, too, in the craziest way. Vague crashings of crockery and the shivering of glass windows startled his ears, and from the bowels of the earth issued a deep rumbling, like subterranean thunder. He turned pale as he realized that he was in the midst of the liveliest kind of a California earthquake.

At the same time, five miles south, a young lady, lying in bed gazing pensively out of her open window, saw a row of lofty gum-trees nod their elevated heads at each other, then exchange profound obeisances with the politeness of knights and dames in a stately minuet. Her scream was heard half a mile away.

At the same time, too, a farmer two miles to the southwest, being awakened by some mysterious agitation, opened his eyes, and to his consternation found himself looking from his bed out into the open moonlit country. The whole side of his house had fallen out.

At the same time, again, I myself, shaken like jelly, awoke to find my wife sitting up in bed, and the room full of children and domestics, huddled together like sheep, white as chalk, and wringing their hands in terror. They had rushed to the chamber of the head of the family—as if he could do anything.

That was a great shake—the temblor of the 30th of March, 1898. As I lay in bed my newspaper instinct led me to note the duration of the shock by the night clock on the bureau. It was just three minutes. It seemed thirty. The shock itself did not continue so long, but three minutes elapsed ere the oscillations caused by the shock ceased. When it is considered that the average earthquake lasts only about ten seconds, the severity of this shock may be realized. During these three minutes the house shook and rattled as if the roof might come crashing down upon us at any moment.

In the morning, when we made a tour of inspection through the dwelling, we found that everything on brackets and shelves on the east and west walls had been thrown to the floor, while most of the articles on the north and south walls were undisturbed. Vases and *bric-à-brac* by which my wife set great store were smashed. The earthquake had kindly cleaned out the parlor chimney for us, though it had unkindly shaken down a pile of soot on a fawn-colored rug before the fireplace and sent broken bricks down out of the flue clear across the floor and under the piano at the other end of the room. As for the mural ornaments of that unhappy parlor, they were a wreck on the floor.

On the morning train to San Francisco I saw abundant evidences of the dread visitation on every side. The roofs of farm-houses were littered with broken bricks from shattered chimneys, windmills and their tanks were down on the ground, and windows without number were shattered. The houses themselves, however, with one or two exceptions, were standing, though some were badly wrenched. The train proceeded slowly, for the track was none too sound, and culverts were crossed with caution. Bridges were approached at a snail's pace, and ventured upon very gingerly. We had a gang of section-men on board in case of necessity, and they were needed, for upon arriving at Sonoma Creek, a salt-water stream eight miles south of the town, the drawbridge, which had been left open all night, was found deranged, and it took the men some time to close it. A few miles farther on we were brought to a final stop at Petaluma Creek, a broad estuary of San Pablo Bay, where the temblor had cut a pretty caper. A heavy steel drawbridge weighing one hundred and eighty tons had been lifted bodily one foot up and three feet aside and dropped down upon the concrete piers, a wreck, with the wheels on which it turned bent out of shape and useless. It took a force of bridge-men ten days to repair that bridge and reëstablish railway traffic. Here was the centre of the seismic disturbance. Had that centre been in San Francisco, only twenty miles farther south, one of the most appalling catastrophes of history would have been recorded; for an earthquake that tosses a one-hundred-and-eighty-ton drawbridge about like a feather would have shaken down a good deal of the city and played havoc with its lofty buildings. But the shock was comparatively light in San Francisco, though sufficiently heavy to give its denizens a good fright and smash considerable crockery.

This particular earthquake, while not the severest on record, was sufficiently violent to attract wide notice by the press of San Francisco and adjacent towns. Its area was remarkably limited. The centre of disturbance extended from the east to the west along the north shore of San Pablo Bay, which is a continuation of the Bay of San Francisco, and was only about fifteen miles long by three or four wide. It was in this slender zone that the damage was done,

though the wings of the shock extended a radius of fifty miles round about. The greatest damage was at the United States Navy Yard at Mare Island, on the east shore of San Pablo Bay. Here a number of buildings were either shaken down or badly cracked, and the loss to government property at the time was estimated at from five hundred thousand to two million dollars: the inside estimate is probably nearer the mark. The cruiser *Charleston* was on the dry-dock at the time, and it was supposed that she had escaped without injury; but when the Spanish war broke out and she was ordered to Manila to reinforce Dewey and incidentally to capture the Ladrone Islands on the way, it was found that she had been slightly damaged, and the expedition was delayed several days in consequence.

Directly in the seismic zone was the Tubbs ranch, on what is known as Tubbs's Island. This is a reclaimed salt marsh, and the land is accordingly soft and none too solid: the passage of a railroad train makes it tremble. At the time of the shock, the foreman of the ranch, J. H. Garrett, was asleep with his wife in the second story of his house. His awakening was rude. First the head-board of the bed fell in upon him; then the foot-board followed suit; the middle suddenly developed a pair of hinges, and the article shut up on the astonished couple like a folding-bed. To cap the climax, the bureau stalked away from the wall and fell upon the heap. Garrett and his wife crawled out of the wreck, rushed down-stairs, and tried to escape by the front door, but it was wedged tight and could not be forced open. They finally made their exit through a gaping hole in the side of the house, and when they emerged into the moonlight a startling spectacle met their eyes. Every windmill was down; a small spraying tank, which had been left before the door, had been moved fifty feet away, as if drawn by a rope. The waters of Sonoma Creek had been dashed over the banks one hundred feet on either side, and a tank full of water had been emptied of its contents without apparently having been moved an inch. The ground on this ranch, and indeed throughout the whole zone of the shock, trembled more or less for several weeks afterwards, and there were occasional shocks for two months, though they were light.

All sorts of pranks were played with wells and springs by this temblor. The artesian wells round about Sonoma were set flowing copiously, and the increased flow continues to this day. Some surface wells were dried up. A previous earthquake, five years ago, moved a spring from my neighbor's ranch across the line upon my own, and here it stayed until this last temblor picked it up, so to say, and carried it half-way up an adjacent hill, where it very soon dried up, despite my strenuous efforts to keep it alive.

A curious feature of all earthquakes is the sinister aspect of the landscape after the shock. A cyclone tears through the country, leaving a trail of wreckage behind it. Here a house is unroofed, and there a tree is uprooted; fences are down, and the scene is one

of disorder. But the tornado has freshened the atmosphere; the sun shines brightly, a zephyr is perchance wafted across the cheek, and the spectacle contains nothing terrifying beyond the remembrance of the whirlwind itself. But the visitation of an earthquake produces quite a different sensation. The landscape is twisted out of shape and looks drunk. The roofs of buildings are littered with bricks and mortar from dismantled chimneys, and the buildings themselves are awry. This house has been wrenched about so that it looks as if some monstrous giant of a fairy-tale had given it a vicious twist; the corner of yonder farm-house has been jammed down so that the hitherto smiling home has the aspect of a vulgar bully with his hat down over his eye. Nature has a peculiar, surly air, like that of a spider lurking in his web in a dark cellar, and seems to be meditating more mischief in the same direction. This appearance is heightened by the heaviness of the atmosphere, which hangs down over the earth like a pall and depresses the spirits. An occasional trembling of the ground sends the heart up into the throat in apprehension of another shock, for the earthquake, unlike the cyclone, gives no warning of its approach. The barometer does not herald it, and the Weather Bureau knows nothing whatever about it until it is all over. This is why earthquakes are so feared. They come like a thief in the night, when least expected.

Animals, however, scent the danger a few moments in advance. Some mysterious sense apprises them of the approaching shock, and birds and beasts alike are terrified. Horses snort, throw up their heads, and glare about in affright; cattle put their snouts to the ground and moan; sheep huddle together and bleat; birds flock to the trees and set up a prodigious twittering. A lady told me that half an hour before the shock in question (or shortly after eleven o'clock at night) she was astonished at hearing the sparrows, linnets, and other birds in the grove surrounding her house break out into general commotion. This, in the middle of the night, was unaccountable until the subsequent shock, after which the alarmed birds quieted down and presumably went to sleep again. It is a pity that man has not some such premonitory sense, but he is helpless.

The sensation of an earthquake at sea is startling. The ship is shocked from stem to stern, and the first impression is that she has struck a rock. On a railway train in motion, the sensation is that the wheels have run over a fair-sized stone, for it is a severe jolt. In the lofty modern office building the affrighted tenant fancies the edifice is swaying back to and fro over the periphery of about half a block, when in reality the oscillation is confined to a few inches, except in severe cases. The effect produced on the human system is never twice the same. The man who smiles at the shock to-day becomes terrified on some other occasion. He never knows beforehand how he is going to take it. Women are always more alarmed than men, and many of them have a feeling of sea-sickness. I never

yet saw a female otherwise than frightened out of her wits during an earthquake, whereas in a disaster at sea some of them are not infrequently cooler than the sterner sex. But there is something about an earthquake especially demoralizing to women.

I was once crossing San Francisco Bay on a ferry-boat when my attention was attracted to a curious cloud which suddenly appeared overhead. It was round and solitary, and resembled a puff of smoke from a cannon just before it finally dissolves into space. While I sat wondering at it, for otherwise the sky was clear, a succession of smooth waves rolled out from shore and passed the boat. Here was another phenomenon. Waves normally roll into and not out from the land. When I got ashore two minutes later I found everybody agog over a temblor that had just shocked the town. I involuntarily looked for the cloud, but it had vanished. That cloud was caused by the earthquake, for never before nor since have I seen one like it. But I have never found anybody to explain to me how the earthquake could have produced it.

An aged friend of mine had a farm a few miles from San Francisco, in Alameda County. It was heavily mortgaged, and being a devout man he used to lie awake nights, fretting and worrying and praying to the Master, as he said, to show him how to get rid of the mortgage, which was eating him up financially and slowly killing him physically. One night an earthquake came along, and when he went out-of-doors in the morning he found his best field turned into a species of bog and unfit for further cultivation for hay or grain. This was the last straw: he seemed to be under the especial displeasure of Providence, and almost gave up the struggle then and there. But somebody told him that the field was now wet enough to raise fine berries, so as a desperate resort he borrowed a few dollars and planted it to blackberries, gooseberries, currants, and rhubarb, and started in as a truck farmer. In a few years (so he told me) he sold over twenty thousand dollars' worth of gooseberries alone off that spoiled field, while to this day his rhubarb is famous in the San Francisco market. In less than ten years he was a rich man and a well-known landowner. Needless to say that he became (or remained) a firm believer in the power of prayer.

But it must not be inferred that the California earthquakes are dangerous. On the contrary, there is seldom any loss of life in these shocks. Thirty years ago several men were killed in San Francisco by falling bricks, etc., but since then there have been no fatalities. There are hundreds killed in other parts of the United States by cyclones where one Californian loses his life by an earthquake. In fact, I believe the total number since the discovery of gold in 1847 is less than five.

*Frederick H. Dewey.*

## THE END OF THE CHAPTER.

"AND you are going to be married next week?"  
"Yes. For the last half-year we have both known it would be, but it does seem startling, doesn't it?"

"I hope you will be very happy with Helen," she said. "I know you will."

"Helen is a dear girl. We men never half deserve the women we get."

"Wise youth," she said, smiling. "Have you learned that so soon? You give promise of growing into a fairly good husband just before you die."

"Don't be cynical, Margaret: there are times when it sets well on you, but it doesn't to-day, when——"

"I don't want to be cynical, Philip, but the idea possesses me. Widows weep so sorely for their husbands because—because it is only in *articulo mortis* that men show what possibilities of decency there are in them."

"And yet, have I not been pretty decent in this—in this—well—friendship of ours?"

"What a man it is to talk of himself!" she retorted, smilingly.

"But I want to talk of myself, and I want to talk of you, and our past, and of——"

"Our future," she said, significantly.

"Don't," he cried; and he put his hand up as if to ward off a blow.

"It should be very happy for us both," she said. "We are going to marry the ones our hearts have chosen."

"Margaret!" He possessed himself of her hand.

"Don't, Philip, don't; remember next week, and remember that we promised each other the chapter should close to-day." She disengaged her hand from his, and clasped it within the other behind her head. Her arms, so, were between her face and the man at her side.

He sat silent for a while, looking at her, taking in all the magnificent curves of her strong, lithe figure, the exquisite moulding of her arms and hands, the graceful sweep of her limbs in the soft gown she wore. Then he turned his eyes for a moment to the window. It was gray and gloomy outside, with a promise of rain in the air. He shivered, and turned again to her. She had not changed her position. He took hold of her hand again, and drew down her arm. She turned her eyes upon him. They were shining with unshed tears.

"Philip," she said, "have you not promised that the chapter should end to-day?"



He stood up, and looked down into her face, but he did not relinquish her hand.

"Then you do care?" he said.

"I am a conservative," she replied, trying to smile, "and of course I do not like change. Come, let us talk of something else."

"I want to talk of this."

"You are a very obstinate man."

"You are a very strong woman."

"I am as weak as the rest."

"Would that you were weak enough to——"

"Philip, be careful what you say."

"Oh, Margaret, you know what is in my heart."

"Perhaps; but put into words it becomes irrevocable."

"I don't care. I must say it."

"You must not say it. You must not say anything that would make you blush when you look into Helen's eyes. You must not say anything that with calm thought would make you think less of yourself. Don't let me be more loyal to Helen than her betrothed. Don't let me be more loyal to you than you are to yourself."

"Has it all meant nothing to you, then?"

"It has meant much. Our friendship has been very pleasant,—the pleasantest I have ever known. I wish it might have gone on this way,—but——"

"I was too weak to stand the test."

"Listen. When we began to be friends, a few months ago, each of us knew that the other was betrothed. But what of that? We had tastes in common, and found pleasure in each other's society. No harm could come of that. We freely talked to each other of our loved ones. That made us feel secure. Our friendship grew. Helen being away, and Ben frequently absent, we were much together. We furnished entertainment for each other. And the wise old world was shaking its head before we even realized that there was any danger in our association. Well, it has been a pleasant chapter, and we have enjoyed reading it. If there are a few sighs at the end, shall we blame the author?"

"Why need it end?" he asked.

"Now it is ended," she replied.

"Can we not turn back a page?"

"No; in this book we must read right on to finis." She rose. "Good-by," she said.

"Must it be good-by?"

She thought a moment. "Well, no; not necessarily. If you will remember that this chapter is ended, then it is only *auf wiedersehen*."

"But shall we not begin another?"

"Yes, when Helen is here to read it with us."

He bowed and went.

"Poor Philip," she said, as she watched him go down the steps; and with a rush of tears, she cried, "and poor me."

She wept silently, but long, as if her heart was overcharged; then, drying her eyes, she said, "And now I must write to Ben."

*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

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### AN IGNOBLE NOBLEMAN.

THE ranks of the nobility are very far from being occupied solely by the noble. There is, in fact, nothing of base and vile, nothing of weak and frivolous, nothing of heartless and profligate, that cannot be affirmed of some members of a class whose title should be significant only of courtesy, honor, and integrity; and should we seek to put upon record the names and deeds of all the worthless members of this class, the story would far overflow the space at our disposal. But among those who have specially distinguished themselves by profligacy are some whose lives may serve as fitting samples for the whole, and whose stories are sufficiently eventful to be of general interest. Eminent among these was one who played his part upon a stage on which profligacy was the surest road to distinction, the court of Charles II.

The Dukedom of Buckingham was created by James I. for a son of Sir George Villiers, a man whose handsome face, agreeable manners, and courtly accomplishments brought him the highest favor of the king. The son of a simple knight, he was rapidly made baron, viscount, earl, marquis, and finally duke, the highest title in the English peerage, and given the important office of lord-admiral of England.

He ingratiated himself thoroughly with the king and with his son, Prince Charles, whose companion he was in a certain famous journey to Spain, the prince—by no means after the manner of princes—desiring to make love in person to his intended bride, the Spanish infanta. After the accession of Charles I. the influence of Buckingham at court continued undiminished. The chief favorite of the king, he was made prime minister of England, and did all that insolence, incapacity, and lack of principle could do to disgust the people and rouse the hostility of the House of Commons. His principal feat of folly involved the country in a war with France, while he conducted himself in a way to make England ridiculous and France triumphant. Charles, however, with his usual stolid stupidity, clung to his favorite against the appeals of Parliament and the indignation of the people, showing in this that despotic spirit which in the end brought England into rebellion and himself to the scaffold. The complicated knot of politics which Parliament and

people alike were vainly seeking to untie was at length cut by the knife of an assassin, who stabbed Buckingham to the heart at Portsmouth, where he was engaged in preparing a second expedition to Rochelle. He was but thirty-six, and for four years had been virtually the ruler of England.

One traditional episode of his life is more the property of romancers than of biographers. There is no doubt that while visiting France he had the insolence to make love to the queen, but how far she yielded to the charms of his seductive tongue and handsome face must remain unknown. This event has been skilfully utilized by Dumas in the "Three Guardsmen," which turns principally upon a plot of Richelieu's to destroy the queen's reputation, and its checkmate by D'Artagnan, Dumas's most famous hero.

About a year before the duke's assassination, on the 30th of January, 1627, was born the hero of our sketch, the second Duke of Buckingham. There was a second son, Francis, born after his father's death, a handsome, promising, fine-spirited youth, who met a sad fate. In one of the conflicts with the Puritans the young soldier was cut off from his friends, planted himself against an oak-tree in the road, refused to ask for quarter, and defended himself bravely against a group of assailants. Had he been any other than a Villiers, his life might have been spared, but the Puritans were exasperated against all of that name, and pressed on him with murderous rancor until he fell, says Fairfax, "with nine wounds on his beautiful face and body." "The oak-tree is his monument," wrote his servant. The letters F. V. were cut in it as a fitting inscription to the memory of a brave young soldier.

His brother was with him in this conflict, and fled with the defeated army, coming within close range of death in a more ignoble fashion. As Fairfax writes: "They being put to the flight, the duke's helmet, by a brush under a tree, was turned upon his back, and tied so fast with a string under his throat that without the present help of T. R. [Tobias Rustat] it had undoubtedly choked him, as I have credibly heard."

But to go back. After the murder of her husband the Duchess of Buckingham married again and became a rigid Catholic, in consequence of which Charles I. removed her children from her care, and had them educated with his own sons. The young peer inherited the beauty, grace, and fascinating manners of his father, and was by no means wanting in ability and physical courage; but in addition to this he was reckless in disposition and weak in morals, and early displayed the qualities that were destined to make his whole life ignoble.

He studied at Cambridge and afterwards travelled in France, but was soon recalled to England by the troubles that had broken out between the king and his Parliament. Among the pleasure-loving Cavaliers there were none more gay and prepossessing than

young Buckingham. Even the liberal Bishop Burnet praises him: "He was a man of a noble presence; had a great liveliness of wit and a peculiar faculty of turning everything into ridicule with bold figures and natural descriptions." These qualities were to prove of the greatest advantage to him in a coming memorable episode of his life.

While still a boy, he, with his younger brother, fought on the king's side at Lichfield. The Parliament in consequence confiscated their estates, but these were subsequently returned on the plea that the youths were under age. They were sent to travel in France and Italy, but returned on hearing that the king was a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, and joined the army of the Earl of Holland, which was defeated near Nonsuch, in Surrey.

Here, as above related, Francis Villiers was slain. His brother took refuge in a house at St. Neot's, which was soon surrounded by hostile soldiers. In this dilemma he displayed the spirit of a warrior. He rushed out on his foes, killed the officer in command, broke through their line, and galloped off unharmed to join the prince in the Downs. The career of Charles I. was at an end. But his son, Charles II., made one gallant dash for the throne. At the head of an army of Cavaliers and Highlandmen he met Cromwell's army at Worcester, fought valiantly, had two horses shot under him, and refused to leave the field until he was forced away in the rear of his flying army.

The Duke of Buckingham and others accompanied him in his flight. Pursuit was keen upon their track and peril imminent. Something had to be done, and done quickly, or the young monarch would be in the hands of those who had executed his father. At an old conventual house, named Whiteladies, the king threw off his clothes and was disguised in a woodman's dress. His hair was cut, his dark face still further darkened with soot, and with a bill-hook in his hands for disguise and defence he was led into a neighboring wood only half an hour before a troop of Roundhead horse dashed up and surrounded the house. The king's followers, who had ridden onward, were overtaken near Newport, but Buckingham with some others escaped. He was hunted sharply, cut off from joining General Leslie, who was still in the field with a troop of Scottish horse, and finally, disguised as a laborer and with a carpenter as guide, made his way to the vicinity of his confiscated estates and took refuge in the house of his aunt, Lady Villiers.

And now the adventurous young duke entered upon a remarkable episode in his history. With his facility in disguise and his powers as a mimic he might easily have escaped to the Continent and joined the fugitive king; but he chose a more perilous and difficult rôle, in consonance with his reckless spirit of adventure. He made his way to London, where he had no hesitation in facing the myrmidons of the law in the most open places. Considering the temper of

the Roundheads, nothing more daring could readily have been conceived, but Buckingham showed himself quite equal to the situation. Disguised as a mountebank, with a "jack pudding" coat and a little hat ornamented with a fox's tail and some cock's feathers, his face now whitened with flour, now covered with a wizard's mask, and a black patch over one eye, he erected a stage at Charing Cross, and in the very face of his stern enemies carried on his assumed profession.

While the other Cavaliers were wandering in exile, Villiers bearded the lion in his den. He hesitated not to enter into colloquy with the Puritans, and with his lively wit was able to bring a sinful smile to the most sanctimonious countenance. He composed satirical ballads, and occasionally sang them in public. To support his new character he sold mithridate and galbanum plasters, while crowds of spectators and customers came daily to his booth, where his facile fancy and mimic power made merriment for the multitude.

One of his performances was surpassingly reckless. His elder sister, Lady Mary Villiers, wife of the Duke of Richmond, a partisan of Charles I., was held under strict surveillance at Whitehall. He determined to see her for reasons of importance, and accomplished his purpose in an extravagantly adventurous manner. Learning that on a certain day she would pass into Whitehall, he set up his stage on the street which she must traverse. As her carriage approached he shouted to the mob that he would give them a song on the Duke of Buckingham and the Duchess of Richmond. His hearers stopped the coach, knowing that it contained the duchess, and determined that she should listen to the song of their favorite mountebank. They even went so far as to force her, the handsomest woman in England, to sit in the boot of the coach and listen to his satirical songs. Having finished, he declared his intention to present the duchess with copies of his songs, and springing from his stage he approached the coach, thrusting his face close up to that of the disgusted lady. Here he removed the patch from over his eye, when he was instantly recognized by his sister, who, fortunately for him, had the presence of mind to conceal her surprise. She even repelled him with bitter and indignant language, but took good care to seize the papers he threw into the coach. Among them was a packet of important letters. As she drove forward, the duke, with the mob in his rear, followed the carriage, "attending and hallooing her a good way out of the town."

A still more perilous adventure is related of the reckless duke, no less than an intrigue with the daughter of the Lord Protector, the wife of the stern General Ireton. This lady, Bridget Cromwell, externally the saintliest of the sainted, but, to say the least, peculiar in character, one day saw under her window a mountebank of fine figure dancing upon his stage with exquisite grace. She sent for the mummer. As may be imagined, he hesitated to comply, but his

love of sport soon prevailed over his prudence, and that evening he called on the lady, no longer in his jack pudding coat, but in a rich dress concealed under a cloak. He was even disposed to take the patch off his eye, but this was too perilous, and prudence for once won the day. We must take Buckingham's word for the particulars of this interview, and his word is not the best of evidence. He declares that Madam Ireton made improper advances to him, which he escaped by declaring that he was a Jew, and that the laws of his faith forbade illicit relations with a Christian woman. She was amazed and disturbed. She had imprudently revealed to him important political secrets. In some doubt as to the strictness of his virtue, she sent for a Jewish rabbi to converse with him. On visiting her one evening the disguised duke found this learned personage awaiting him, full of the spirit of controversy and eager for dispute. This was too much for Buckingham. Things were growing warm around him, and he thought it best to get out of England forthwith. Before going, however, he wrote, with all his native wit, to Madam Ireton, on the plea that she might wish to know to what tribe of Jews he belonged. The lady must have been no little surprised by the revelation.

After wandering for some time on the Continent, Villiers again visited England in disguise, for a new purpose, and with a new result. His great estates, long since confiscated, were now broken up and distributed among Roundhead proprietors. Of the valuable collection of pictures made by his father and deposited in York House, many had been sent secretly to Holland by a faithful servant, sold at a sacrifice, and the proceeds sent to the duke for his support during exile. There were noble works of Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, and other old masters in this collection, which were thus lost forever to England.

York House, one of the most superb residences in England, which had been rebuilt by the elder Buckingham, was bestowed by Cromwell on Fairfax, one of his most faithful followers. Fairfax had a daughter Mary, a little brown body, with but a small treasure of personal attractions. But her father possessed York House. The wandering duke wanted his own again, and he decided to try to recover it by offering his hand—we can say little about his heart—to Mary Fairfax. He had every confidence in his own powers of attraction, and the result proved that his confidence was well founded. He sought England in disguise, presented himself to the girl, won her love and the favor of her father, and was married to her on September 6, 1657.

This marriage exasperated Cromwell, who, as some say, designed Buckingham for one of his own daughters. He had the new-made groom arrested and committed to the Tower, where he remained till the death of the Protector and the abdication of his son. It is of interest to learn that his prison companion was the poet Cowley, a



stanch loyalist, who had been with Charles I. in many of his adventures, and had aided his queen in her escape to France. And it is pleasant to learn, also, that in after-life the peer befriended the poet, and procured him a small estate, sufficient for his moderate wants.

The remaining story of Buckingham is one of profligacy, treachery, glaring infidelity to his wife,—who loved him through it all,—and a mingling of graces and vices that made him one of the most striking figures of the dissolute court of Charles II. As described by Dryden, he was

A man so various that he seemed to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:  
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,  
Was everything by starts, and nothing long,  
But in the course of one revolving moon  
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;  
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,  
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.  
Blest madman, who could every hour employ  
With something new to wish or to enjoy.  
Railing and praising were his usual themes,  
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes;  
So over-violent, or over-civil,  
That every man with him was god or devil.  
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;  
Nothing went unrewarded but desert:  
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,  
He had his jest, and they had his estate.

The poet has told the story of Buckingham's life so well in epitome that we need but run over the details. With the restoration of Charles II. all the duke's possessions were restored to him and new honors heaped upon him. He was made lord of the bed-chamber, member of the Privy Council, and afterwards master of the horse and Lord Lieutenant of Yorkshire. His stately presence, his manly beauty, his wit and courtly grace, made him a general favorite, while no beau of the city could surpass him in the elegance of his attire. His biting wit was visited upon all. Even the king, who was diverted by his sallies, did not escape the shafts of his ridicule.

His scandalous intrigues were surpassed by those of no member of that corrupt court. One story of the many must be related. A licentious beauty, the Countess of Shrewsbury, discarded one lover, Thomas Killigrew, for another, Buckingham. Killigrew grew furious, spoke indiscreetly, was in consequence attacked one night, presumably by Buckingham or some of his creatures, and received a sword thrust through the arm. The publicity of this affair aroused the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had hitherto been blind to what all the court knew. He challenged Buckingham, and at the encounter, it is said, his wife held her paramour's horse, disguised as a page. Shrewsbury was killed, and his wife freed from all restraint. It is

an excellent commentary on the morals of the court of Charles II. that no one but the queen and the Duchess of Buckingham appeared shocked by this tragedy. Villiers gloried in his depravity, and wrote poems to his "Mistress," with whom he lived for years, and for whom finally he discarded his wife.

Buckingham, in the words of Butler, the author of "*Hudibras*," "had studied the whole body of vice." Satiated at last, he rushed into politics and literature as a relief. In the latter he was successful. His drama, "*The Rehearsal*," was extravagantly praised and had a remarkable success. A second piece, "*The Chances*," is spoken of by Pepys as "a good play." Less to be expected from a person of his character was "*A Short Discourse on the Reasonableness of Men's having a Religion, or Worship of God*," and "*A Demonstration of the Deity*." He showed advanced views also by advocating, in the House of Lords, toleration to Dissenters. The man undoubtedly had excellent abilities; what he most lacked was principle.

His political life was a decided failure. He became a member of that famous coalition known as the Cabal, which was made up of five of the most reprehensible noblemen of that immoral age. His first exploit, or at least one with which he is credited, was to hire the notorious Colonel Blood to attack the Duke of Ormond's coach, with the purpose of capturing the duke, taking him to Tyburn, and hanging him. The assault was made, but the duke fortunately escaped, and his son told Buckingham that if any violence should be done to his father, "I shall pistol you, though you stood behind the king's chair."

The Cabal was quickly engaged in designs against the well-being of the state. We cannot follow its story, which is matter of history, and it will suffice to say that Buckingham was forced to fly for his life, having been denounced as plotting an insurrection. It was his deeply injured wife who warned him of his danger, riding in advance of the sergeant-at-arms. And now the experience of Buckingham's younger days came in play. For a year he lived in disguise, doubtless playing pranks of every kind. He was several times taken by the watch, but so disguised that they did not know him. At last, tired of hiding, he gave himself up in his own time and way. He dined publicly "at the Sun Tavern, was mighty merry, and sent word to the lieutenant of the Tower that he would come to him as soon as he had dined."

He was not long in the Tower. The king pardoned him at Lady Castlemain's request, and soon he was ruffling as arrogantly as ever. He had a theatre of his own, resumed his place in the House of Lords, and was even sent on a mission to France. In 1680 he was threatened with an impeachment, exculpated himself, and entered the ranks of the opposition, wishing, perhaps, as a change, to play democrat for a while.

His great fortune was by this time pretty thoroughly dissipated, and debt hung heavy over his head. His spirits began to break. In 1685 we find him writing the religious works we have named. Charles II. died in this year, and Buckingham, disgusted with politics, withdrew to what remained of his Yorkshire property. His debts, amounting to one hundred and forty thousand pounds, were paid by the sale of his estates. He took kindly to a country life, occupied himself with hunting and other amusements, and at length was seized with fever from sitting on wet grass when heated with fox-hunting. The attack proved fatal. His body, weakened with dissipation, succumbed, and the second Duke of Buckingham died on April 17, 1685, leaving scarcely a friend to mourn his loss and no child to inherit his title. His death took place in an obscure hamlet, on whose registry of burials is this entry of his demise,—“George Villiers, Lord dooke of bookingham.” He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the family vault, in Henry VII.’s chapel. In the annals of the English it would be difficult to find an equal combination of personal beauty, grace of manner and conversation, and lack of principle, as in the two George Villiers.

*Charles Morris.*

## MOTHS.

**M**Y thoughts are all a-wing to-day.  
Like moths they flutter to and fro,  
By every current led astray,  
Pursuing what? They do not know.

The white moths in my garden there  
Go truanting the long day through.  
They only know that flowers are fair,  
And breezes light, and heavens blue.

They have no sense of sterner things;  
No conscious heart to bid them toil;  
No inner hope that ever stings  
Them on amid the world’s turmoil.

They are content to drift away;  
No future haunts them, and no past:  
Ah, if my thoughts, a-wing to-day,  
Might light upon a rose at last!

*Julie M. Lippmann.*

## LEGENDS OF LOST MINES.

In mountain wilderness a man discovered gold;  
But when he came again to seek the spot, behold  
He might not find it, though in quest  
He gave his life. The while, with little gold or greed,  
His brother humbly toiled that many mouths might feed,  
Love's slave, nor knew his lot was blest.

**H**AND in hand with Hope walks always her mischievous sister, Credulity, and nowhere can the pair indulge in madder pranks than in the mining world. Faith in the fabulous seems innate in human nature, never to be wholly eradicated by any education of experience, and especially it would seem that to the mind of the gold-seeker nothing can be too wild for credence. The whole history of mining for the precious metals, could it be told in detail, would read but as a sequence of mad rushes to this, that, or the other point of the compass, too often lured by visions which to cold reason could promise nothing but disappointment from the outset.

Many old Californians can recall one of these wild expeditions, which occurred at the time of the Fraser River excitement in 1856. It happened one night in Sacramento that somebody started a story about a marvellous lake of gold, said to be located near the crest of the Sierras, not far from Donner Lake. Nobody knew just where the rumor started; nobody claimed to have seen the Pactolian waters or to know the exact location of the wonder; but everybody was sure it was there, riches only requiring to be dipped up and strained through a flour-sack to be ready for the mint. The whole community went wild; hundreds hurried away to the hills only to suffer untold hardships in the chimerical search. And few may dwell for any time in those regions where nature has trusted her treasures to the greedy grasp of earth but must be witness to other booms and excitements almost as unreasoning and quite as profitless as was that dream of the golden lake.

And in no direction is imagination more prone to run riot than in the marvellous tales of lost leads with which the mining world teems. There is a certain similarity about all these legends: There was an attack by Indians in the early days, perhaps; a party of emigrants scattered, only one of whom succeeded in reaching civilization to tell of a wonderful mine discovered in the wilderness, never more to be seen of mortal eyes. Or perchance he returned with reason gone and only a few incoherent words to explain the presence of the marvellous nuggets of gold with which his pockets were filled, lure for many a subsequent wild-goose chase. Or friendly Indians led him to the spot; or he was separated from his fellows in hunting to discover the riches which from that time forth seemed ever to take

to themselves wings at the approach of man. And particularly are these lost mines alike in this, that they are every one of them rich beyond the wildest dreams of avarice.

No State, probably, is richer in these romances than Arizona, perhaps because so much of the country by reason of natural conditions remains a *terra incognita* where anything seems possible. Here, for instance, is located the much-sought "Gun-Sight Lode," supposed to be hiding itself somewhere within the awful confines of Death Valley. The story goes that in the old days of prairie-schooner emigration a party of Mormons, to the number of about a hundred, sought to cross the valley, and perished in the attempt. Two only escaped, one of whom later carried to a smith a piece of ore picked up in his wanderings, asking to have it made into a sight for his gun. The smith, after working at it a little, announced that the specimen was almost pure native silver, whereat the owner declared that where he had broken it off was a vast cliff of the same mineral; but his memory of the location was vague, while his sufferings in the dreadful valley had been such that he would not venture to the place again, whatever the inducement. His companion, more venturesome, thought that he recalled the spot, and started out to find it; but months later his body was found in the desert, the gaunt fingers clutching but empty air. From time to time in after-years search was made for the fabulous lode, resulting only in torment and horrors which words may scarcely paint in that terrible valley, four hundred and thirty feet below the level of the sea, the lowest known place on earth, where the thermometer often rises to 137°. Add to that awful prevailing heat that the place is mostly one great, dry salt marsh, the air filled with dust of borax and alkali, with only two known springs, and those sixty miles apart, the waters of each so strongly impregnated with alkali as to be almost undrinkable, and some idea may be formed of what suffering the "Gun-Sight Lode" has cost unhappy adventurers.

Another bonanza for which men have searched in vain has a more romantic history, if history it may be called for which no man can vouch the truth, even while he tells the tale as it was told to him. Near the close of the Civil War, at one of the cantonments in Arizona was stationed a young surgeon named Thorn. A couple of Apaches suffering from sore eyes came to him for treatment, and his success with the ailment was such that the chief of the tribe sent a proposition that he should visit their village, where at the time an epidemic of the same trouble was prevailing. Not only was he guaranteed safe conduct if he would go, but he was, moreover, promised all the gold that he could bring back with him by way of recompense. Of an adventurous turn, the doctor was finally persuaded to accept the offer, and, obtaining a month's leave of absence, started out with his guides for their stronghold in the mountains. A little way from the fort, however, he was unpleasantly surprised

by a demand that he should permit himself to be blindfolded, so that of their route he could only tell that several times they crossed streams of running water, although at the same time suspecting that Indian cunning might only have led him across the same stream over and over again. Arrived at the *rancheria* of the tribe, he found himself received with most friendly hospitality and ostensibly conceded every liberty, but at the same time it was quite clear to his mind that his safety in no small measure depended upon a reasonable showing of discretion on his own part. He made several cautious attempts to unearth the secret of the gold of which the tribe boasted such inexhaustible store, but without success; at the same time his treatment of the sick, and especially those suffering from the prevailing eye malady, had so won him the friendship of the tribe that he was repeatedly urged to remain with them, in which event he was promised all that he could possibly desire of that same gold.

When at length he insisted upon returning to the post, however, no objection was made, while in token of especial favor the Indians even offered to conduct him to their boasted mine, that he might gather up for himself as much gold as he could take away. But again he found that he must submit to have his eyes bound, while he was mounted upon a led horse, and permitted only to know that for several hours he was convoyed over a country so rough that in many places he had much ado to keep his seat. When at last he was told to dismount and the bandage was taken from his eyes, he found himself in a deep, rock-walled cañon, facing a high ledge of quartz all a-glitter with flecks of gold. At the same time he saw that his companions were gathering up from the wash in which they stood nuggets of all sizes, of which there seemed an endless supply. On the instant, perceiving the marvellous richness of the mine, and with true pale-face method, wholly unhampered by any sense of obligation towards an Indian host, the doctor's mind was filled with calculations, not as to know how much of the treasure he might bear away, but how he might compass possession of the whole. Thinking to throw the Indians off their guard, he assumed an air of contempt, throwing away the nuggets that had been gathered for him, while he derisively declared that if this was their vaunted gold they need give none to him,—the stuff was worthless. It was his hope that he might so far deceive his guides that they would leave his eyes uncovered for the return trip, giving him opportunity to definitely locate the treasure; but the Apaches were not to be fooled, knowing perfectly well the value of their treasure, which they repeatedly urged upon him, emphatically attesting its genuineness.

During the argument, as though unconsciously, Thorn had turned about, furtively looking for landmarks, overjoyed to discover in the distance a high mountain crowned with a peculiar rock formation, like a gigantic thumb turned backward. The sun was behind the walls of the cañon, so that he could not determine the points of the



compass, but with this peculiar landmark engraven on his mind, he felt sure that he would be able to find the place again. He refused to the last to take any of the stuff, persisting in the attempt to make the Indians believe it of no account, but without the hoped-for effect, for he was none the less blindfolded for the return trip to the *rancheria*, as well as when he was taken back to the cantonment next day. But the doctor was, nevertheless, persuaded that he could locate the treasure. Soon resigning from the service, he organized at his own expense an expedition to invade the fastnesses of the Apaches. He was, however, brought to confusion at the outset by the discovery that there were in the territory no less than four mountain peaks crowned by rock formations similar to the one he had depended upon for a guide; and although he succeeded in exploring the region around each, it was to find nothing. Later a second expedition was organized, and after that yet another, both at the expense of credulous friends, in each instance to prove as fruitless as the first. Thorn, now broken in health and fortune, came to be roundly abused as an impostor, although to the last he maintained that his story was true in every particular; while even to this day old miners may be found in Arizona who declare their faith that some time the famous "Doc Thorn Mine" will be rediscovered.

Wyoming boasts a number of these strange disappearances, the most renowned of which is probably the "Lost Cabin Mine," several times reported found, only to sink back again into the shades of the unknown. This elusive lead is supposed to be located somewhere in the "Bad Lands," near the headwaters of the Big Horn. We are told that in the early seventies a party started out on a prospecting trip into this country. Weeks later one of the number wandered into old Fort Washakie, his pockets filled with marvellous specimens of free gold, but with reason completely gone, confusedly murmuring in answer to every inquiry, "Lost cabin." An expedition at once started out in search of the missing men, with more than incidental interest in the source of the mysterious gold, but without finding even the smallest trace of either. In the summer of 1884 a cowboy rode into Fort Washakie declaring that he had discovered the lost mine. He substantiated the statement by leading a party to an isolated spot where was indeed an old cabin almost fallen to ruins, while within it lay huddled the skeletons of four men, bearing unmistakable signs of having been killed by Indians. To further support the theory that the lost mine was here found, a tunnel appeared running for a short distance into an adjacent hill-side with some mounds of dark mineral piled up by the entrance. The only discrepancy appeared in the fact that the specimens brought in by the demented prospector had been free gold, while this—nobody knew what it was, although those who might assume airs of experience talked learnedly of decomposed silver, carbonates, or tellurium. But the men who packed out on muleback all they could of the

mysterious ore never went back to the claims they had staked out, for the stuff proved to be nothing but plumbago and well-nigh worthless. It was generally believed that this was really the "lost cabin," however, and these the skeletons of the missing prospectors. The theory was that Fort Washakie's unhappy visitor had escaped in the attack in which his companions lost their lives, and found the gold at some point in his distracted wanderings, although where that place may be is to this time an unsolved problem.

Colorado has several lost mines, one of the most mysterious of which is said to be located in Ouray County, somewhere in the neighborhood of Cow Creek. Beyond this nothing is told, even the name of the discoverer, or perchance the Munchausen inventor of the tale, having passed out of memory. But there are those who affirm that the mine is there just the same, one man even meeting death while hunting for the treasure a few years ago. It was in the summer of 1882 that a pair of adventurers started out upon the search, one of them having found some magnificent specimens of "float," which he was persuaded, and in turn persuaded his companion, must have come from the lost mine. They had only reached Dry Creek, however, a point not more than a dozen miles from their starting-place, when a terrible thunder-storm came up, and one of them was killed almost at the first flash. Whether the other was superstitious and held this tragic happening to mean that the expedition was hoodooed, or whether for other reasons he had lost heart in the enterprise, is not known; but at all events he returned to Ouray, and neither he nor any other person has yet discovered the lost mine of Cow Creek.

One of the most interesting of all Colorado's missing treasure-troves is that for which systematic search has been quite recently going on in the neighborhood of the dividing line between Routt and Grand Counties, in the western part of the State. In the summer of 1896 a party went into the Gore Mountains on a hunting trip, making their head-quarters in a valley about eight miles from the little town of Toponas. One of the number shot a deer one morning, and, following after the animal in the hope of getting another shot, pushed on until roused to the fact that he had become lost in the wilderness. In his wandering in search of camp he chanced upon an outcropping of rock that struck him as so peculiar that he broke off a few bits to keep as curios. At the time no thought was in his mind that this could be anything of value, but some time later he happened to show the specimens to a friend in Denver, one experienced in ores, who told him that the find was nothing less than rich rusty gold, while an assay revealed the fact that the queer, gingerbread-looking stuff was worth no less than seventeen thousand dollars per ton. Hurrying back to Toponas, the young man undertook to make his way again to the wonderful find, but he had taken little note of his direction in following the deer, while he could only gauge the distance by his capacity for

walking. He felt sure that he must recognize the neighborhood could he once reach it; but the Gore Mountains are made up of the wildest and roughest country, much of it almost inaccessible, and even though he engaged experienced prospectors to assist in the search, his efforts came to nothing. Far from being daunted, the following summer found him again in the field, now with a party of surveyors whom he directed to begin at the edge of the supposed district, running a line every two hundred feet. In this way ten square miles were gone over, notwithstanding the roughness of the country and the fact that in many places the axemen had to cut trails to enable the party to proceed; and all this without discovering any signs of the missing treasure. But at last accounts the harassed discoverer was by no means discouraged, declaring that if money and perseverance could accomplish it he would yet stake out that claim in the heart of the Gore Mountains, supposed to be well-nigh equivalent to the possession of Aladdin's lamp.

Should the undertaking succeed, he will enjoy a certain unique distinction in being almost the first on record to look for the second time upon one of these fabulous leads. It is as though Fate, in Tantalus mood, would permit her victim one glimpse of the dazzling store, to leave him forever after stretched on the rack of baffled desire. Occasionally, to be sure, the unexpected happens, and a lost lead is found; but it is generally long after the original discoverer has lost all interest in treasures of earth. Thus quite recently the newspapers have heralded the finding of "Stewart's Folly," certain prehistoric placers located in the Cochetopah Hills, near the crest of the divide, in Colorado. There is a shaft so old that a great pine-tree has had time to grow out of one of the dump piles, while in the mountain side below are several tunnels, in one of which was found a pick of strange shape and of a peculiar material, resembling pot metal in appearance, yet showing the grain of steel when broken. Several hundred years would seem to have passed away since the mine was abandoned, but it was far from being worked out, as an enormous quantity of ore is now in sight assaying over two hundred ounces in silver and an ounce and a half in gold to the ton. But while the new discoverer is rejoicing in his good fortune, the man whose name was derisively given to the wonders he claimed to have found long years ago, and who passed his life in futile attempts to make his way back to the spot, is as far removed from any share in the triumph as are the prehistoric miners who were before him there.

The marvellously rich placers of Antelope Hill in Arizona are said to have been discovered by a negro, who had received hints from friendly Apaches to aid him in the search; but he could never find his way to the place a second time, and died in poverty long before a party of prospectors stumbled upon the lead, to make themselves rich almost in a day, simply picking the gold from cracks in the rocks with butcher-knives. Of the Globe district in Arizona we

are told that a scouting party from old Fort Goodwin first came upon the lead. A soldier picked up a piece of rich horn-silver somewhere in the hills near Pinal Creek, and had no idea of the value of the discovery at the time, while later no one had sufficient confidence in his recollection of the spot to organize an expedition in search of it. The story of the find came to be regarded as a myth until a decade later, when in those same hills above Pinal Creek the soldier's lost lead came to light in an immense outcropping of horn-silver.

Full of more dramatic interest was the discovery of a miner in the Deep Creek country of Utah not long ago. He chanced upon a mass of stones strangely heaped up against the face of a cliff. His curiosity was sufficiently excited to delve into the pile, when he was amazed to discover the opening of a cave. Proceeding with the work, he found that the small entrance-way, no more than three feet high, led into a large chamber, where he was horrified to come upon the skeletons of six white men and an Indian. At one side appeared a rude stone smelter. A tiny shaft of light stole through a crevice above which had evidently served for a chimney. Beside it on the ground were heaped some two hundred pounds of silver ingots, while in the rear of the cave was found the vein from which the ore had been taken, a wide crevice of decomposed quartz fairly riddled with shot- and wire-silver. With the strange find memories of old-timers turned back to a party of four prospectors who some time in the late fifties started out from Salt Lake City, two of whom came back some time after, purchasing supplies which they paid for in ingots of silver, the source of which they refused to explain. Later the other two came upon the same errand; and so from time to time they appeared, always in pairs, and always with the same air of mystery, invariably making off with their purchases under cover of darkness. At length a party of six men with an Indian guide started out to follow upon their trail, but not one of the number ever returned. As the miners were likewise seen no more, they all passed out of memory except as there lingered a legend of a wonderful lead of silver somewhere hidden away in the Deep Creek country. That the gruesome company discovered in the cave was the same that started out upon the miners' trail in the long ago would seem probable, while the position in which they were found, the entrance obviously walled up from the outside, would indicate that grimmest vengeance had fallen upon them, and that they were forced to meet death with the treasure in their grasp. But what became of the miners, or why they never came back to reclaim their hoard, would seem to be another story.

These are exceptional instances. As a rule, lost mines fulfil Fate's purpose by remaining lost. And ever and always diamonds hang from the rainbows' ends, and the fairest fields lie over the hills in the mists of the unattainable.

*Mary E. Stickney.*

## THE CONVICT'S RETURN.

THE pedestrian trudged down the tortuous declivitous road of the mountain amidst the splendor of autumn-tinted leafage and occasional dashes of rhododendron flowers. Now and then he would stop and deeply breathe in the crisp air as if it were a palpable substance which was pleasing to his palate. At such moments, when the interstices of trunks and boulders would permit, his eyes, large with weariness, would rest on a certain farm-house in the valley below.

"It's identical the same," he said when he had completed the descent of the mountain and was drawing near to it. "As fur as I can make out, it hain't altered one bit sence the day they tuck me away. Ef ever'thin' seems purtier now it may be becace it's in the fall of the yeer an' the maple-trees an' the laurel look so fancy."

Approaching the barn, the only appurtenance to the four-roomed house, farther on by a hundred yards, he leaned on the rail fence and looked over into the barn-yard at the screw of blue smoke which was rising from a fire under a huge iron boiler.

"Marty's killin' hogs," he said reflectively. "I mought 'a' picked a better day fur gittin' back; she never was knowed to be in a good humor durin' hog-killin'."

He half climbed, half vaulted over the fence, and approached the woman who was bowed over an improvised table of undressed planks on which lay great piles of sides, shoulders, and hams of pork. His heart was in his mouth, owing to the carking doubt as to his welcome which had been oozing into the joy of freedom ever since he began his homeward journey. But it was not his wife who looked up as his step rustled the corn-husks near her, but her unmarried sister, Lucinda Dykes.

"Well, I never!" she ejaculated. "It's Dick Wakeman, ef I am alive!" She wiped her hand on her apron and gave it to him limp and cold. "We all heerd you was pardoned out, but none of us 'lowed you'd make straight fur home."

His features shrank, as if battered by the blow she had unwittingly dealt him.

"I say!" he grunted. "Whar else in the name o' common sense would a feller go? A body that's been penned up in the penitentiary fur four yeers don't keer to be losin' time monkeyin' round amongst plumb strangers when his own folks—when he hain't laid eyes on——"

But, after all, good reasons for his haste in returning could not be found outside of a certain sentimentality which lay deep beneath Wakeman's rugged exterior and to which no one had ever heard him refer.

"Shorely," said the old maid, taking a wrong grasp of the situation,—*"shorely you knowed, Dick, that Marty has got 'er divorce."*

"Oh, yes. Bad news takes a bee-line shoot fur its mark. I heerd the court had granted 'er a release, but that don't matter. A lawyer down thar told me that it all could be fixed up now I'm out. Ef I'd 'a' been at home, Marty never would 'a' made sech a goose of 'erse'f. How much did the divorce set 'er back?"

"About a hundred dollars," answered Lucinda.

"Money liter'ly throwed away," said the convict with irrepressible indignation. "Marty never did quite sech a silly thing while I was at home."

The old maid stared at him, a half-amused smile playing over her thin face.

"But it was her money," she said argumentatively. "She owned the farm an' every stick an' head o' stock on it when you an' 'er got married."

"You needn't tell me that," said Wakeman sharply. "I know that; but that ain't no reason fur 'er to throw it away gittin' a divorce."

Lucinda filled her hand with salt and began to sprinkle it on a side of meat. "Law me," she tittered; "I'll bet you hain't heerd about Marty an' Jeff Goardley."

"Yes, I have. Meddlin' busybodies has writ me about that too," said Wakeman, sitting down on the hopper of a corn-sheller and idly swinging his foot.

"He's a-courtin' of 'er like a broom-sedge field afire," added the sister tentatively.

"She's got too much sense to marry 'im after 'er promises to me," said the convict firmly.

"She lets 'im come reg'lar ev'ry Tuesday night."

Wakeman was not ready with a reply, and Lucinda began to salt another piece of pork.

"Ev'ry Tuesday night, rain or shine," she said.

The words released Wakeman's tongue.

"Huh, he's the most triflin' fop in the county."

"Looks like some o' the neighbors is powerful' bent on the match," continued Lucinda, her tone betraying her own lack of sympathy for the thing in question. "Marty was a-standin' over thar at the fence jest 'fore you come an' whirled all of a sudden an' went up to the house. She said she was afeerd her cracklin's would burn, but I'll bet she seed you down the road. I never have been able to make 'er out. She ain't once mentioned yore name sence you went off. Dick, I'm one that don't, nur never did, believe you meant to steal Williams's hoss, kase you was too drunk to know what you was a-doin', but Marty never says whether she does ur doesn't. The day the news come back that you was sentenced I ketched 'er in the back room a-cryin' as ef 'er heart would break,



but that night 'Lonzo Spann come in an' said that you had let it out in the court-room that you'd be glad even to go to the penitentiary to git a rest from Marty's tongue, an'——"

"Lucinda, as thar's a God on high, them words never passed my lips," the convict interrupted.

"I 'lowed not," the old maid returned. "But it has got to be a sort of standin' joke ag'in' Marty, an' she heers it ev'ry now an' then. But I'm yore friend, Dick. I've had respect fur you ever sence I noticed how you suffered when Annie got sick an' died. Thar ain't many men that has sech feelin' fur their dead children."

Wakeman's face softened.

"I was jest a-wonderin', comin' on, ef—ef anybody has been a-lookin' after the grave sence I went off. The boys in the penitentiary used to mention the'r dead once in a while, an' I'd always tell 'em about my grave. Pris'ners, Lucinda, git to relyin' on the company o' the'r dead about as much as the'r livin' folks. In the four years that I was in confinement not one friend o' mine ever come to ax how I was gittin' on."

"Marty has been a-lookin' after the grave," said Lucinda in the suppressed tone peculiar to people who desire to disown deep emotion. She turned her face towards the house. "I wish you wouldn't talk about yore bein' neglected down thar, Dick. The Lord knows I've laid awake many an' many a cold night a-wonderin' ef they give you-uns enough cover, an' ef they tuck them cold chains off'n you at night. An' I reckon Marty did too, fur she used to roll an' tumble as ef 'er mind wasn't at ease."

Wakeman took off his coat and rolled up his shirt-sleeves.

"I'm itchin' to set in to farm-work ag'in," he said. "Let me salt fur you, an' you run up thar an' tell 'er I'm back. May be she'll come down here."

Lucinda gave him her place at the table, a troubled expression taking hold of her features.

"The great drawback is Jeff Goardley," she said. "It really does look like him an' Marty will come to a understandin'. I don't know raily but what she may have promised him; he has seemed mighty confident here lately."

Wakeman shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. He filled his hands with the salt from a pail and began to rub it on the pork.

Lingeringly the woman left him and turned up the slight incline towards the house. His eyes did not follow her. He was scrutinizing the pile of pork she had salted.

"Goodness gracious!" he grunted. "Lucindy has wasted fifteen pound o' salt. Ef I'd 'a' done that Marty'd 'a' tuck the top o' my head off. I wonder ef Marty could 'a' got careless sence she had all the work to look after."

He had salted the last piece of meat when, looking up, he saw Lucinda standing near him.

"She wouldn't come a step," she announced with some awkwardness of delivery. "When I told 'er you wuz down here she jest come to the door an' looked down at you a-workin' an' grunted an' went back to 'er cracklin's. But that's Marty."

The convict dipped his hands into a tub of hot water and wiped them on an empty salt-bag.

"I wonder," he began, "ef I'd better——" But he proceeded no further.

"I think I would," said the angular mind-reader sympathetically.

"Well, you come on up thar too," Wakeman proposed. "I've always noticed that when you are about handy she never has as much to say as she does commonly."

"I'll have to go," said Lucinda. "Ef Marty gits to talkin' to you she'll let the cracklin's burn, an' then—then she'd marry Goardley out o' pure spite."

As the pair reached the steps of the back porch, the convict caught a glimpse of a gingham skirt within, and its stiff flounce as it vanished behind the half-closed door-shutter flung an aspect of seriousness into his countenance. He paused, his foot on the lowest step, and peered into the sitting-room. Seeing it empty, he smiled.

"I'll go in thar an' take a cheer. Tell 'er I want to see 'er."

His air of returning self-confidence provoked a faint laugh from his well-wisher.

"Yo're a case," she said, nodding her consent to his request. "You are different frum 'most anybody else. Somehow I can't think about you ever havin' been jailed fur hoss-stealin'."

"It all depends on a body's feelin's," the convict returned. "Down thar in the penitentiary we had a little gang of us that knowed we wuz innocent of wrong intentions, an' we kinder flocked together. All the rest sorter looked up to us an' believed we wuz all right. It was a comfort. I'll step in an' git it over."

He walked as erectly as an Indian up the steps and into the sitting-room. To his surprise, Mrs. Wakeman started to enter the room from the adjoining kitchen, and, seeing him, turned and began to beat a hasty retreat.

"Hold on thar, Marty," he called out in the old tone which had formerly made strangers suppose that the farm and all pertaining to it had been his when he had married her.

She paused in the doorway, white and sullen.

"Ain't you a-goin' to tell a feller howdy an' shake hands?" he asked with considerable self-possession.

"What 'ud I do that fur?"

"Becase I'm home ag'in," he said.

"Huh, nobody hain't missed you." The words followed a forced shrug.

"I know a sight better'n that, Marty," he said. "I know a woman that 'ud take a duck fit jest when I was gone to drive the

cows home an' got delayed a little would fret consider'ble durin' four yeers of sech a—a trip as I've had. Set down here an' let's have a talk."

"I've got my work to do," she returned after half a minute of speechlessness, her helpless anger standing between her and satisfactory expression.

"Oh, all right!" he exclaimed. "I ain't no hand to waste time durin' work hours with dillydallyin'. Any other time 'll do me jest as well. I 'lowed may be it would suit you better to have it over with. I must git out the hoss an' wagon an' haul that hog-meat up to the smoke-house. War's Cato? I'll bet that triflin' nigger has give you the slip ag'in' this hog-killin', like he always did."

Mrs. Wakeman stared at the speaker in a sort of thwarted, defiant way without deigning to reply; her sneer was the only thing about her bearing which seemed at all expressive of the vast contempt for him that she really did not feel. She felt that her silence was cowardly, her failure to assert her rights as a divorced woman an admission that she was glad of his return.

At this critical juncture Lucinda Dykes sauntered into the room and leaned against the dingy, once sky-blue wall. Her air of interested amusement over the matrimonial predicament had left her. It had dawned upon her, now that her sister had taken refuge in obstinate silence, that a great responsibility rested on her as intermediary.

"Cato went with some more niggers to a shindig over at Squire Camp's yesterday an' hain't showed up sence," she explained. "Ef I was you-uns—ef I was Marty, I mean—I'd turn 'im off fur good an' all. Dick, sence you went off me nur Marty hain't been able to do a thing with 'im."

The convict grunted. It was as if he had succeeded in rolling the last four years from his memory as completely as if they had never passed.

"Jest wait till I see the black scamp," he growled. "I reckon I'll have to do every lick of it myself." With that Wakeman turned into the entry and thence went to the stable-yard near by.

"He hain't altered a smidgin'," Lucinda commented. "It may be partly due to the fact that he has on the identical' same clothes: he's been a-wearin' striped ones down thar, you know, an' they laid away his old ones. To save me I can't realize that he's even been off a week." The old maid snickered softly. "He's the only one that ever could manage you, Marty. Now Jeff Goardley would let you have yore own way, but Dick's a caution! It's always been a question with me as to whether a woman would ruther lead a man ur be led."

There was a white stare in Mrs. Wakeman's eyes which indicated that she was pondering the man's chief aggression rather than heeding her sister's nagging remarks. The sudden appearance of the

convict's head and shoulders above a near-at-hand window-sill rendered a reply unnecessary. His face was flushed.

"Can you-uns tell me whar under the sun the halter is?" he broke forth in a turbulent tone. "I tuck the trouble to put a iron hook up in the shed-room jest fur that halter, an' now somebody has tore down the hook an' I can't find hair nur hide o' the halter."

Mrs. Wakeman tried to sneer again as she turned aside, and the gaunt intermediary, spurred on to her duty, approached the window.

"The blacksmith tuck that hook to mend the harrow with," she said with a warning glance at Marty. "You'll find the halter on the joist above the hoss-trough. Ef I was you, on the fust day, I'd try to——" But Wakeman had dropped out of sight, and, muttering unintelligible sounds indicative of discomfiture, was striding towards the stable.

All the rest of that afternoon the convict toiled in the smoke-house, hanging the meat on hooks along the joists over a slow, partly smothered fire of chips and pieces of bark. When the work was finished his eyes were red from smoke and brine. He stabled the horse and fed him, and then, realizing that he had nothing more to do, he felt hungry. He wanted to go into the sitting-room and sit down in his old place in the chimney-corner, but a growing appreciation of the delicacy of the situation had taken hold of him. He wandered about the stable-yard in a desultory way, going to the pig-pen, now empty and blood-stained, and to the well-filled corn-crib, but these objects had little claim on his interest. The evening shadows had begun to stalk like dank amphibious monsters over the carpet of turf along the creek banks, and pencils of light were streaming out of the windows of the family room. Suddenly his eyes took in the wood-pile; he went to it, and, picking up the axe, began to cut wood. He was tired, but he felt that he would rather be seen occupied than remaining outside without a visible excuse for so doing. In a few minutes he was joined by Lucinda.

"Dick," she intoned, "you've worked enough, the Lord Almighty knows. Come in the house an' rest 'fore supper; it's mighty nigh ready."

He avoided her glance, and shamefacedly touched a big log he had just cut into the proper length for the fireplace.

"Cato, the triffin' scamp, hain't cut yo-uns a single backlog," he said in a tone that she had never heard from him.

"We hain't had a decent one sence you went off, Brother Richard," she returned. "An' a fire's no fire without a backlog."

Their eyes met. She saw that he was deeply stirred by her tenderness, and that opened the flood-gates of her sympathy. She began to rub her eyes.

"Oh, Dick, I'm so miser'ble; ef you an' Marty don't quit actin' like you are I don't know what I will do."

She saw him make a motion as if he had swallowed something;

then he stooped and shouldered the heavy backlog and some smaller sticks.

"I'll give you-uns one more backlog to set by, anyhow," he said huskily.

She preceded him into the sitting-room and stood over him while he raked out the hot coals and deposited the log against the back part of the fireplace. Then she turned into the kitchen and approached her sister, who was frying meat in an iron pan on the coals.

"Marty," she said unsteadily, "ef you begin on Dick I'll go off fur good. I can't stand that."

Mrs. Wakeman folded her stern lips, as if to keep them under check, and shrugged her shoulders. That was all the response she made.

Lucinda turned back into the sitting-room where the dining-table stood. To-night she put three plates on the white cloth: one of them had been Dick's for years. She put it at the end of the table where he had sat when he was the head of the house. As she did so she caught his shifting glance and smiled.

"I want to make you feel as ef nothin' in the world had happened, Dick," she said. "I've been a-fixin' you a bed in the company-room, but you jest must be sensible about that."

"Law, anything will suit me," he began. But the entrance of Marty interrupted his remark.

She put the bread, the coffee, the meat, and the gravy on the table and sat down in her place without a word. Lucinda glanced at Wakeman.

"Come on, Dick," she called out. "I'll bet yo're hungry as a bear."

He drew out the chair that had been placed for him and sat down. Now an awkward situation presented itself. In the absence of a man Marty always asked the blessing. Lucinda wondered what would take place; one thing she knew well, and that was that Marty was too punctilious in religious matters to touch a bite of food before grace had been said by some one. But just then she noticed something about Wakeman that sent a little thrill of horror through her. Evidently his long life in prison had caused him to retrograde into utter forgetfulness of the existence of table etiquette, for he had drawn the great dish of fried meat towards him and was critically eying the various parts as he slowly turned it round.

"What a fool I am," he said, the delightful savor of the meat rendering him momentarily oblivious of his former wife's forbidding aspect. "I laid aside the lights o' that littlest shote an' firmly intended to ax you to fry 'em fur me, but——"

Lucinda's stare convinced him that something had gone wrong.

"Marty's waitin' fur somebody to ax the blessin'," she explained.

"Blessin'? Good gracious!" he grunted, his effusiveness dried

up. "That went clean out'n my mind. But a body that's tuck his meals on a tin plate in a row o' fellers waitin' fur the'r turn, four years hand-runnin', ain't expected to——"

He went no further, seeming to realize that the picture he was drawing was tending to widen the distance between him and the uncompromising figure opposite him. He folded his hands so that his arms formed a frame for his plate, and said in a mellow bass voice:

"Good Lord, make us duly thankful fur the bounteous repast that Thy angels has seed fit to spread before us to-night. Cause each of us to inculcate sech a frame of mind as will not let us harbor ill-will ag'in' our neighbors, an' finally when this shadowy abode is dispersed by the light of Thy glory receive us all into Thy grace. This we beg in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

He ended in some confusion. A red spot hovered over each of his cheek-bones. "I clean forgot that part about good crops an' fair weather," he said to Lucinda. "But you see it's been four years sence I said it over, an' a man o' my age oughtn't to be expected to know a thing like a younger person."

"Help yorese'f to the meat an' pass the dish to Marty," replied Miss Dykes. "Ef I was you, I'd not be continually a-bringin' up things about the last four yeers."

He made a hurried but bounteous choice of the parts of meat on the dish, and then gave it over into the outstretched hands of Lucinda. Marty was pouring out the coffee. She passed the old-fashioned mustache-cup to her sister, and that lady transferred it to Wakeman. He sipped from it lingeringly.

"My Lord!" he cried impulsively. "I tell you the God's truth; sech good coffee as this hain't been in a mile o' my lip sence I went—sence I was heer," he corrected, as Lucinda's warning stare bore down on him.

After that the meal proceeded in silence. When he had finished, Dick went back to his chair in the chimney-corner near the battered wood-box. After putting away the dishes and removing the cloth from the table, Lucinda came and sat down near him. Mrs. Wakeman, casting occasional furtive glances towards the front door, appropriated her share of the general silence in a seat where the fire-light faded. Richard wore an unsettled air, as if getting into old harness came as awkward as putting on the new had come when he married, years before. After a few minutes he became a little drowsy and began to act naturally, as if by force of returning habit. He unlaced his shoes, took them off, rubbed the bottoms of his feet, thrust those members towards the fire, and worked his toes. He also took a chew of tobacco. Profound silence was in the room: the thoughts of three minds percolated through it. Marty picked up the *Christian Advocate* and pretended to read, but she dropped it in her lap and cast another look towards the door.



The rustling of the paper attracted Richard's gaze.

"Is she expectin'—is anybody a-comin'?" He directed the question to Lucinda.

"I wouldn't be much surprised," was the answer. "It's Jeff Goardley's night."

"You don't say!" Each of the words had a separate little jerk, and the questioning stare of the convict's eyes pierced the space intervening between him and his divorced wife. He spat into the fire, wiped his mouth with an unsteady hand, and caught his breath. Silence again. Lucinda broke it.

"You hain't never told us how you happened to git yore pardon," she ventured.

"By a streak o' luck," Wakeman said, the languid largeness of his eyes showing that he was still struggling against the inclination to sleep. "T'other day the governor sent word to our superintendent that he was comin' to see fur hisse'f how we wus treated. The minute I heerd it, I said to myself, I did, 'Wakeman, you must have a talk with that man.' So the mornin' he got thar we was all give a sort of vacation an' stood up in rows-like fur inspection. When I seed 'im a comin' towards me I jest gazed at 'im with all my might an' he got to lookin' at me. When he got nigh me he stopped short an' said:

"'Lookye heer, my man,' said he; 'yore face seems mighty familiar to me. Have I ever seed you before?"

"'Not unless you remember me a-throwin' up my hat in frunt o' the stan' an' yellin' when you wus stump-speakin' in Murray jest 'fore yore 'lection,' said I.

"Then he laughed kinder good-natured-like, an' said, 'I'm sorry to see a voter o' mine in a fix like yo'r'n. What can I do fur you?"

"'I want to have a talk with you, yore Honor, an' that bad,' said I.

"'I am at yore disposal,' said he. 'That's what I'm heer fur. I'll ax the superintendent to call you in a moment. What is yore name?"

"'Richard Wakeman, yore Honor,' said I.

"'An' one o' the best men we ever had,' said the superintendent.

"Well, they passed on, an' in a few minutes I was ordered to come to the superintendent's office, an' thar I found the governor tilted back smokin' a fine cigar.

"'You wanted to have some'n to say to me, Wakeman?' said he.

"I eased my ball an' chain down on the skin of a big-eyed varmint o' some sort, an' stood up straight.

"'I did, yore Honor, an' that bad,' said I.

"'What is it?' said he.

"'I want to put my case before you, yore Honor,' said I. 'An' I'm not a-goin' to begin, as every convict does, by sayin' he ain't guilty, fur I know you've heerd that tale tell yo're sick of it.'

"'But are you guilty?' said the governor. 'I have seed men sent up fur crimes they never committed.'

"'Yore Honor,' said I, 'I didn't no more intend to steal that hoss o' Pike Williams's than you did—not a bit. Gittin' on a spree about once a yeer is my chief fault, an' it was Christmas, an' all of us was full o' devilment. It was at the Springplace bar, an' Alf Moreland struck me a whack across the face with his whip, an' bein' astraddle of a fine nag he made off. Pike's nag was hitched at the rack nigh me, an', without hardly knowin' what I was doin', I jumped on it an' spurred off after Alf. I run 'im nip an' tuck fur about seven mile, an' then me an' him rid on fur more whiskey down the valley. The next day I was arrested so drunk they had to haul me to jail in a wagon. They tried me before a jury o' men that never did like me an' I got five year.'

"When I stopped thar to draw a fresh breath the governor axed, 'Is that what you wanted to say, Wakeman?'

"'Not a word of it, yore Honor,' said I. 'I jest wanted to put a straight question to you about the law. Ef you knowed that a man was a-sufferin' a sight more on account of imprisonment than his sentence called fur, would that be right?'

"The governor studied a minute, then he kinder smiled at the superintendent an' said:

"'That's a question fur the conscience. Ef a man is imprisoned fur life fur a crime, an' jail-life breaks his health down, an' is killin' 'im, then he ort to be pardoned out.'

"Then I had 'im right whar I wanted 'im, an' I up an' told 'im that I had a wife that was all the world to me, an' that durin' my term mischievous folks had lied ag'in me an' persuaded 'er to git a divorce, an' that a oily-tongued scamp was a-tryin' to marry 'er fur what little land she had. I reminded 'im that I was put in fur stealin' an' that I had worked four years o' my sentence, an' that it looked like a good deal o' punishment fur jest one spree, but that I wouldn't complain, bein' as I was cured of the liquor-habit an' never intended to put the neck of a bottle to my mouth ag'in, but that I did kinder want to hurry back home 'fore too much damage was done.

"Well, I'm not lyin' when I say the governor's eyes was wet. All of a sudden he helt out his han' to me an' said:

"'I feel shore you never intended to steal that hoss, Wakeman.'

"'My wife never has believed it fur one instant,' said the superintendent. 'An' it takes a woman to ferret out guilt.'

"The governor tuck a sheet o' paper an' a pen an' said:

"'Wakeman, I'm a-goin' to pardon you, an' what's more, I inten' to send a statement to all the newspapers that I'm convinced you are a wronged man. I've done wuss than you was accused of in my young days an' had the cheek to run fur the office of governor.'

"Then the superintendent's wife come in an' stood up thar an'

cried, an' axed to be allowed to unlock my manacles. She got out my old suit—this un heer—an' breshed it 'erself, an' kept on a-cryin' an' a-laughin' at the same time. The last words that she said to me was:

“‘Wakeman, go home an' make up with yore wife; she won't turn ag'in you when you git back to the old place whar you an' her has lived together so long.’”

The speaker paused. For a man so coarse in appearance, his tone had grown remarkably tender. Lucinda was staring wide-eyed with a fixed aspect of features, as if she were half frightened at the unwonted commotion within herself and the danger of its appearing on the surface. Finally she took refuge in the act of raising her apron to her eyes.

Mrs. Wakeman had excellent command over herself, drawing upon a vast fund of offended pride, the interest of which had compounded itself within the last four years. Just at this crisis the steady beat of a horse's hoofs broke into the hushed stillness of the room. Lucinda lowered her apron with wrists that seemed jointless bone, and stared at her sister.

“Are you a-goin' to let that feller stick his head inside that door to-night?”

The question was ill-timed, for it produced only a haughty, contemptuous shrug in the woman from whom it rebounded. Wakeman did not take his eyes from the fire. They heard the gate-latch click, and then a heavy booted and spurred foot fell on the entry step. The next instant the door was unceremoniously opened and a tall, lank mountaineer entered. He was at the fag-end of bachelorhood, had sharp, thin features, a small mustache dyed black, and reddish locks which were long and curling. He wore a heavy gray shawl over his shoulders. At first he did not see Wakeman, for his eyes had found employment in trying to discover why Marty had not risen as he came in. He glanced inquiringly at Lucinda, and then he recognized Richard.

“My Lord!” he muttered. “I had no idee you—I 'lowed you—”

“I didn't nuther,” Richard sneered, the red firelight revealing strange flashes in his eyes.

For some instants the visitor stood on the hearth awkwardly disrobing his sinewy hands. Finally, unheeding Lucinda's admonitory glances towards the door, and the prayerful current from her eyes to his, he sat down near Marty. Ten minutes by the clock on the mantelpiece passed, in which time nothing was heard except the lowing of the cattle in the cow-lot and the sizzling of the coals when Richard spat. At last a portion of Wakeman's wandering self-confidence resettled upon him, and it became him well. He crossed his legs easily, dropped his quid of tobacco into the fire, and with a determined gaze began to prod his squirming rival.

"Lookye heer," he said suddenly. "What did you come heer fur, anyhow?"

Goardley leaned forward and spat between his linked hands. He accomplished it with no slight effort, for the inactivity of his mouth, which was not chewing anything, had produced a hot dryness.

"I don't know," he managed to say. "I jest thought I'd come around?"

"Ride?"

"Yes, hoss-back."

"Do you know whar you hitched?"

Goardley hesitated and glanced helplessly at Marty, who, stern-faced, inflexible, was looking at the paper in her lap.

"I hitched under the cherry-tree out thar," he answered, with scarcely a touch of self-confidence in his tone.

"Well, go unhitch an' git a-straddle of yore animal."

Goardley blinked, but did not rise.

"I didn't have the least idee you had got free, Dick, an'——"

"Well, you know it now, so git out to that hoss, ur by all that's holy——"

Mrs. Wakeman drew herself erect and crumpled the paper in her bony hand.

"This is my house," she said; "an' I ain't no married woman."

The white fixity of Goardley's countenance relaxed in a slow grin. An automatic affair it was, but as he took in the situation it was a recognition of the aid which had arrived at the last minute.

Wakeman stood up in his stockinged feet. He was still unruffled. "That's a fact; the place is her'n," he admitted. "But I'll tell you one article that ain't. It's that thar shootin'-iron on them deer-horns up thar, an' ef you don't git out'n here forthwith it'll make the fust hole in meat that it's made in four year. May be me'n Marty *ain't* man an' wife, but when we wuz married the preacher said, 'What the Lord has j'ined together let no man put asunder,' an' I ain't a-goin' to set still an' see a dirty, oily-tongued scamp like you try to undo the Lord's work. You know the way out, an' I was too late fur hog-killin'. I went in to the penitentiary fur jest one spree, but I'll go in fur manslaughter next time an' serve my term more cheerful; I mought say with Christian fortitude."

Cowardice produced the dominant expression in Goardley's face. He rose and backed from the room. The convict thumped across the resounding floor to the door and looked out after the departing man.

"Run like a skeered dog," he laughed impulsively as he turned back into the room. And then he waxed serious as he entered the atmosphere circling about Marty, who, with a stormy brow, sat immovable, her eyes downcast.

"I couldn't help it to save me," he began apologetically to her

profile. "But I reckon you an' me can manage to git along like we used to, an' I never would 'a' had any respect fur myself ef I had a-let that scamp set here an' think he was a-courtin' of you right before my eyes."

Marty made no reply. A flush of suppressed forces had risen in her cheeks and was taking on a tinge of purple. Richard grunted, stepped half-way back to his chimney-corner, and looked at her again. Seeing her eyes still averted, he grunted again and went to his chair and sat down. Several minutes passed. Then Lucinda's prayerful eyes saw his hand, now quivering, reach behind him and draw his shoes in front of him. He put them on, but did not tie the strings.

"Somehow," he said, rising, "somehow, now that I come to think of it, I don't feel exactly right,—exactly as I used to,—an' I reckon, maybe, I ort to go some's else. I reckon, as you said jest now, that in the eyes o' some folks you ain't no married woman, an' I have been makin' purty free fur a jail-bird. Old Uncle Billy Hodkins won't set his dogs on me, an' I'll go over thar to-night. After that the Lord only knows whar I will head fur. Uncle Billy never did believe I was guilty; he's writ me that a dozen times."

As he moved towards the door, in a clattering, slipshod fashion, Lucinda fixed Marty with a fierce stare.

"Are you a-goin' to set thar an' let Dick leave us fur good?" she hurled at her fiercely.

Marty made no reply save that which was embodied in a contemptuous shrug, but the flow of blood had receded from her face.

"Ef you do, you ain't no Christian woman, that's all," was Lucinda's half-sobbing, half-shrieked accusation. "Yo're a purty thing to set up an' drink the sacrament with a heart in you that the Old Nick's fire couldn't melt."

The convict smiled back at his defender from the threshold: then they heard him cross the entry and step down on the gravel walk. He had passed the bars and was turning up the side of a little hill on the brow of which a few grave-stones shimmered in the moonlight when he heard his name called from the entry. It was Lucinda's voice; she came to him, her hair flying in the wind.

"I 'lowed," he said sheepishly, as she paused to catch her breath, "I jest 'lowed I'd go up thar an' see ef the water had been washin' out round Annie's grave. The last time I looked at it the foot-rock was a little sagged to one side."

"Come back in the house, Dick," cried the old maid. "Marty has completely broke down. She's cryin' like a baby. She has been actin' stubborn beca'se she was proud an' afeerd folks would think she was a fool about you. As soon as I told 'er you didn't say that about bein' willin' to go to jail to git out'n reach o' 'er tongue, she axed me to run after you. She's consented to make it up ef we will send over fur the justice an' have the marryin' done to-night."

"Are you a-tellin' me the truth, Lucinda?"

"As the Lord is my witness."

He stared at the farm-house a moment; then he said:

"Well, you an' her git everything ready, an' I'll git Squire Dow an' the license. I'll be back in half a hour."

*Will N. Harben.*

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### VIEWS AFOOT.

**B**AYARD TAYLOR would not have seen so much nor told of it so well had he been on horseback, staring from a stage-coach, or being transported in some bicyclic way. As I look upon literature,—which signifies nothing save to myself,—he never wrote a better book than "Views Afoot," and this happy title has been in my mind for many a day—ever since I have gotten the chill of winter from my bones and been daily out-of-doors.

I would not be understood as maintaining that we cannot use our eyes and ears to advantage except when walking, or, to speak even more exactly, when standing still; but if acquisition of knowledge rather than mere transportation is desired, then it is far preferable to go afoot than to ride to any place, or, indeed, to any object. This is peculiarly true of every small town that I have been in, and equally so of every very marked locality in the country, or its peculiar attraction, in the minds of the inhabitants, to which the stranger is always duly conducted, and sometimes with such officious ceremony that all pleasure is lost. We do not see all that should be seen when the approaches are overlooked, and we generally fail to realize the full significance of our whereabouts because required knowledge of the surroundings is wanting. There is almost no independence of objects, but more or less interrelation, and usually more than less.

One great cause of general misunderstanding of what we see is that we fix our vision to the hub of the wheel, have too indefinite an idea of the radiating spokes, and never dream of the existence of an environing rim. The journey from centre to circumference must be taken: it is the imperative demand of wisdom.

In the good but not always erudite days of our grandfathers, as now, huge bowlders were lying in many a field, often far from any mother-rock. There was general wondering how they came to be there, and the conclusion was reached that they had grown on the spot, just as the tree near by had grown; only with this difference, as I once heard it expressed, "it was longer ago, when the world was gettin' into proper shape for farmin'." I myself have been told something like this more than once, as I was told a great deal that was equally absurd derived from Oriental myths. Occasionally



a village schoolmaster would express the opinion that bowlders were due to the deluge, and then pose as the exponent of profound learning, vast and deep as the flood itself that circled about Ararat. Would that some novelist could have seen his look of happiness complete when the women of the sewing-society called him "Professor." I do not dare repeat the substance of a talk about fossils before the pupils of the school I attended. It was forty years ago, to be sure, but even then the truth was not generally unknown. I will only go so far as to say that fossils were asserted to have been "created just as they are now found." Why, I must decline to add. There is a limit to credulity nowadays, and no one could to-day believe there were such fools as I refer to even forty years ago. Perhaps more strange than all this is the indisputable fact that more than one scholar of that day, matured men now, should remember what the schoolmaster said and have no other view than the silliness of the Dark Ages then doled out to him. There seems to be but one thing equally widespread with ignorance of nature, and that is indifference to her.

No one hurrying by, whatever the means of conveyance, could ever have solved the problem of a bowlder's presence or even distinguished it from an outcropping of rock in place. Attempts of this kind were often made in years gone by, and scientific journals of early date were filled with rubbish; but if a real view is desired, if the details are to be considered and a problem solved, then we must go afoot, and this means a great deal more than merely walking. We must not only see, but hear, taste, touch, and smell as we progress; in brief, acquire all possible knowledge of every interpretable condition, and so be prepared for the final effort through this preliminary training of gradual and all-inclusive realization.

Let us go back to the bowlder lying in the field. It may be a frost-fractured fragment tumbled from a near-by hill, or it may have come from a mountain range hundreds of miles away. It may be angular or oval, rough or smooth, perhaps deeply scarred if it ever was subjected to the grinding action of ice and sand moving slowly over it. Though so long exposed to the round of the seasons in its present home, to frost and sunshine, there will yet be centuries required to efface the decipherable history its surface bears; but, except by a close view and patient study, you cannot tell your neighbor the true story of that stone.

A moment's rational reflection will show how impossible it is to see in a mass of rock anything but a mass of rock, if you see it only and not the surroundings. We speak carelessly of seeing an object in a "comprehensive" way if we see it in its entirety; but comprehensive of what? Shape and dimension go but a little way in such a matter. It means everything to know what are the bowlder's associations, even to the dust that has gathered about; and above all to recognize the general geological character of the region and dis-

tinguish between wind-blown sand and that brought hither by water, between discoloration of soil by recent rains and vegetal decomposition and deposits of muddy water when the glacial overflow was soily and thick with washings from a distant clay-bank. It is not child's play; but many we meet look upon the world as a toy, and give it no more serious consideration. When we go afield properly equipped, the Ice Age becomes something more than a mere jumble of phrases falling from the professor's lips in tumultuous disarray.

Many a mind is clearly too primitive in its development to grasp even the simplest of natural phenomena; but others are equal to far greater things than they promise to accomplish, and such are likely to remain in ignorance so long as they make no effort to seek the objects that go to make up the sum total of field and forest.

Bird's-eye views are pretty, but there they too frequently end. They are all too apt to be neither meat nor drink, and the mind will soon starve that receives nothing more nourishing. Of course, we can hear of the suggestiveness of great comprehensive wholes and the mind's grasp upon them, and of grand generalizations that come from contemplative observation of a wide area. Our language is too accommodating in the matter of high-sounding phrases. The chances are that when you hear something like this, you can set the speaker down as more full of words than wisdom. It is more than likely that he has not been interviewing the component parts of this comprehensive whole, and so is of necessity an ignoramus. We have too many such, to whom the world listens as if they were little gods. Then again we may be met with the objection that to enter into details is tiresome, which is simply an effort to conceal ignorance. But if so, it is never so tiresome as are the chatterboxes that talk in this way, did they but know it; and why, pray, should not kindness be sufficiently severe to tell them so?

No natural object can be ugly, repulsive, uninteresting, or unentertaining if we see it as it is, and have knowledge of its place and purpose. It may lack what artists call the elements of grace; its colors may be dingy; but then how soon we tire of too pronounced brilliancy. The ugliest weed, on the other hand, is not always ugly. Think of the brilliant beetle or gay butterfly that may rest upon it. A turtle rooting in the mud of a ditch, itself the color of the soiled water that surrounds it, is so beautifully adapted to its home and habits that we forget the lack of pleasing color and are impressed with the more suggestive beauty of adaptation. We must centre a thought upon the object before us,—a serious, prolonged, truth-desiring thought,—and there and then only will the symmetry of nature's handiwork become apparent. Such recognition on our part repays us as fully as floods of color delight the unthinking eye.

How much we lose when time has not been allowed for particulars can readily be seen by the initiated when a visitor, returning home, can affirm only that he saw trees, perhaps adding that some

were deciduous and others evergreen, but beyond this nothing. Can more empty phrases be imagined? I know that trees grow in many a country that I have never seen. It needs no traveller therefrom to supply that information. That man has never really seen a tree who has not sat in its shade, reclined in its branches, and been a visitor thereto many times and in every season. Trees improve upon acquaintance, like a few of the people we meet, and we are never deceived by them.

A distant view of a tree-top may add much to a landscape; but this would tell nothing of the story of a curious old maple near by, with a trunk so marvellously out of shape that we can only speculate as to what troubles of growth the tree has experienced. There stands amidfields a scarlet oak whose very presence is a benediction. The most hurried traveller who stops a moment in its shade carries that tree's image in his heart for many a day.

I know nothing of church architecture, but my three beeches with their hundred uplifted branches are encompassed in a dim light that is impressive, solemn, and soothing to the soul. Perhaps you may say it is not a religious light. This is a point that I would not argue if I could; but it is a light that leads to thankfulness that such trees as these may still be found. Here forever do I find a hushed if not holy calm; a source of delight so satisfying that my soul has no other craving. These beeches are a marked feature of the landscape, and visible from every point; but how few have ever seen them!

Many think of Nature as all out-of-doors, as everywhere open, exposed to every breeze; they fancy that where sunbeams cannot enter, only empty shadows lurk; but Nature, which you so sadly misunderstand, has many a sanctuary that is not open to every one who draws near, and inner sanctuaries for the favored few. None are denied except for good cause, however their unpreparedness. No one can hide his indifference of Nature from her, and she wisely welcomes no bungling intruder to her inner courts.

My friend pleads, "My time for outings is too limited for doing more than getting a breath of fresh air;" as if the air would be less fresh if he carried an extra mite of knowledge back to town with him. Is the freshness of the atmosphere in proportion to the breather's rapid transit? "And I can learn about nature from books," he adds. True, he can; and he can also confirm his ignorance by the reading of books. Not all knowledge is gathered between their covers, and all that is came from the out-door world, gathered by observing men and women. It is well to go where the writers of books have been, or to localities as closely akin to these as possible, and bring back with you as many facts as you can carry, but never to be overloaded therewith and so become dismayed by their bewildering array. Then you are better fitted to read understandingly; and it is not so simple a matter as you might suppose to

sit down and intelligently compare that which you have seen with the statements made by others. Perhaps your impressions and those of the author will not agree. So much the better: no greater blessing can await you. Now, go again and see if you observed correctly the first time, and if you are satisfied that you did, trace out the probable cause of your conclusion differing from the statements in the book you have been reading. Do not for one moment be influenced by such an unfortunate impression, if you have ever held it, as that a statement is necessarily correct because in print. Bear in mind that great men often make little mistakes, just as little men make great blunders; and sometimes it has happened just the other way, and the dwarf has got the better of the giant. No really great man ever blindly followed his teachers, or he could never have become great. Ascribe infallibility to the professor, and you become at best but his echo, and condemn to slavery what should be free as the air, your own mind.

Some I have known plead that the study of nature would prove a task, and that it is recreation they seek when out-of-doors,—spinning, probably at reckless speed, adown some public path. Returned to their homes, are not tired legs quite as objectionable and less noble than a weary brain? But what these people claim is not true. The occupied brain would not be wearied. Nature-study is never a task, but a tonic. It re-creates. We are renewed whenever a new fact swims into our ken. To turn from the columns of a ledger or the pandemonium of the stock exchange to the wing of a moth or the song of a sparrow in the way-side hedge is more healthfully restful than miles upon miles of mere locomotion. We do not become acquainted with people and make new friends by merely passing them in the street; and we can pass by Nature all our days and never have even a speaking acquaintance. If you wish for this or more, you must go to her afoot and, begging to be introduced, make your obeisance, and express your pleasure for the privilege. Such as do this are never turned away, nor, I venture to say, has any one who has done this ever regretted the step. As a little salt makes our food more palatable,—“brings out the flavor,” as the cook says,—so a knowledge of nature brings out the best that is in man and cures him of insipidity.

This cannot be disputed. It is as evident as that, everywhere we go, we meet with most insipid men and women, creatures that know their fellow-creatures only, which is not, as they seem to think, to know all that is worth knowing of the world in which they live. Man may be the most important part of the world, but the rest of it is not of so little importance that to be ignorant thereof carries no stigma. Better by far the croaking bullfrog in the marsh than the wordy ignoramus of the town. The noise in the former case means something; but can we always show value in the latter instance? Even civilization can run to extremes, and men become denaturalized

so thoroughly that it would puzzle the old-time species-making naturalist to determine their place in the scale of creation. Questions that I have been asked and assertions that I have heard made in perfectly good faith are so astonishingly absurd that to put them in print would only result in charging me with gross exaggeration; and these, too, from men and women who, as the world goes, are accounted accomplished. Some country clubs are at best but a means of airing the city and freshening it for another campaign in the stuffy atmosphere of a ball-room or parlor. How seldom does a trace of the country, other than this, go to the city! It is enough to find that a tree gives shade, but that one tree differs from another is never discovered. "Oak," "beech," "birch," and "walnut" stand for the colors of furniture; words no fuller of meaning than trade-marks, the shibboleth of shopkeepers.

"But if we are happy in our ignorance of nature," pipes a pretty miss, "what business is it of yours? Who set you up as my teacher? I graduated with credit to myself, so my friends say, and don't feel the worse for having hoodwinked the professor of botany, cheated a little in chemistry, and given zoology the go-by. Now, let me see; my roses come from the florist, and that's all the botany I require; the cook handles the baking-powder, so I've no need of chemistry, and"—here she reddens a little—"I've a serpent ring with ruby eyes, and there's a jolly bird on my spring hat, and that's all I want to know of natural history. Your preaching is all lost on me, and I guess on everybody else."

No one likes to get a blow between the eyes, and when this pert minikin gave me such a one, I was staggered for a moment; but now that her back is turned, I will continue. It is pleasant to talk, even to empty benches. Her effort at argumentation was not a success. Mere denial goes for nothing, and I still insist that in the long run we all suffer in one way or another through ignorance. There is, in spite of the pooh-poohing of thoughtless folk, young or old, a far-too-general overlooking of the fact that we are dependent on natural knowledge more than we realize. Many a life has been lost through ignorance, and many a pang suffered because the victim was unable to distinguish between the harmful and harmless. Fright is always painful: how much agony might have been spared us if we could but recognize at a glance that the serpent in our path was incapable of harm, and remember in time, because properly taught, that every creature we are likely to meet will run from us. The exceptions are not too many seriously to tax your memory. Fear can bring about even a fatal disturbance of the nervous system, which is reason enough for not being victimized by its needless causation. It was doubtless great fun to hoodwink the professor of botany when a schoolgirl, and to cheat at chemistry; but when under the doctor's care because of handling poison ivy, or ill from reckless use of complexion powders, or even when annoyed beyond endurance because

of the flat failure of her boasted sponge-cake—then visions of the patient teachers will come up, as they ought to. And how these spectral professors will grin triumphantly at this same school-miss, now woman grown, in her distress! She is having, thanks to her ignorance, in which she glories still, a practical interpretation of the text, *Virtue is its own reward, and vice its own punishment*. True mental health is that which welcomes natural knowledge and has an unfailing appetite for facts.

How are we to recognize facts as such, and how, when one is acquired, are we to draw from it its full significance? It is difficult to reply; but the question brings us back to the starting-point, and emphasizes the importance of a close view, a view afoot, of every aspect of nature. Adopting such a method, we diminish the chances of being misled, and are oftener warranted in saying positively, "I know," instead of "I think." We are obviously nearer the solution of its meaning the nearer we can get to the place or object; while the more facts that we encounter, face to face, the clearer at last becomes their interrelation and our appreciation of the meaning of the world as a whole. A fact by itself is not only stubborn but often impenetrable. Isolated, it is no more comprehensible than the gibbering of apes to civilized man; but holding to it, while we gather others, we find in due time how they fit, one to the other, and it is not long before the detached pieces are united to form an elaborate whole. Whether through life the world remains as a dissected map, the fragments scattered in hopeless confusion, or becomes an intelligent chart, depends upon ourselves; and we can rest assured that the view afoot and not the bird's-eye view is necessary to make us as wise as we should desire to be. Nature, be it ever remembered, stands aloof, can frown with as great facility as she can smile if so disposed, and withholds her abundant treasure with untiring zeal; but man can prove his superiority if he so elects, and draw a goodly portion of it from her. Is it not a worthy effort? Is it not a golden prize?

*Charles C. Abbott.*

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### THE HILL-SIDE TREE.

**H**OWE'ER the tempest buffets, still it stands  
As firm as faith above the fruitful lands,  
Rooted upon a rock. May thy life be  
Upright and strong and steadfast as the tree!

*Clinton Scollard.*



## OVER, UNDER, AND THROUGH BOSTON.

UNLIKE most American cities, Boston, in its original limits, was not built on any sort of plan; like Topsy, it simply "grewed." The place was called "Shawmut" by the Indians, being a peninsula having its greater dimension—of about two miles—nearly north and south, and its greatest width (about three-fourths of a mile) midway of its northern half. Here, between the bay whose waters lave its eastern shore, to Charles River Basin, at the west, the land gradually rose to a height of about one hundred and fifty feet in its central peak. This has been much cut down, and what is left constitutes Beacon Hill,—now, for more than a century, marked afar by the yellow dome of the State-House, like the hub of a recumbent wheel badly sprung. Lanes and roads slowly formed around the hill, extending from it north, east, and south,—as boat-landings and cow-pastures, corn-fields and grist-mills, made them convenient. If the early inhabitants ever laid out a road from end to end or side to side of the peninsula, they indulged in curves and scollops which those Puritans would not have sanctioned in either coats or characters; yet they had certainly learned—perhaps in their pioneer housekeeping—that the bail of a kettle is no longer when lying down on its rim than when raised at right angles to it; hence the noted crookedness of the spokes of "the Hub," and the unmatchable curves of its felloes.

As the car of human progress rolled on, the gridiron of the street-cars was laid down in Boston's crooked ways; at one time there were eighteen street railway companies operating lines within city limits, and all trying to get their tracks through or into the business district occupying the northern, eastern, and southeastern slopes of Beacon Hill. It was worse when consolidation reduced them all to one system,—that of the West End Street Railway Company,—and through-routes, without change of cars, were established in about every direction. Thus Tremont and Washington Streets—the most direct of the thoroughfares passing through the congested district, and furnishing the widest and least crooked of possible routes—were thronged with cars during business hours. The section of Tremont Street parallel to the chief shopping district contained four tracks, leaving space only sufficient for a one-horse vehicle at each side. At the busiest hours every one of these four tracks was frequently full of cars, all the long line of those on one track, and sometimes on the three others, having to stop whenever a daring pedestrian or a rather reckless driver attempted to thread a way across the street, or when, at every block, or oftener, a passenger wished to enter or leave a car. Of course, blockades under such

conditions have all the "odds" and a large proportion of the "evens;" consequently the day was rare when a solid quarter of a mile or more of cars on one or more tracks were not stalled for fifteen minutes; while patient passengers were held "prisoners of hope" for half an hour or more many times a month.

At length the State Legislature was moved to provide a remedy for this oppressive condition, and the Boston Rapid Transit Commission was the first result. This consisted of two men appointed by the governor of the State and three by the mayor of Boston; these were charged with the duty of investigating the subject of street transportation.

After inspecting the methods in larger American and in several foreign cities, it was decided that subways would be much less costly and nearly, if not quite, as good as the making of new streets or the widening and straightening of old ones. Thus it came that the city of Boston was empowered to construct a subway under Tremont Street and other streets and squares between a convenient point at the South End and the northern depots of the steam railways. The city appropriated seven million dollars for the work, and the commission was authorized to choose the route and to appropriate the necessary land for terminals and stations and complete the subway.

Ground was first broken for the purpose in the Public Garden beside Boylston Street on March 28, 1895, and cars for public use were put in operation on September 1, 1897, in the section from this point eastward to Tremont Street, then under the line of that to Park Street, at "Brimstone Corner," where stands the old Park Street Church. A month later the section from Boylston Street to the southern portal, at the junction of Shawmut Avenue with Tremont Street, was likewise brought into use. It required another year to complete the northern section, but on September 3, 1898, the cars were put into full operation in all parts of the subway.

The entire length of the route underground, including short branches, is one mile and four-fifths, while there are five and two-tenths miles of single track. In general, where there were four tracks on the surface, there are a like number in the subway; but nearly half the latter has but two tracks. The two inner tracks which come into the northern portal between the two outer or through-tracks connect, for return of cars, by a loop about the station in Adams Square, or around up through Hanover Street, Scollay Square, and down through Cornhill to the return track in Adams Square. The cars which come into Tremont Street from Boylston return by a loop around Park-Street Station. These two loops are nearly midway of the length of the subway, but do not come within a thousand feet of each other, connection being made between them by one track each way in the portion of Tremont Street between Park Street and Scollay Square. Crossing at grade

at this junction is avoided by the descent of the south-going cars in a tunnel under the tracks of the western branch, the south-bound cars for Shawmut Avenue reaching their position by branching off eastward through another tunnel, or "sub-subway," by which they pass under the track for the north-bound cars coming in from Tremont Street.

The steepest grade in the subway is eight per cent., and it occurs in the "sub-subway." The next greatest is that of the incline at the western entrance, in the Public Garden, which is five per cent. There are grades of only three per cent. and less at other points.

The "sub-subway" sections are cylinders of solid concrete and bricks. A short section next north of Park Street is composed of a pair of tunnels parallel to each other and on the same level,—each containing one track, the easterly one the track for the north-going cars, the other for those going south on the through route.

In some passages of framed structure containing two tracks, under narrow streets, the tops of the side-posts are curved inward, to allow space at the corners near the curbstones for pipes. At several points there was such a tangle of these of all sizes, from a one-inch gas-pipe to a forty-inch water main, as would have appalled an ordinary engineer.

In the framed portions of the subway the walls are generally of concrete moulded in by wooden frames, having at every three feet square steel posts entirely embedded. On the tops of these rest the steel beams of the roof, which are further supported in the wide sections by huge iron girders resting on square steel pillars placed in one, two, or three rows along between the tracks. Brick arches, turned between the beams, form the canopy of the roof, over which is spread Portland cement or concrete, this being covered in its turn by a coating of asphalt for a water-shed. The pillars also are encased in cement, and the surface of the entire interior of the subway is painted white or pale green, except at stations, where the walls are of enamelled bricks.

Strung along the roof of the subway in three rows are about fifteen hundred incandescent lamps, while nearly one hundred and seventy-five arc-lamps illumine the five stations, making them as bright as day.

In all parts of the subway there is space to walk outside the track, with deep refuge-niches in the walls at distances of about nine feet in the narrower parts. The latter are the tunnels, which contain but a single track, and are twelve feet from wall to wall. The two-track sections have an average width of twenty-four feet, and the four-track sections forty-eight feet.

Through the whole length of the subway runs a three-inch water-pipe, with frequent valves and hose, for convenience in case a car should take fire. There is nothing combustible in the subway ex-

cept the wooden ties on which the rails rest and the insulation of the trolley wire attached to the iron-work of the roof, but at the stations there are the box ticket-offices, the turnstiles, and the seats. The stations are connected with the surface by sixteen flights of about thirty-four easy steps, each flight being fifteen feet wide. Buildings of stone, iron, and glass cover the stairways, but afford no standing space.

Whatever water collects in the subway runs off through drains beneath the tracks into dry wells, from which it is conveyed into the sewers by rotary pumps driven by electric motors. Other motors revolve huge fans, seven and eight feet in diameter, placed in side-chambers along the route and communicating with the outer atmosphere. In consequence of this good ventilation, the air in the subways is kept clean, dry, and free from unpleasant odors. The temperature is always refreshing, being proportionately cool in summer and warm in winter.

The Boston subway is larger in cross-section and better lighted than any other in the world, and it is the only one which contains four tracks side by side. The island platforms of concrete in the Park-Street Station are respectively seven thousand five hundred and nine thousand square feet in area.

All predictions of ill regarding the subway have failed of fulfilment. Its construction is so excellent that no defect of consequence has become apparent, and in more than a year of operation no person has been injured within its walls. Though there were in October eight thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight car-trips made daily in the subway, there is complaint of delay and accumulation of cars within it at times. This condition must necessarily occur whenever those for whom the surface street-cars and the suburban steam-cars are the natural carriers forsake them at "rush hours" for the subway. No one road, nor any profitable number of roads, could transport all the people who desire to leave the business district of any large city at the same hour without some delay at the loading points. Accidental failure of current or the disablement of a car are unavoidable, but are less liable to occur in the subway than on the surface.

There is great gain to passengers and railway company alike in the freedom from storms on five miles of tracks, and especially a saving of expense in the matter of snow and ice, also in the usual saving of half or more of the time required for a trip between the same points on the surface cars. This saving of time results from the absence of obstacles found on the surface and the less frequent stops for passengers.

While the subject of street transportation in Boston was before the Legislature many a plan for its betterment was proposed by public-spirited citizens and by promoters in that guise; among them—aside from straightening and broadening the streets—were advo-

cated various kinds of elevated railways in alleys or over sidewalks, and Boynton's and other bicycle and suspension systems. With so many schemes striving for charters, and so many citizens associated against any one of them whenever it seemed likely to get a winning number of legislative votes, all plans of relief had been nullified until the spring of 1894, when the subway act was passed; but, curiously, the same document that chartered the subway embraced a more detailed charter for an elevated railway company, as a "running mate."

With surface, underground, and overhead railways, with her narrow and crooked streets, Boston people, instead of finding relief, seemed threatened with multiplied obstacles and most bewildering complications. The company which had obtained the charter for an elevated road, after most strenuous efforts to obtain its locations and to float its stock, fell into utter collapse. So the subway was left to go on alone.

Next, instead of being operated by a special or foreign company, the subway was leased for a term of twenty years to the West End Railway Company, the owner of all the lines in the city. This simplified the situation a little.

After the southern section had been operated several months, a new company, which had acquired the charter of the original elevated railway company, leased, for twenty-five years, the entire transportation properties of the West End Company, including its lease of the subway; and on the completion of the latter it assumed the operation of the whole system—in the subway as well as on the surface.

With no rival in the field, the new organization at once proceeded to arrange the running of the cars more to the convenience of patrons, at the same time increasing on some lines the length of rides for a single fare of five cents.

The elevated railway, however, is coming also. Indeed, the city itself had provided a basis for it at one point,—in the form of a very solid bridge of stone and iron across the Charles River, the work being done by the Rapid Transit Commission out of the subway appropriation, of which there is still about a million and a half left. The road equipment for this bridge will probably be completed during the winter, with the approaches on either side, and the company proposes to have seven miles of elevated road in operation before long.

Here, it would appear, misfortune threatens the city in an unsightly structure in the streets, and the further crowding in their narrow limits by the lines of the supporting columns. On the other hand, the configuration of the surface in the city proper admits the new element in the combination without much disadvantage, for the elevated road is to run about the borders of the peninsula and southward to Roxbury by routes which lie mostly amid business

buildings in wide streets, generally not much above high-water mark. So we have here a new instance of tempering the wind to the shorn lamb.

With this composite system of railway completed, embracing nearly three hundred miles of surface, underground, and elevated track, one could make an all-day tour of remarkable variety and interest. Unlike steam railroads, the street lines do not run through back yards in cities nor back lots and level wastes in the suburbs, and there are no cinders to fill the eyes, nor smoke to obscure the views.

In the subway one will be entertained by the various architecture and the electric light effects; from the cars on the surface he may observe the varied beauties of the residential districts, the attractions of the shopping quarter, and the city parks; while the elevated road will afford bird's-eye views of the conglomerate of beauty and ugliness in roofs, avenues, groves, and gardens which constitute a city, and far and near glimpses and wide views of river and factory, and of the harbor with its lively steamboats and white-winged ships.

The fare on the Boston system of street railway, and on most of the lines of Eastern Massachusetts in thickly settled regions, is something less than one cent a mile on through rides, so that one can ride all of a summer's day for less than a dollar. The trip between Boston and Providence costs from sixty to seventy cents, according to route and season, against a dollar for that ride on the steam-cars.

One can now cover along street rails the entire distance between Newport in Rhode Island and Nashua in New Hampshire, with Boston on the east and Worcester on the west, without walking more than a few steps at the junctions of independent lines, and without using any other vehicles than electric cars.

*George J. Varney.*

### COUNTERPARTS.

A TOUCH of lingering snow  
Beneath an April sky,  
Ere the first violets blow,  
Am I.

A wind-flower born of spring,  
Before the heavens are blue,  
Or early minstrels sing,  
Are you.

*Martha T. Tyler.*



## OUR NATURALIZED NAMES.

IN gaining possessions like Hawaii and Porto Rico we must expect to add heavily to the burdens already imposed on us by our geographical names. Moosetocmaguntic, Youghiogeny, and other bugbears of childhood will be reinforced by ponderous Spanish titles and by Polynesian aggregations of vowels which will be as hard for us to manage as Polish and Hungarian words bristling with consonants.

How much we shall change the sounds of these additions may be foreseen from what has been done in the past. We have had in such matters as little regard for the limits of component parts as did the German who, on seeing the word lawyer in print, read it "la-wy'-er." The royal Hawaiian family name, "Ka-méha-méha," has in this country generally been turned into Kammy-hammy-hah, and Kalakaua has varied in sound from Kaláckaway to something like Calico. The indications now are that our most usual pronunciations of Hawaii will be Hau-wáya and Hay-wáy-eye.

The orthoepic system originally fixed on by the early missionaries in Tahiti and afterwards extended to all Polynesian names is much better suited to them than our rules are; but as that system is not well known in this country, we cannot profit much by it. We are likely to have the same sort of confusion with regard to the names of our new domains that now exists as to those of Arkansas and Illinois. The Legislature of the former State once tried by legal enactment to establish the pronunciation of the name as Arkansasaw, but outsiders are as much as ever inclined to sound the final letter and accent the second syllable.

Equal confusion will be apt to arise as to spelling. Hawaii in former times was very often spelled Owhyhee, and Honolulu is still sometimes written Honolooloo. Such altered forms seldom fail, as these two did, to hold the place they easily gain in popular favor. If Oahu and Kauai are to be written in accordance with our notions they will probably figure as Wa-hoo and Cow-eye. Another possible source of trouble is that the Polynesian ear seems quite unable to distinguish between the sounds of some letters, and as the same person pronounces a word in different ways at separate times, we may be at a loss which to choose.

The Spanish titles which, either naturally or by acquisition, have more than one form will be especially puzzling. The name of Manila city has, it is true, now begun to be clearly distinguished in form from that of manilla twine; but Santiago will not be easily recognized when it appears as San Jago, and the proper use of the Spanish words for city and saint will be to many a mystery. There is not

much chance that in adopting Spanish-American names any regular and consistent plan will be carried out by us. The capital of Cuba has been called Havana, Havanna, and The Havannah, and if the true sound of the Spanish name now becomes better known to us, as it should naturally do, we may take up such a spelling as Abana, or even Labana. Some American newspapers have lately shown a tendency to turn Porto Rico back into Puerto Rico; but a common use of this form is less likely than a change of Puerto Principe into Porto Principe.

Fortunately, there is a chance that the changes we may make in the names of our new possessions may not always be without advantages. In assimilating our own Indian names we have often made them less cumbrous and more euphonious. Mauch Chunk and Pamunkey are dubious improvements on the original Maucwa-chóong and Pamaonkée; but there can be no doubt that Potomac and Wyoming and Niagara are better, according to our canons of taste, than Potowáumeac, Mauwauwáming, and Oneáukara.

Of course, many people in the United States will use the correct foreign spelling and sound of our naturalized names, but it cannot be expected with much confidence that their example will be widely or successfully followed. A teacher who once patiently tried to get from his advanced pupils the Spanish sounds of Guadalajara and San Juan de Ulua gave up in despair after reaching such results as Gwoddaly-horror and Sonnewondy-woolawah. The American tongue seems to lend itself reluctantly to the words of alien languages, and there is not much to indicate that the vast tide of immigration has in this respect brought about any material difference. From good books of reference, like Lippincott's "Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World," the proper form and sound of any geographical name may be easily learned; but even people who are fairly well informed persist in pronouncing Gaen "Jay-enn," notwithstanding the risk of its being mistaken for somebody's initials.

*William Ward Crane.*

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.



**The Amazing Lady.**  
By M. Bowles.

"The Amazing Lady" herself, *Magda Stacpoole*; the "Weird Man," *Julius Baldwin*; and *Humphrey Paton*, journalist;—these three—ably supported by subordinate characters—play out the comedy (or, tragedy?) of their lives before the reader. The situation is one of engrossing interest, by virtue of its great dramatic power. *The Amazing Lady*—the latest number in the Lippincott series of *Select Novels*—will appeal to those who desire simply a diverting story, which shall hold its interest to the end, as well as to more systematic readers, by whom no tale is held well told, if it be not logical in both incident and *dramatis personæ*. Two styles,—paper and cloth.



**A Triple Entanglement.** By Mrs. Burton Harrison.

The author of *Sweet Bells Out of Tune*, *Good Americans*, *The Anglomaniacs*, and other contributions to light fiction, here presents another of her diverting (to say nothing of instructive) creations. The "triple entanglement" is found in the lives of two American boys, travelling in Europe with their parents. Their paths diverge widely at first, but young manhood finds them brought into contact by *Enid Severn*. Taken as a whole, the plot is above the average, and is well supported by the minor incident Mrs. Harrison so well depicts; description and characters are drawn with a free hand. The book—originally in LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE—is distinctly a welcome addition to the light fiction of the year.



**Our Island Empire.**  
By Charles Morris  
Illustrated.

*Our Island Empire* is a "Hand-Book of Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines," as the author informs us in his sub-title. The central idea of the book is, to collect into a convenient volume all the valuable information to be had concerning these new possessions or wards of the United States; it must be conceded that Mr. Morris has achieved most creditable results. In the Island of Cuba, for instance, we find fully treated such topics as History; Physical Condition,—including Extent and Situation, Mountain System, Plains and Rivers, Coastal System, Forest Region, Geology, and Climate; Natural Products,—including Food Plants and Fruits, Animals, Metals, and Minerals; Civil and Political Institutions,—including Governmental Organization, Divisions of Territory, Abolition of Slavery, Population, etc.; Centres of Population,—Havana, Matanzas, Cardenas, Santiago de Cuba, Trinidad, Cienfuegos, Health Resorts, Inland Cities, etc.; Manners and Customs; Agricultural Productions; Manufactures and Commerce. The exhaustive plan here outlined is followed out in

the treatment of the other islands; though the author has made his general plan a servant, rather than a master.

The scope of such a work as this would be hard to limit, even in the imagination. As a hand-book for the general reader, it will be invaluable, its excellent maps rendering it of particular service; and to the business man in particular, it will supply just the information he needs in determining upon investments, one of the author's main purposes having been, to collect as much commercial material as possible.

*Our Island Empire* is uniform in size with *The Nation's Navy* and *The War with Spain*, and, like those earlier works by the same author, is from the Lippincott press.

Value and Distribution. By Charles William MacFarlane, Ph.D.

Dr. MacFarlane here presents a volume—from the Lippincott press—embodying in permanent form the noteworthy advances made in the science of Economics during the last quarter of a century. He has arranged for the first time, as a coherent whole, the scattered work of economists the world over,—notably those of the Austrian school,—and brings this work into some sort of correlation with the work of the “orthodox” school.

The work has been divided into two parts, viz.: Value, and Distribution. In the first part are treated the different theories of value, with discussions of the conditions under which each fails; there are also chapters upon The Monopoly Theory of Price, upon Value and Price, upon Cost and Price, and upon Distribution and the Theories of Utility, Value, and Price. The second part,—concerning Distribution, is divided into four books, viz.: Rent, Profit, Interest, and Wages. A valuable Résumé completes the volume.

Dr. MacFarlane expressly disavows any intention of considering in this work the *equity* of our present system of distribution. In his own words, “. . . the laws according to which the social product is distributed should first be clearly defined before we attempt to determine whether or not this distribution is equitable;” these laws it is his endeavor to define, in the light of the economic changes brought about by the industrial developments of this quarter of the nineteenth century, and it is in his book that we find the first full recognition of the effects of the tendency towards combination, both of labor and of capital, with their accompanying monopolies and their repression of the ideal “free competition,” the dream of J. S. Mill.

*Value and Distribution* is not intended for students of elementary economics, but as a text-book for “Advanced and Post-Graduate Work.” It should also have a wide circulation among public men, and should certainly do much to clear up the atmosphere of economic science in the United States, than which no country is more in need of a clear conception of the principles fundamental to a healthy industrial life.



## ....STATEMENT....

OF

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JAMES G. BATTERSON, Prest.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1898.

**Paid-up Capital - - \$1,000,000.00**

Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included)	\$22,868 994.16
Liabilities	19,146,359.04
Excess Security to Policy-holders	\$3,722 635.12

**July 1, 1898.**

Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included)	\$24,103,986.67
Total Liabilities	19,859,291.43
Excess Security to Policy-holders	\$4,244,695.24

Paid to Policy-holders since 1864	\$35,660,940.19
Paid to Policy-holders January-July, '98	1,300,493.68
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life)	1,161,705.00
Life Insurance in Force.	94,646,669.00

**GAINS.****6 Months—January to July, 1898.**

In Assets	\$1,234,992.51
In Surplus (to Policy-holders)	522,060.12
In Insurance in Force (Life Department only)	2,764,459.00
Increase in Reserves	705,642.18
Premiums Received, 6 months	2,937,432.77

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In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S,

TEUTONIC FRANCE.—The northern third of France and half of Belgium are to-day more Teutonic than the south of Germany. This is clearly attested by the maps which show the distribution of each of the physical characteristics of race. It should not occasion surprise when we remember the incessant down-pour of Teutonic tribes during the whole historic period. It was a constant procession of Goths,—from all points of the compass,—Franks, Burgundians, and others. France was entirely overrun by the Franks, with the exception of Brittany, by the middle of the sixth century. All through the Middle Ages this part of Europe was not only ethnically Teutonic, it was German in language and customs as well. The very name of the country is Teutonic. It has the same origin as Franconia in Southern Germany. In 812 the Council of Tours, away down south, ordained that every bishop should preach both in the Romance and the Teutonic language. The Franks preserved their German speech four hundred years after the conquest. Charlemagne was a German. His courtiers were all Germans. He lived and governed from outside the limits of modern France. The Abbé Sieyès uttered an ethnological truism when, in the course of the French Revolution, he cried out against the French aristocracy, "Let us send them back to their German marshes whence they came!"

The movement of population racially has been strongly influenced by the geography of the country. Were it not for the peculiar conformation of this part of Europe there would be no geographical excuse for the existence of Belgium as a separate political entity, as we have said, and Northern France would be far more thoroughly Teutonized than it is to-day.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

A TRIBUTE OF LOVE.—"Your tribute to your departed friend," said the editor of *The Family Mourner* to the tall woman in black, "is beautiful in many respects, but I thought I would let you explain some parts of it to me before we ran it."

"Yes, sir."

"For instance, take these two lines:

"We buried him deep in a hummocky hole  
Which was small for his body, but large for his soul."

"Saying nothing about the peculiar hummocky character of the hole, why do you refer to it as large for his soul?"

"Did you know Mr. Bargins?"

"I did not, madam, have that pleasure, but——"

"Well, if you had known him, you would understand why I said the hole was large enough. His soul will never find the sides of it."

"Ah, yes; I see. And take these lines as another illustration:

"He's gone from us far to the mist-hidden sphere.  
We hope there's peace there, but we know there's peace here."

"The meaning of these lines seemed a little ambiguous to me. They have a beauty which is all their own, but perhaps you would kindly explain their exact intent to me."

"Sir, I am Mr. Bargins's widow, and——"

"Say no more; say no more. I comprehend. And that fact, too, doubtless explains these two lines:

"I would not the angels should hear my low moan,  
For I feel that at present they've grief of their own."

*San Francisco Examiner.*



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We guarantee the above firm to do as it agrees to.—EDITOR.

**THE WISDOM OF KRÜGER.**—A golfer in South Africa left his property to be equally divided between two sons. Not being able to agree, they decided to let President Krüger arbitrate. He said to the eldest, "You are the eldest, are you not?" "Yes," was the answer. "So you shall divide the property." This pleased the elder immensely. "You are the youngest," continued Krüger to the other, "so you shall have first choice."—*Golf*.

**CHIVALRY ON THE FIELD.**—There are many of these tales, and some of them are very beautiful. A man who had been a private in an Illinois cavalry regiment told me once of an incident of the battle of Jonesboro'. He and his comrades had been dismounted in the edge of thick woods, and dismounted cavalry are the hardest of troops to rout. In front of them was an open cornfield, a quarter of a mile wide, with woods upon its farther side. Reinforced by a half-dozen companies of infantry, possibly fifteen hundred Federals lay *perdu*. In blunder, a company of Confederates, not more than ninety men all told, was ordered to attack. With a yell the handful swept out of the opposite woods and charged across the field. At a distance of one hundred yards a single volley disposed of them. Those that were left on their feet wheeled and scampered back to their position.

One, however, remained. He was the captain in command, and had been far in advance of his men. When he found himself deserted he stopped and folded his arms. Sixty yards away, alone in the wide field, the summer sun pouring down upon the silver gray of his uniform, he stared stanchly into the eyes of fifteen hundred foemen. He was only a beardless boy, and the newness of his clothing showed that he was but a few days from home. All down the long line of Federals ran a cry, "Don't shoot him! Don't shoot him!" He gave the military salute and marched steadily back to his men. Not a gun was fired.—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

**MINUTE DESCRIPTION IN OLD DEEDS.**—Those who read old deeds are impressed with the habit our ancestors had of describing a man not only by his name and residence, as we moderns do, but by his trade, calling, or profession. Go back in any of the Maine records sixty years or more, and we find these things stated with great particularity. So far as men owned real estate under recorded deed prior to 1830 or thereabout, the historian does not lack for information about the business they were engaged in. Often when a party to a deed had more than one kind of business the painstaking scrivener wrote them all in, as if the identity of the person would be doubtful without such description. Almost any man can learn curious facts regarding his ancestors and family connections by following back the old land titles in the registries.—*Lewiston (Maine) Journal*.

**A SOFTENED HEART.**—Little Dick.—"Mamma, may I go and play with Robby Upton and stay there to dinner if they ask me?"

Mamma.—"I thought you didn't like Robby Upton."


"I didn't, but as I passed his house just now my heart softened towards him."

"Did he look lonely?"

"No'm: he looked happy."

"What about?"

"He said his mother was makin' apple dumplin's."—*Good News*.



*"They used to say that  
I was fine at cleanin'  
mum; but everybody  
uses **SAPOLIO** now."*

**ANIMAL FASTING.**—Animals are often able to bear very protracted fasting. In the Italian earthquakes of 1795 two hogs were buried at Soriano in the ruins of a building. They were taken out alive forty-two days later, but very lean and weak. A dog, at the same time and place, was buried twenty-three days and recovered.

**GOOD AND BAD.**—"Eh, Tonal, and hoo are ye?"

"Weel."

"That's guid."

"No sae guid either. I marrit a bad wife."

"That's bad."

"No sae bad either. She had a wheen sheep."

"That's no bad."

"Ay, but they had the rot."

"That's bad."

"No sae bad either. I selt them and bocht a hoose."

"That's guid."

"No sae guid either. The hoose was burnt."

"That's bad."

"No sae bad either."

"Hoo's that?"

"She was in it."—*Pick Me Up.*

**BUXTON'S FIRST CASE.**—When Judge Buxton, of North Carolina, as a young lawyer made his first appearance at the bar, the solicitor, as is customary in that State, asked him to take charge of a case for him. The young lawyer did his best, and the jury found the defendant, who was charged with some petty misdemeanor, guilty. Soon after one of the jurors, coming round the bar, tapped him on the shoulder. "Buxton," said he, "the jury did not think that man was guilty, but we did not like to discourage a young lawyer."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

**PRAIRIE-DOGS BURY A SNAKE.**—In conversation with a gentleman who has just made a trip through western Indian Territory I picked up something new and interesting to me in regard to the habits of the prairie-dog and rattlesnake. This party said that a few weeks ago, while resting under a small tree in the Territory where there was a dog town, he noticed a commotion among some dogs near him; they would run up to a place and peep at something and then scamper off. Looking to see what was the matter, he saw that there were about fifteen to twenty dogs around a rattlesnake, which at length went into one of the dog-holes. As soon as he had disappeared the little fellows began to push in dirt, evidently to fill the hole up, but about the time they got enough dirt to cover the entrance the snake stuck his head up through the dirt and every dog scampered off to a safe distance, all the time keeping up an incessant barking. The snake slowly crawled to another hole about a rod distant and went in, and then up came the dogs again and went to work to push dirt up before them to the hole. This time they succeeded in their enterprise and completely covered the entrance to the hole, and then went to work, using their noses to tamp with and pounding the dirt down hard, after which they went away. My friend went to the place and said he was surprised to find they had packed the dirt in solid with their noses, having sealed the snake well to the ground.—*Forest and Stream.*

# Wool Soap



*is as good  
as any  
Soap sell-  
ing for ten  
times the  
Wool Soap  
price*   


No chapped or rough hands  
from Wool Soap using

---

**SWIFT AND COMPANY**  
**CHICAGO**

**MAROONING.**—During the palmy days of the buccaneers, when the master found it necessary to restore discipline by punishing one of his cutthroat crew, he used to "maroon" him,—that is, set him ashore on some treeless key or coral reef, far out from the mainland. Here the helpless maroon usually anticipated the tardy process of insanity and starvation by drowning himself in the surf. This word "marooning" has been handed down from generation to generation of sallow-faced coast-dwellers through the two hundred years that have flown since the last buccaneer of the Spanish main dangled from a man-of-war's yard-arm, until of late some enthusiastic camper-out, with the purpose of making a more poetic name for his favorite pastime, applied it to the life of the mid-summer dwellers on the Florida keys.—*Outing*.

**PROGRESSION.**—Father.—"When I was a boy, children had some respect for the advice of their parents."

Son.—"Yes, but in those days the children didn't know any more than their parents did."—*New York Truth*.

**THE FIRST PERSON WHO FELL IN THE REVOLUTION.**—Hezekiah Butterworth, in "The Patriotic Schoolmaster," says the first person to fall in the war of the Revolution was not Crispus Attucks, but a boy. If Attucks, who fell by an accidental encounter, merits a monument as the first who fell for liberty, so does this boy.

There were a few merchants in Boston who continued to sell taxed articles. They came to be despised and hated. The boys, in their hasty patriotism, made on a placard a list of the names of those who imported and sold proscribed articles, and put it on a pole that bore a wooden head and hand. They set this image up before an importer's door, with the wooden hand pointing towards it, and this made the importer angry, and he fired a musket into the crowd of boys. Christopher Gore, afterwards governor of Massachusetts, was slightly wounded.

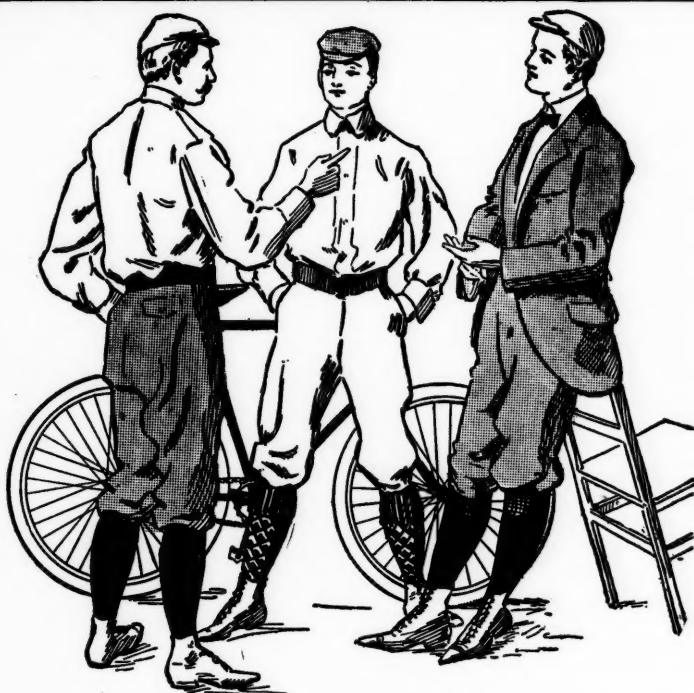
Little Christopher Snyder, a boy whose mother was a widow, and who had followed the spirit of the times, fell mortally wounded. They took up his form and bore it away, and the whole city wept. Never in America was there a boy's funeral like his. They made for him a patriot's coffin and bore his form to the Liberty Tree, which stood near the present corner of Washington and Essex Streets. On the coffin was this motto: "Innocence itself is not safe." The boys of nearly all the schools, some six hundred in number, gathered around the body as an escort. The bells tolled, business was closed, and some fifteen hundred people followed the first martyr to the grave.

As the procession marched, not only the bells of Boston, but those of the neighboring towns, were heard tolling. It was almost spring, and there was a mellowness in the air. That procession was a prophecy of events to come, a protest against the injustice of the royal power. The sons of liberty should remember little Snyder's grave.

**A CHIVALROUS COMMUNITY.**—Walker Barnstorm.—"What if this is a chivalrous community? Why should it prevent me from giving my celebrated rendition of 'Othello'?"

Catamount Cal.—"Waal, yer see, ther boys hev already hung two afore ther Desdemons could explain thet they wa'n't really bein' smothered to death."—*New York Journal*.





## THERE IS NO ARGUMENT

in favor of paying a cent more than **\$40** for a high grade wheel, when popular

# Rambler

**BICYCLES**

"the 20 year old favorites"

which have always justified the confidence riders have imposed in them, are the

"BEST WE HAVE EVER BUILT, AT ANY PRICE"

**and the 1899 Price is**

# \$40

*Instructive catalogue free. Agencies everywhere.*

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

Chicago Boston Washington New York Brooklyn Detroit Cincinnati  
Buffalo Cleveland London, Eng.

UNDER FALSE PRETENCES.—“I think,” said the gentlemanly collector, “that it is about time you were paying something on that press. It has been almost a year since you got it.”

“But,” said the editor of the *Jazeville Gazette*, “you told me that the darn press would pay for itself in six months.”—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

DON'T BE CARELESS.—In these days of nurse-maids, the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is a great safeguard to the health of the little ones. It will not easily spoil, being perfectly sterilized in its manufacture.

EGGS AS AMMUNITION.—People in a little mountain town in Kentucky have a peculiar diversion known as “egg-throwing.” The heaviest battles occur on Saturday night. Jim Strong is the captain of one egg-throwing band, and Bill Eversole is the captain of the other. They have about twenty men each. Each man has to provide himself with a dozen eggs, and of course it is to his interest to buy them where he can get them the cheapest. As no individual expects to be struck by his own eggs, he does not require the dealer to “candle” them. In this way the dealers in country produce here are able to realize at least cost price on their sickest eggs.

One night's battle was a glorious one. The moon was shining, and the boys lined up for the fray about nine o'clock. Every member of the two companies was present. The captains did not throw, simply directing the movements of their men. Each had his full quota of eggs when the battle began. The first volley was thrown by Strong's men, and six men on the Eversole side were struck. Then the Eversoles began to throw eggs, and at their first volley seven Strong men were marked, and one egg carried away the cap of Captain Strong. Then the throwing became indiscriminate, and no attempt at volley-work was made.

The sport did not cease until the entire four hundred and eighty eggs were thrown. Nearly every man had been plastered, and the captains were regular omelets from head to foot. It was decided that Strong's men won the fight. The Eversole company did the proper thing, and several bottles of a colorless liquid known as “moonshine” were passed. The most casual observer passing along the street next morning could have told there had been an egg battle, for the houses, sidewalks, fences, and curbstones were plastered with eggs and shells.—*Chicago Record*.

A CURIOUS TEST FOR BEER.—At Munich an ancient custom still obtains of the burgomasters and town councillors going annually to Salvator cellar in order to test the quality of the beer consumed by the people.

The test is a very primitive one.

The officials attend in their leathern breeches, and beer having been poured over the wooden benches the civic dignitaries plump down upon them. While there seated they sing an ancient song, the same that their predecessors have sung for ages, and in order to subject the beer to a fair test they sit long enough to sing the song through three times.

Then they essay to rise up. If, now, they find their breeches sticking to the benches, the beer is voted good and sound.

Having stood this test, the beer goes through the formality of being tasted, and then its sale to the public is duly sanctioned.

*Syrup of Figs*

**DELIGHTFUL  
LIQUID LAXATIVE**

TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS  
BUY THE GENUINE.

MANUFACTURED BY  
**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.    LOUISVILLE, KY.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.    NEW YORK, N.Y.    U.S.A.  
PRICE, 50¢ PER BOTTLE.    LONDON, ENG.

**HEALTHFUL FOOD AND HAPPINESS.**—The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table said that "true happiness is four feet on the fender before the fire." Delightful as such an experience is, healthful food and good digestion is absolutely necessary to secure the fullest measure of earthly happiness. Both animal and vegetable life are dependent for healthy growth and development upon proper nutritive elements suited to and adapted to their respective needs and requirements. The character and quantity of food, the time and manner in which it is eaten, will have a marked influence upon the man, his disposition, courage, and mental ability. If the farmer by continuous crops has robbed the soil of the natural chemical nutrient elements needed in the growth of the expected harvest, the return for the husbandman's labor will be disappointing and unsatisfactory. The student, artisan, and mechanic, to do perfect work in their respective departments, must have the best nutritive food, a healthy digestion, and the most approved tools.

In the last few years great attention has been paid by scientists, biologists, and social economists to practical questions about foods, which affect the happiness, healthfulness, longevity, and general welfare of the human family. The attentive study of these questions has brought to the notice of the general public a great variety of appetizing, nutritious Cereals, as well as a mass of most valuable information. It is a fact long known but too little recognized in actual practice, that in the manufacture of Superfine White flour fully eighteen per cent. of the muscle-making, nerve-sustaining nutriments are eliminated and excluded, thus reducing the normal value and strength-giving powers of the products to eighty-two per cent., while were the flour made from the whole wheat, as seems intended by the Creator, the standard would be 100, the unit of perfection.

This waste of eighteen per cent., which is entailed in the process of manu-

facturing white flour, seems insignificant, but the results become startling when we realize that the loss in the food-giving power of 600,000,000 bushels of wheat estimated as grown in the year 1898, amounts to the positive destruction of 108,000,000 bushels of valuable food-bearing nutriment. When we consider that this impoverishment of food product is just eighteen per cent. loss of life-giving power to humanity, the results seem startling in the extreme. If these statements are correct, the waste of a few years becomes an important factor, for the reason that it affects not only the brain and muscle of the active working force of the world, but the children, who are weakened and illy matured by eating bread made from depreciated white flour from which the phosphates and other nutritive elements of the wheat have been removed in the process of manufacture, thereby reducing its tonic value as muscle-maker, and brain and nerve force fully eighteen per cent. from the standard of 100 as fixed by the Creator.

These facts are plainly seen by the following table, which shows by careful analysis the comparative values of a standard barrel (one hundred and ninety-six pounds) of each variety of flour:

Ingredients.	Franklin Flour of the Entire Wheat.	Averages of Two Samples of White Flour
Water . . . . .	12.47 pounds.	21.36 pounds.
Fats . . . . .	2.96 pounds.	1.64 pounds.
Protein . . . . .	27.81 pounds.	18.68 pounds.
Carbohydrate . . . . .	150.98 pounds.	153.61 pounds.
Ash . . . . .	1.78 pounds.*	0.71 pound.†
Totals . . . . .	196.00 pounds.	196.00 pounds.

Dr. Cutter, of Harvard University, said in the *American Weekly*: "The gluten of cereal foods is their nitrogenized element, which is their life-sustaining value, and this in the white and *foolishly fashionable* flour is almost entirely removed, while the starch, the inferior element, is left behind and constitutes the entire bulk and inferior nutriment of such flours. To use flour from which the gluten has been removed is *almost criminal*."

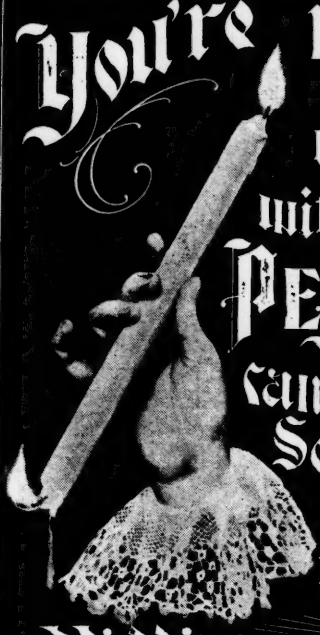
The Franklin Mills, Lockport, New York, are making a fine flour from the entire wheat which contains all the elements of nutrition needed to build up and sustain every part of the human system and thus preserve it to a ripe old age.—*From the New York Evangelist*.

LABOUCHERE ON MONARCHY.—Monarchy in England will last my time, but even if the hereditary principle is maintained in regard to the figurehead of the state, the fuss and feathers in connection with a court will probably have disappeared by the time those who come after us are discussing the events of the twentieth century. For all this is every day becoming more and more out of harmony with modern thought. Those, however, who would have the institution continue in its present form in *sæcula sæculorum* would do well to reverse the Salic law and limit the succession to the throne to females, for they are far more fitted for the ornamental function of reigning without ruling than men. Their weakness is their strength, and they have tact.—*London Truth*.

TERRA-COTTA sleepers are in use on Japanese railways. The increased cost is compensated for by the greater resistance to decay.

\* Of this 0.98 pound is phosphoric acid.

† Of this 0.45 pound is phosphoric acid.



**You're** burning the candle  
at both ends,  
when you use soap  
with **PEARLINE**.  
**PEARLINE** does all  
that soap  
can do and more besides.  
Soap with **PEARLINE**  
is extravagance; so is  
too much **PEARLINE**.  
*Millions* NO  
USE *Pearline*

**CATARRH CAN BE CURED.**—Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 920 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

**A VERY SERIOUS QUESTION.**—Rolls, muffins, biscuits, cake, etc., made by the aid of baking powder, enter so largely into our daily food that their debasement by the introduction of injurious substances is a matter of serious concern. What baking powder shall we use to protect ourselves against the danger from alum, and to insure pure, sweet, wholesome, and nutritious food, is a question of vital importance for consideration in every household.

It is a fact that a large percentage of the baking powder sold from many grocery stores is made from poisonous burnt alum. Except in Minnesota and Wisconsin the labels upon alum powders have no mark to designate them, so that both grocer and purchaser are left in ignorance of their dangerous character.

Many have suffered from digestive disorders arising from food made with alum baking powders. Quite recently a whole family was poisoned by their use, near Logansport, Ind. It is now held by physicians that to the absorption of alum into the blood are due many of those obscure diseases and diseases of the heart from which people suffer.

The best safeguard against alum and kindred injurious substances is undoubtedly in the use of Royal Baking Powder. This powder is recommended by physicians and health officers for its healthful qualities. The chemical tests show that it will retain its full leavening strength until used, so that its biscuit, cake, and bread are always light, sweet, and fresh.

It would be well to look into the store-room and make sure that the Royal is used in your food.

AGE CUTS NO FIGURE.—Jack.—“Women have no head for figures.”

Tom.—“How do you make that out?”

Jack.—“I know a girl whose education cost her father ten thousand dollars, and she can't figure her own age correctly.”—*Chicago News*.

#### WANDERERS.

We followed the path of years,  
And walked for a while together  
Through the hills of hope and the vale of tears,  
Sunned by laughter and washed by tears,  
In the best and the worst of weather.

Till we came to a gloomy wood,  
Where our steps were forced asunder  
By the twisted, tangled trees that stood,  
Meeting above like a frowning hood,  
With a world of darkness under.

And whenever by chance we met  
In the woodland's open spaces,  
We were bruised and tattered and soiled and wet,  
With much to pity, forgive, forget,  
In our scarred and dusty faces.

Well!—it was long ago,  
And the leaves in the wood are falling,  
As we wander wearily to and fro,  
With many a change in our hearts, I know;  
But still I can hear you calling.

ARTHUR J. LEGGE.

PRACTICAL ECONOMY.—“We told the man that the surgical operation he needed would cost two hundred dollars.”

“How did he take it?”

“He said it would be cheaper for him to go home and die.”—*Chicago Record*.

ITEMS.—One-quarter of all the people born die before six years, and one-half before they are sixteen.

Some of the condors shot in the Andes Mountains have a spread of wing from fifteen to twenty feet.

Copper wires are used for Mexican telegraph lines, so that they will hold the weight of the birds that crowd them at night.

The oldest book in the world is said to be the Papyrus Prisse in the National Library at Paris, which is attributed to the thirty-fourth century before Christ.

The Esquimaux give the doctor his fee at soon as he comes. If the patient recovers he keeps it; otherwise he returns it to the family.

Seltzer water derives its name from the village of Lower Selters, in Nassau, where several springs, united in one basin, yield five thousand cubic feet an hour of this sparkling mineral water.

The air is clear at Arequipa, Peru. From the observatory at that place, eight thousand and fifty feet above the sea, a black spot, one inch in diameter, placed on a white disk, has been seen on Mount Charchani, a distance of eleven miles, through a thirteen-inch telescope.—*Popular Science Monthly*.



"What is the price of Dobbins' Electric Soap?"

"Five cents a bar, full size; just reduced from ten. Hasn't been less than ten for thirty-three years."

"Why, that's the price of common brown soap! I can't afford to buy any other soap after this."

"Send me a box of Dobbins' Electric. It would be very foolish for me to buy any other."

"I have been a user of Dobbins' Electric Soap for a number of years, and must say it is the best for laundry purposes that I have ever tried, and now that it has been reduced in price to five cents a bar, I would not think of using any other.  
Mrs. CHARLOTTE WEAVER, Pittsburg, Pa."

"I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for over twenty-five years, and it has always given me perfect satisfaction, and have never found any laundry soap to equal it.

"Mrs. S. L. SUTPHIN, Rocky Hill, N. J."

"I have been using Dobbins' Electric Soap for fifteen years, and think there is nothing like it on the market for laundry use. I have always found it to be the same in quality.

"Mrs. ELLA HERBETH, Bucyrus, Ohio."

"I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap a great many years and hope I shall always be able to get it as long as I live to keep house. I could not do my washing without it.

"Mrs. HORACE HEWS, Weston, Mass."



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

## MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

**TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.**

SHE KNEW BETTER.—"The perfect man," said the brown-eyed girl who was reading a Sunday paper, "should be six feet two and a half inches in height."

"What nonsense!" said Mrs. Bryde. "Edgar is only five feet nine."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

ALWAYS WATCHFUL.—The milk used for the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is from the best dairies, under contracts with farmers, guaranteeing purity and richness in health-giving constituents.

**OFFICE COMFORTS.**—Luxurious offices may be in bad taste, but they are in no worse taste than the poorly furnished and uninviting offices when the owners can afford office comforts.

In everything appropriateness is conducive to the best results.

The dress at the sea-shore should not resemble the theatre gown, nor should the piazza chair be like that in the parlor.

But there is certainly no reason why an office should be a barn, a shed, or a dark corner in the warehouse.

No one of sense would suggest that there should be a fountain in the centre of the office or counting-room or that it should be like a winter garden, but there is a vast difference between these extremes and the barrenness of the average office.

A few potted plants cost nothing, and if they are of hardy species require but little care.

Few men seem to appreciate the necessity of an awning or curtain, and constantly try their eyes by reading sunlighted letters and papers.

An office, as I see it, should be the business home, not the head-quarters of the business treadmill. Everything that will contribute to the comfort of the eye and the body should be there.—*Hardware.*

**GENTLEMEN IN COURT.**—At an assize court the late Justice Maule was engaged in passing sentence on a prisoner, when one of the officers of the court annoyed him by crossing the gangway beneath him with papers for members of the bar. "Don't you know," cried the judge severely, addressing the official culprit, "that you ought never to pass between two gentlemen when one of them is addressing the other?" Having thus relieved his mind, the judge proceeded to pass sentence of seven years' penal servitude on the other gentleman.—*Household Words.*

**IRISH AND SCOTCH ANECDOTES.**—In "A Life Spent for Ireland," by the late W. J. O'Neill Daunt, are many amusing stories of Irish and Scotch origin. Here is one of Irish gallantry and two good examples of Scotch "dourness":

Feergus O'Connor was walking over Shehy Mountains with some ladies, "when the path was crossed by a marshy vein four or five feet wide, which brought the ladies to a stand-still. Feergus, outdoing the exploit of Sir Walter Raleigh, flung himself on his back across the vein and begged the ladies to do him the honor of walking over him to the opposite side."

A Presbyterian, with whom St. Peter was presumably not a favorite (perhaps because he had been Bishop of Rome), disparaged that apostle's declaration to our Lord, "Behold, we have left all things to follow thee." "A braw thing to mak' a boast of," said this censor. "What had he to leave? A wheen auld nets and an auld rickle of a boat."

The other story is of an old lady who was scandalized at her majesty's taking a drive on Sunday afternoons, and who considered such excursions a sad breach of the Sabbath. "Don't you know," said a neighbor, "that Christ walked out on the Sabbath?" "I ken weel that he did," replied the old lady, "an' I dinna think the better o' him for it."

**THE hair on the heads of most of the hundreds of thousands of dolls now being exhibited in shop-windows is made from the hair of the Angora goat. This product is controlled by an English syndicate, and is valued at eighty thousand pounds a year. After the hair is prepared it is sent to Munich and made into wigs by girls.**

# There are Some Figures

WHICH are always interesting. For instance, a good balance in bank ; or a statement from a faithful trustee, showing larger income than in former years, with the assets represented by a high grade of marketable securities. Much like these in point of interest is a statement from the life insurance company on which, in some degree, rests the future of a widow or minor children. Men look at such figures critically. They are of absorbing moment. They tell whether the particular insurance is safe, is had at reasonable cost, and whether the whole course of management is directed, as it should be, to serving the policy-holder. Examine in this light (sent free) the Fifty-first Annual Report of the

## Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company OF PHILADELPHIA

**SOME QUEER WEDDINGS.**—The courts have held that no particular ceremony is necessary to render a marriage valid. In New York and several other States the mere assumption of marital relations constitutes a marriage under the common law. In Medina, Ohio, an old Methodist minister who has won more than a local reputation for his wedding ceremonies invariably inquires of the contracting parties, after satisfying himself of the legal qualifications, "Do you two desire to become one?" An affirmative answer brings the concluding words of the ceremony, "Then you are one."

On the other hand, sometimes a rural minister who regards his position as one of the greatest solemnity and importance will introduce so much flowery rhetoric into his wedding ceremonies as to cause an extra pull at the groom's purse-strings. In Madison, Georgia, an official who has won a great reputation for marrying negro couples invariably uses this formula: "Stand up, you poor miserable sinners!" he says. "By the authority vested in me as an officer of the State of Georgia, which is sometimes called the Empire State of the South; by the fields of cotton that spread in snowy whiteness around us; by the howl of the coon dog and the gourd-vine whose clinging tendrils will shade the entrance to your humble dwelling-place; by the red and luscious heart of the watermelon, whose sweetness fills the heart with joy; by the toothsome sweet potato and the juicy possum; by the heavens and the earth, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife."

In Jeffersonville, Indiana, awhile ago an old justice of the peace who was frequently called upon by eloping couples from across the Kentucky State line devised a wedding service which was simplicity itself. He simply said, "Rise. Jine hands. Hitched. Shove two dollars under the door. And whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

A YANKEE INSPIRATION.—There's indignation in one Maine neighborhood, and why shouldn't there be? What should you say if your hens came home each with a kernel of corn in her crop and a string hanging out of her mouth, to the outer end of which was attached a card reading, "Keep me at home: I've been scratching up my neighbor's garden."—*Lewiston Journal*.

THE FADING DECLARATION.—The Declaration of Independence is kept between two great plates of glass, the edges of which are hermetically sealed. At intervals and as a special favor the custodian pulls out a drawer in a huge steel box and shows the treasure, but most of the time the two plates, with their sheet of parchment between, rest where burglars cannot break through, where fire cannot reach, and where daylight cannot complete the ravages already wrought by exposure. Visitors to the State Department who want to see the Declaration are shown a perfect fac-simile, which hangs in a handsome frame and looks old enough to be the original. They go away none the wiser for the substitution. The truth is that the Declaration was fast becoming a tradition when the extraordinary steps for its preservation were taken about three years ago.

In the administration of John Quincy Adams a copperplate of the original was made. To get the copy for the engraver the surface of the parchment was moistened with a wet cloth. A print was taken. It removed about fifty per cent. of the ink. For some years the original was exhibited under glass at the Patent Office. It hung where the sun reached a short time each day, until the discovery was made that the script was fading. Better care was taken when the Declaration was hung in the library of the new State Department building but for some reason, never satisfactorily explained, the signatures suddenly seemed to be fading. John Hancock's name, one of the boldest on the sheet, in the space of two or three years became too dim to distinguish. Then the officials having charge saw that if left in the light the original would in a few generations entirely disappear. The strong box was built. The plates of glass were obtained and sealed. In the drawer underneath the Declaration the copperplate made in Adams's time is kept.

The Declaration can be deciphered with the aid of a glass, but the signatures are almost entirely faded out. What is left of the revered instrument will with present precautions last a long time.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

UNRESPONSIVE.—It was midnight, and the wanderer slowly and unsteadily approached the lamp-post.

"Shay, you," he said.

The lamp-post said nothing.

"C—can you tell me, shir," said the wanderer, "whash time day i—is it?"

The lamp-post remained silent.

"W—will yoush tell me, shir," said the wanderer again, "whash time o' day i—is it?"

The lamp-post made no answer.

"Stuck up," said the wanderer, reproachfully. "St—stuck up, ain't yer? But I'd like yer t' know, shir, that I'm just as fine gentleman's you are, even if I d—don't wear a glass hat, shir."—*Boston Budget*.

WHEN a snake has partaken of a very large meal, its skin in places is so stretched that the scales are quite separated one from another.